Collier's

AUGUST 29, 1942 TEN CENTS

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THERE ARE NO SUBMARINES IN THE AIR

BY COLONEL ROYAL B. LORD

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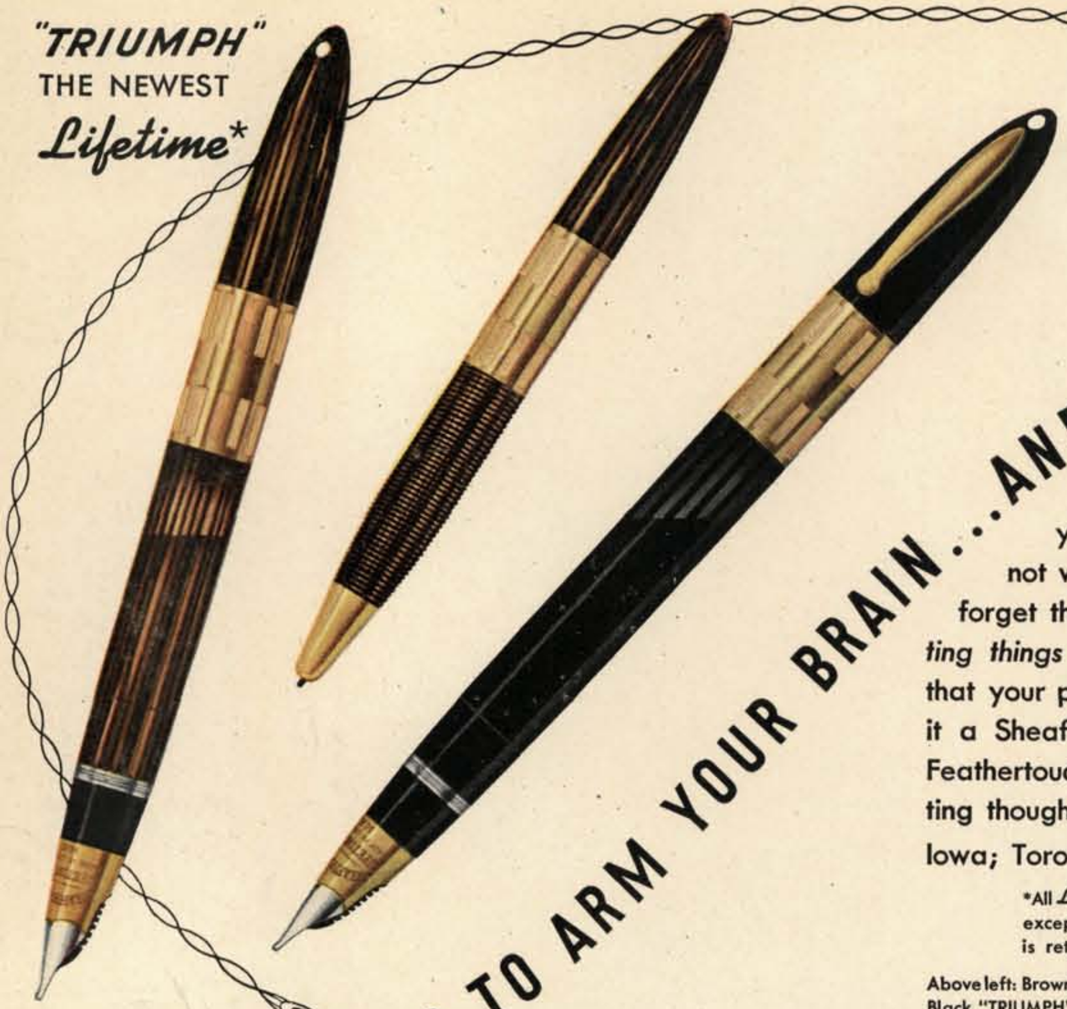
"TRIUMPH"
THE NEWEST
*Lifetime**



YOUR JOB IS TO ARM YOUR BRAIN . . . AND HERE'S HOW!

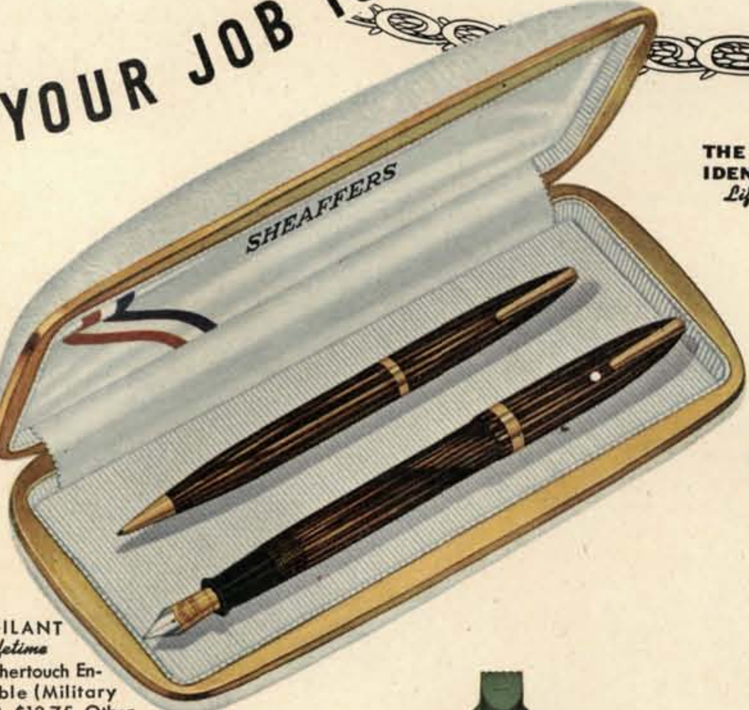
Pack the old head with all of the knowledge—you'll need it in war or peace. But don't forget—it's not what you *know,* but what you DO that counts; don't forget that your pen is the extension of your brain in *getting things done* . . . SO . . . in school, camp or business, see that your pen is as good as the training you're getting—make it a Sheaffer's pen, the finest! If it's a Sheaffer's *Lifetime** Feathertouch, it can stay in commission as long as you do, putting thought into action! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

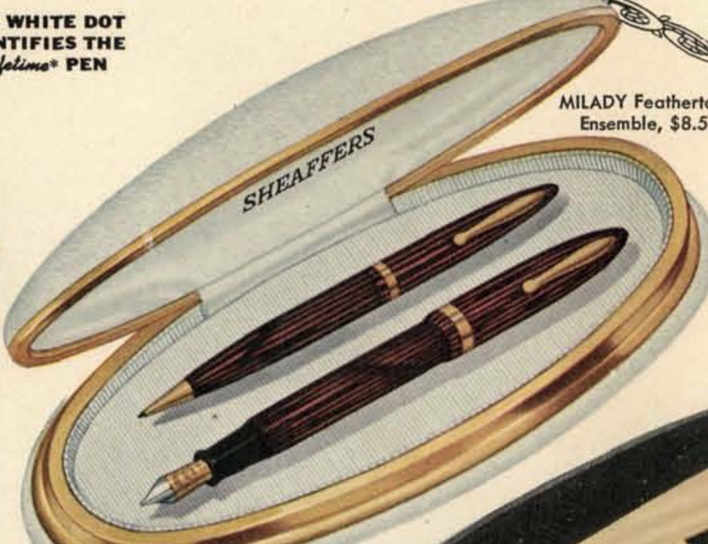
Above left: Brown "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY pen, $12.50; Brown "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY pencil, $4; Black "TRIUMPH" pen, $12.50. Other "TRIUMPH" pens, $13.75 and $15; ensembles, $16.50 to $21

SHEAFFER'S

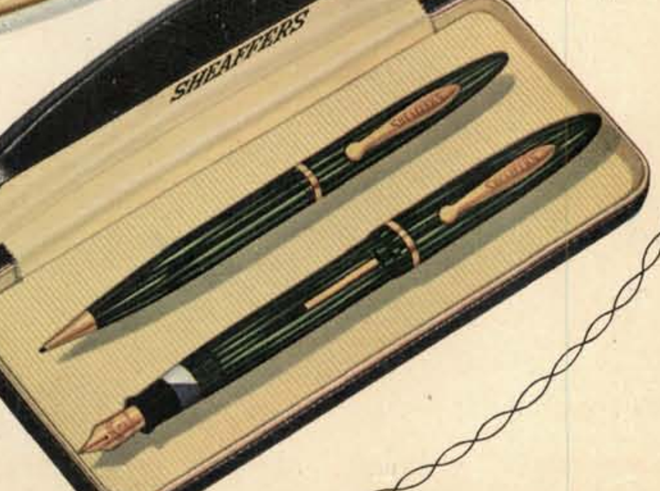
THE WHITE DOT IDENTIFIES THE *Lifetime PEN**



VIGILANT *Lifetime* Feathertouch Ensemble (Military Clip), $12.75. Other Ensembles (Military Clip), $6, $9, $14



MILADY Feathertouch Ensemble, $8.50



CRAFTSMAN Ensemble, $5

SHEAFFER'S
-41
MUCILAGE
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY

SHEAFFER'S MUCILAGE with handy spreader top, 25c

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Fineline
SHEAFFERS LEADS

SKRIP-WELL Uses the Last Drop

"MAGIC CIRCLE" CAP! Bottle threads stay clean!

SHEAFFER'S
Skrip
PERMANENT ROYAL BLUE

CHEMOPURE SKRIP, successor to ink. Double size, 25c Regular size, 15c

SHEAFFER PENS ALL COLORS $2.75 to $20

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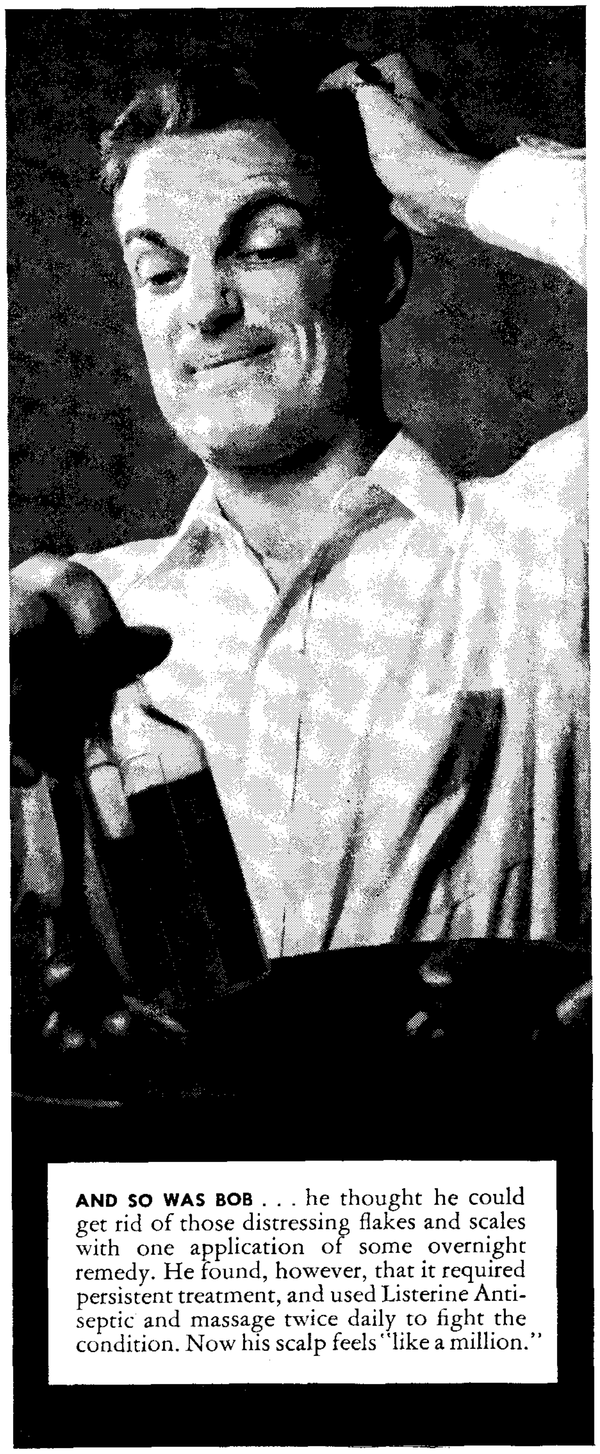
HELEN WAS FOOLED...she blamed her itching, irritated scalp on the sun, but cutting out sun-baths didn't help. Then she learned about the infectious type of dandruff and how to treat it with Listerine and massage. Before long she was delighted to find those annoying symptoms beginning to disappear.



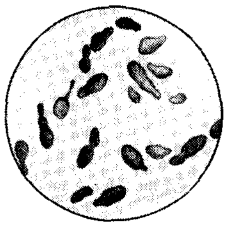
AND SO WAS BOB . . . he thought he could get rid of those distressing flakes and scales with one application of some overnight remedy. He found, however, that it required persistent treatment, and used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily to fight the condition. Now his scalp feels "like a million."

LESS PERFECT BALANCE
ONE CENT

AND SO WAS MRS. K . . . she blamed it on reducing and changed her diet. Then an advertisement suggested that the condition might be the infectious type of dandruff. "It's simply wonderful," she says, "how Listerine Antiseptic and massage helped me."

ITCHY SCALP? . . . TELL-TALE FLAKES? . . . UGLY SCALES?

IT MAY BE INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

AND in the infectious type of dandruff millions of germs are active on your scalp. Now, isn't it sensible to fight an infection with a treatment that *kills germs?* Listerine Antiseptic and massage, the *tested* treatment, does just that,—and often brings wonderful improvement! When you massage Listerine onto your scalp, millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff are literally "blitzed" to death.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Even large numbers of Pityrosporum ovale, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many leading authorities recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff, are destroyed by Listerine's quick, germ-killing action!

The Listerine Antiseptic treatment is simple, easy, delightful. It gives your scalp and hair a cooling antiseptic bath . . . and here's what happens, as shown by a large majority of clinical test cases: **1.** Loosened, ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear. **2.** Itching and irritation are relieved. **3.** Inflammation is allayed. **4.** Your scalp feels healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

We said that Listerine Antiseptic was tested. That's under-statement. Listerine was tested under exacting scientific supervision. Listerine was tested under severe clinical conditions. *And, in a series of clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month!*

If you wish more evidence, add to the above the constant stream of letters from people who use Listerine Antiseptic at home. They're over-joyed with the way Listerine gets after the symptoms of infectious dandruff.

So don't delay. Neglect may aggravate the trouble. Start in today with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It has helped so many others, it may help you. Remember—Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

P.S. **A little loving** care is what your teeth need and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**

WAR NEWS

'Round the world
in 15 minutes
WITH A
Motorola
AUTO RADIO

You can still get and you *should* have a Motorola Radio in your car! As you drive to and from your work, get the news from on-the-spot reporters in Cairo, London, Chungking, or Moscow. You can also get necessary fun and beautiful music *as you drive!*

YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO
FIT and MATCH
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

In a few minutes your car can be custom-fitted with America's finest Auto Radio. Share your car ... drive safely and thriftily—but get *more* from your driving with a sweet playing Motorola.

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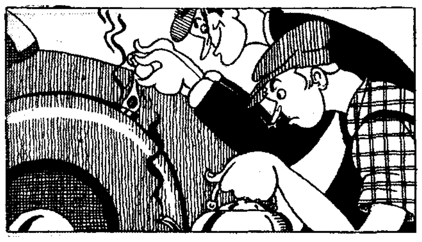
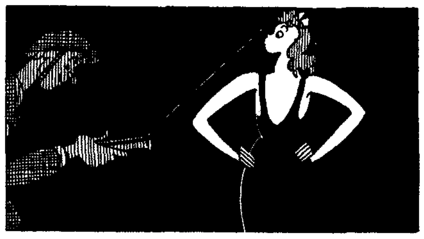
FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

THIS, we're warned, doesn't solve the gasoline troubles of our perplexed country, but it comes as near as we're likely to get for some time. To us it sounds more like one of the several thousand schemes we've been listening to from the several thousand brains working on rubber production. A brisk, exceedingly well-dressed gentleman driving an attention-commanding car stopped at a filling station and asked for five gallons of hot water. The operator didn't seem to mind, having like the rest of us got over being surprised by anything. So he heated five gallons of water for which the gentleman paid him a dollar and poured it into the gentleman's gas tank. Whereat the gentleman got three large duck eggs from the back of his car, broke them into the hot water, got back in his car, stepped on the starter and was off with a roar. This was too much for the filling station operator as you can readily understand and he leaped into his own car and chased the gentleman down the road a mile, catching up with him as undoubtedly the gentleman wished. "Sorry, sir," said the operator, "but I had to speak to you. This hot water and duck egg idea—you seem sure to have something." The gentleman scoffed. "Very simple, my boy. I'm a chemist. I also happen to own ducks who lay eggs with unusual high sulphur content. Being a chemist I know that hot water and highly sulphurous duck eggs are as good as gasoline." And presently the operator negotiated the purchase of three of the wonderful duck eggs for five dollars. He rushed back, tried the mixture in his own car and as far as we've heard up to the time of going to press he was still trying to get the car started. But by this time he's probably heard that the gentleman is making a very nice livelihood out of duck eggs, hot water and a false gas tank. We're glad to see that this spirit is still alive in this country of ours. We feared that it had died along with several other ingenuities we know of.



ALSO we're getting quite a number of letters from acute readers who not only read Robert McCormick's Save The Pilot, but scanned the photograph of his hero, Colonel Sam Harris, with considerable interest. The colonel is Director of Flying Safety for the Army Air Forces and it is his duty to see that student pilots don't become too reckless, thereby robbing the Army of much needed fliers. Furthermore, the colonel stands for no nonsense when inspecting pilots for appearance and regulations in dress and routine. But a large number of readers have discovered that the colonel has his insignia eagles on backward and the uproar from his students and his superiors, to say nothing of civilians, is pretty loud. For the most part they're demanding a congressional investigation of the matter, shouting "Keep 'Em Flying—But in the Right Direction." Otherwise the colonel seems to be all right.



BUT a lady we know went shopping recently for a black chiffon nightgown. She failed. She gave up after the sixth try. In that shop the salesgirl leaned over and whispered: "We simply can't keep them in stock any more. The blackouts, you know." Then the girl added, after some thought: "But we can give you a few yards of black lace. Sort of a partial, you know."

AND we have another bit of intelligence from Mrs. Sue B. Duncan, of Memphis, Tennessee. It is that Mrs. Duncan's colored maid, Flossie, has stopped attending flag raisings. Until recently Flossie and flag raisings were inseparable. She'd walk and hitchhike miles to them. It got so that dinner was frequently late at the Duncan house and Mrs. Duncan didn't like it. Flossie might attend flag raisings but would also have to be back at work at five o'clock. So Flossie said Yassum, and stuffed an alarm clock into her bag and went to a fine de luxe flag raising whereat the boss speaker was no less a personage than the governor himself. But just as the governor got to the point where he was warning his audience to be on the alert for bombs, Flossie's alarm clock, well muffled in the bag, went off. The excitement was of course of considerable magnitude and alert policemen seized Flossie and hustled her off to the jail house. There she lost control, forgot whom she worked for. And as it was now seven o'clock Mrs. Duncan was telephoning around. She rescued the still speechless Flossie who, as we've already told you, is attending no more flag raisings.

W. D.

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Collier's

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THIS WEE

AUGUST 29, 1942

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COVER LAWSON WOO

Especially these days... a man needs a good meal

IN PEACETIME, you owe it to yourself and your family to eat well-balanced, nourishing meals. In critical times like these, it's a patriotic duty.

The food you eat is the fuel which your body turns into *energy*—the energy needed for everything you do, physical and mental.

Your food supplies your body with the materials which *build it* and *keep it in repair*.

From your food, your body also gets the elements which help to *protect it from disease* and *keep it running smoothly*.

Everyone—desk worker, industrial worker, home worker—needs each day a varied selection of the right foods: milk, vegetables, fruits, eggs, meat or fish or poultry, cereals and breads, and fats. From these foods your body can obtain the nourishment it requires. Naturally, the amount of food you require varies with your activity. If your work is hard you can eat more of the foods high in energy value—bread, cereals, potatoes, fats, cheese and dried beans.

Almost as vital as the right kind of food is the way the food is divided among the meals of the day. It takes satisfying, well-balanced breakfasts and nourishing lunches to supply you with enough energy to last until the next meal. Hasty, sketchy meals may let you down and result in unnecessary fatigue and mental depression. In industrial plants, even your safety may depend on meals that maintain energy throughout working hours.

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Nourishing meals not only help you feel better—they help you do better work and do it more easily. Even your spirits improve and you get more fun from leisure hours. Better eating habits can also build up your resistance to the illnesses which may become more widespread in times of war.

Housewives can do much to see that the members of their families get the nourishing meals they need. Where workers are on night shifts, it is important to arrange meals so that both the workers and the family have nutritious, satisfying meals at the right times. Try to arrange at least one meal so that the whole family may eat together.

To help you select the right amounts of the right foods, Metropolitan will send you on request a free booklet, "Your Food—How Does It Rate For Health?"

This advertisement is published in the interest of the National Nutrition Program of the Federal Security Administration.

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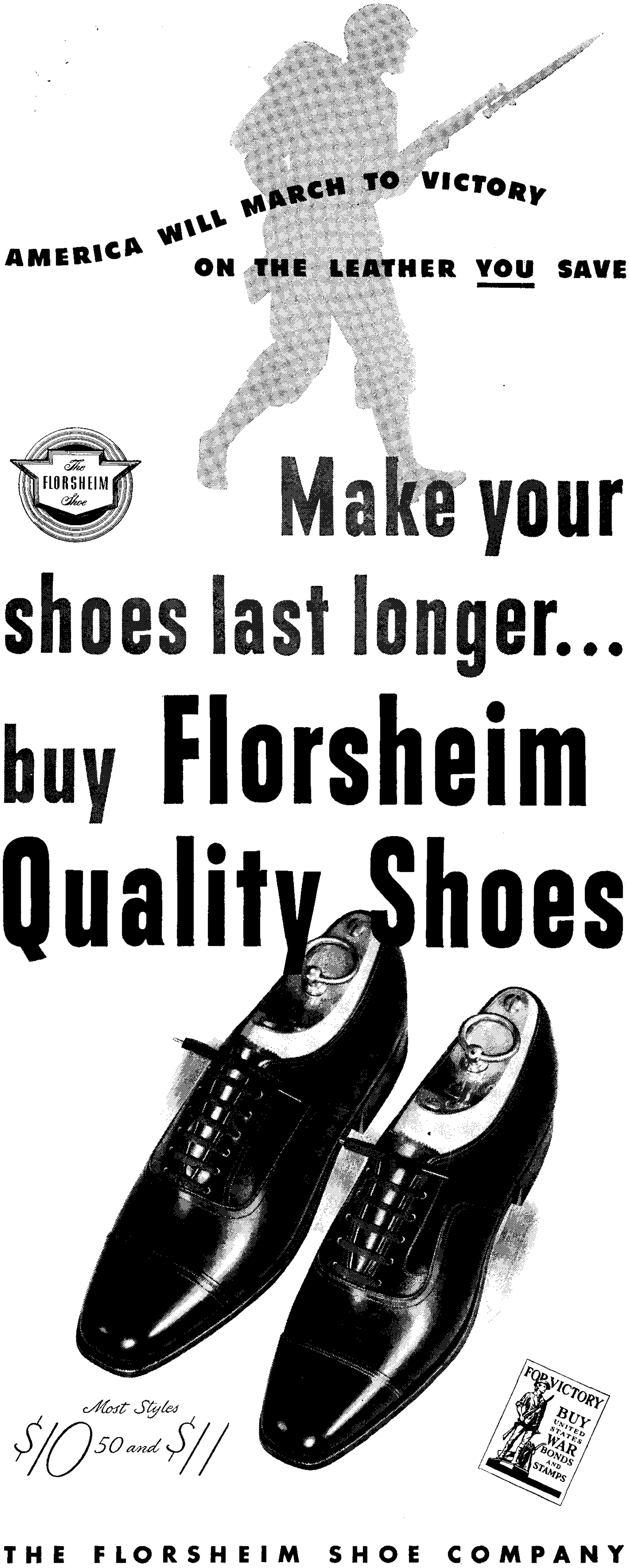
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Make your shoes last longer... buy Florsheim Quality Shoes

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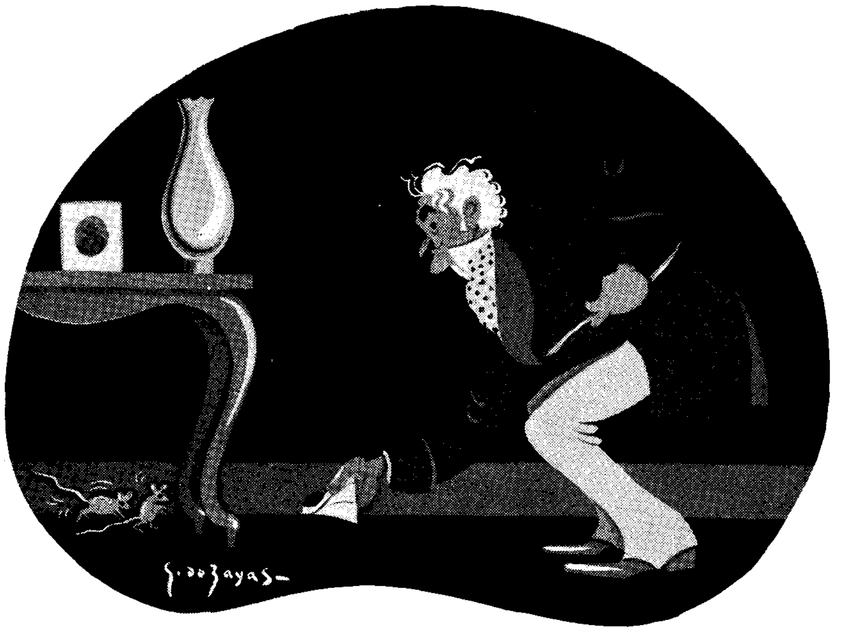


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

As late as 1888, the belief that rats were intelligent enough to read and understand writing still existed in this country. In that year a man in Maine wrote a letter to the rodents and stuck it in a hole in his basement. The note not only asked them to leave, but also suggested a new home, up the street, where he thought they would be happier. —*By Joan Wallace, New York, New York.*

The rosary is the most widely used religious object, being employed by 1,200,000,000 Catholics, Hindus, Buddhists and Mohammedans, or three out of every five persons in the world.—*By Jennie Hoover, Gettysburg, South Dakota.*

Quick-frozen peas offer a good example of modern economies in packaging and shipping food. Compared with the same quantity of peas canned in round tins, one million pounds of frozen peas packed in square cartons weigh only one third as much and require only thirty-one instead of sixty-four freight cars for transportation. Furthermore, there is a saving of two tons of tin and 134 tons of sheet steel.

Of the 2,000 known species of snakes in the world, at least 1,400, or seventy per cent, are harmless to man. Only 200 of the other 600 species possess a venom of sufficient virulence to cause death.—*By Lincoln Moses, New York, New York.*

The Jewish calendar has years of six different types, owing to the harmonious arrangement of festivals, etc. Thus a defective year has 353 days, a regular year 354 days and a perfect year 355 days; and a month is added to each when it is a leap year. Hence the coming new year, which is 5703 and begins on September 12, 1942, will contain 383 days because it is a defective leap year.

Since 1913, an average of fifty persons a week have been killed while stealing rides on the freight trains of the United States.—*By Cecil Headrick, Babylon, New York.*

Before the English language adopted the word "second" from the French, its predecessor was the Anglo-Saxon word "other." Hence, our ancestors used to say one, other, three, four and so on.—*By Margaret Perry, Carmel, California.*

The speed of light through various substances varies with their optical density. For example, while light travels through the atmosphere at 186,000 miles a second, it passes through water at 140,000 miles, through ordinary glass at 125,000 miles and through a diamond at 75,000 miles a second.

Sometimes natural electric currents are so erratic over one area that they will disrupt telegraphic service, while they are so intense and steady over another that they may be used to send messages without the aid of other power. An outstanding exhibit of this phenomenon occurred on September 2, 1859, when these currents alone were used to transmit telegrams for two hours over the 110-mile line between Boston and Portland, Maine.

Among the strange physical characteristics that can be inherited are natural "earring holes," which look exactly like artificially pierced holes on both sides of the ear but which do not have a complete passage through the lobe. They may appear in either or both ears and in men as well as women.

On October 8, 1918, the same day that Sergeant Alvin York killed twenty and captured 132 Germans singlehanded in the Battle of the Argonne, another American soldier, Private Joseph Oklahombi, a full-blood Choctaw Indian, likewise captured 171 Germans singlehanded in a battle near Saint-Etienne, France.—*By Josephine Coulter, Stewart, Nevada.*

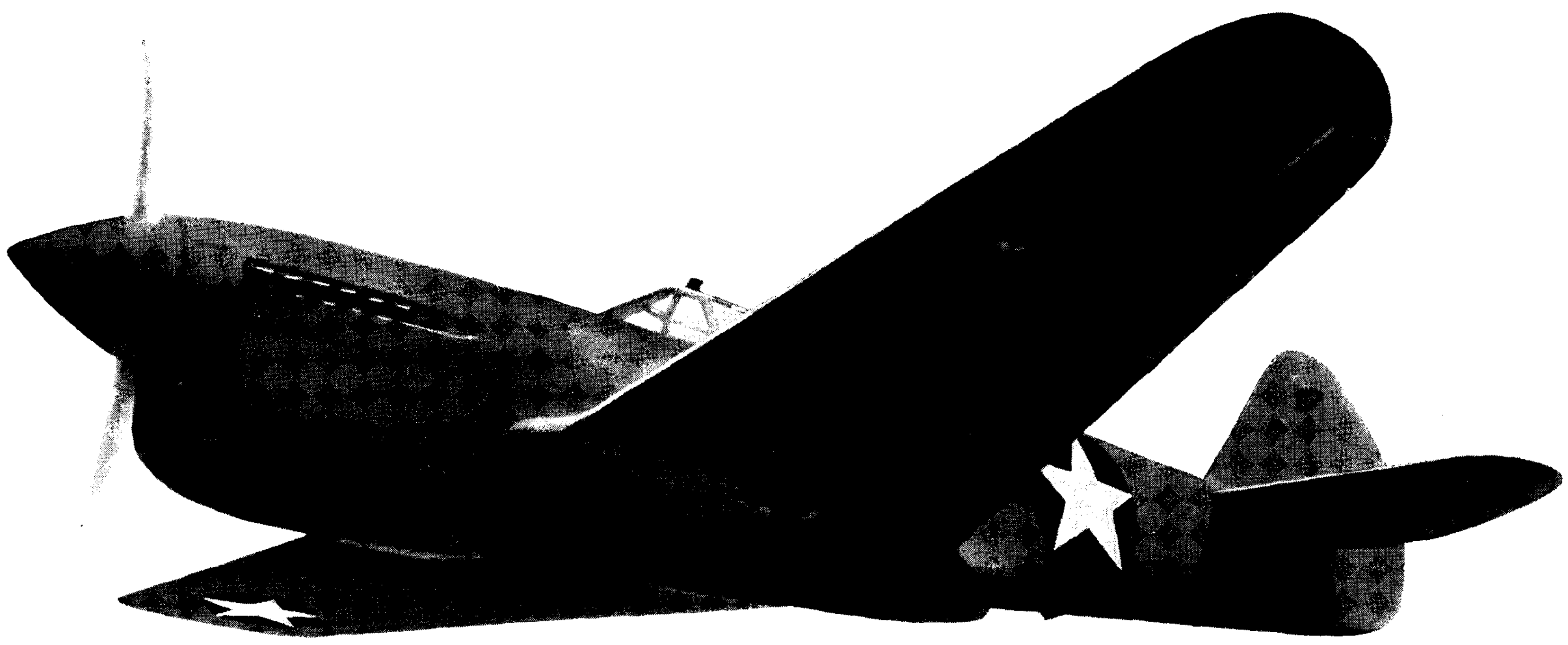
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Ask the man who FLIES one!

1. **"I'll take this Warhawk** any time for combat flying," said one Curtiss test pilot after taking up this latest thing in pursuit ships, the P-40 F. Army pilots are now using the *Warhawk* against the enemy. Whisking "upstairs" in a hurry is its specialty.

2. **The Warhawk's terrific power** makes only short take-offs necessary. That was a comment of another test pilot. The *Warhawk* climbs fast—and its Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine is the source of the power back of that fast-climbing performance.

3. **It's a thrill** to see a trio of Warhawks swoop down on an objective, shoot upward and "blossom out"—but no more thrilling than it is to the pilots! Fliers say this combination of plane and power makes the P-40 F a wonder of maneuverability.



4. Loaded with terrific striking force, moving with bullet-like speed, the *Warhawk* is the newest member of the famous Curtiss P-40 family.

It is powered by a Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine—the same design that powers the versatile, battle-tested Spitfires and Hurricanes of Great Britain.

These precision engines, as they flow in great numbers off Packard's continuously moving production line, are like jeweled watch movements—so fine and so finished is their workmanship.

This isn't unusual at Packard. Since the last war Packard has precision-powered equipment that rolls, flies, caterpillars, and scoots through water: cars, planes, tanks, record-breaking speedboats—and now the hard-hitting, fast-moving PT boats you hear so much about.

When the war is over, Packard will be making cars again—better cars and finer cars. For many advances in making wartime motors can be translated into automotive improvements—and they'll be there in your future Packard!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

FOR PRECISION POWER

SAILOR BEWARE...OF HOLIDAY HAIR!

Beware of "STORMY WEATHER"!

Rain and wind dry out scalp oils, leave hair brittle, unruly. (Dousing with water has the same effect.) Use Kreml to keep hair *neatly* in place.

Beware of "OIL SLICK"!

When wind tangles your hair, don't "slick" it down. Patent-leather hair went out with windjammers. Kreml always keeps hair looking soft and lustrous.

Beware of "NEGLECT"!

A brisk massage with Kreml every day helps check excessive falling hair. Kreml scuttles loose dandruff too... keeps your "top-side" clean and neat. Relieves itchy scalp.

"SMOOTH SAILING"!

... and the romance situation is well in hand! Kreml keeps hair looking its *natural* best... perfectly groomed all day long. "Head right" for Kreml—today!

Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous . . . conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

Hair-Care Combination*: Use Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. *Get BOTH at your drugstore.

DON'T USE WATER — USE

KREML

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

WING TALK

The new Curtiss Warhawk—with Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine

IN THE old days of Liberty, Hisso and OX engines, their radiators were simply flat metal cores stuck out in the breeze in any old place that was convenient, unadorned by any attempt at streamlining. The attitude was that you had to have a certain amount of air flowing through your radiator for cooling. If a streamline fairing were put around it, the same amount of air would still be necessary for cooling. Therefore the radiator drag would remain the same but would have added to it the drag of the fairing.

As long as airplane speeds were around a hundred miles an hour, it didn't matter too much. When the engineers began seriously striving to attain some real high speeds, something had to be done, because the horsepower required to pull a radiator through the air at 200 mph is about four times what it is at 100 mph; at 300, it is about nine times, and at 400, sixteen times! Furthermore, the faster airplane requires a bigger engine, which needs a bigger radiator to cool it, which in turn requires a bigger engine to overcome its drag.

It wasn't long before the research people realized that something had been overlooked. The cooling air flowing through the radiator itself becomes heated. Now, heat is energy and energy is power if you know a way to use it. The radiators were enclosed in a specially designed duct under the nose, under the fuselage and even in the fuselage, so that the heated air leaving the radiator was made to exert a push on the airplane, similar to the push which exploding gasoline gives to the piston in an engine. At the same time, the air flow was smoothed out and made more efficient.

The first example of this was the now famous and universally used NACA cowling for air-cooled radial engines. An air-cooled engine is really its own radiator since the heat is radiated directly from the cylinders to the cooling air stream instead of being carried off by a liquid to a radiator core some other place. The improved efficiency is smoothing out the air flow, and push from the heated air added as much as 20 to 30 mph in top speed. Similar results were achieved in streamlining the radiators on liquid-cooled engines.

Although the British and Germans have had liquid-cooled engines under development for many years, with their attendant problems of radiator location, American aircraft firms with relatively little experience have made remarkable progress in the past two years in streamlining and burying radiators on fighter types like the P-38, P-39, P-40 and P-51.

MANY a youngster fooling around with model airplanes today doesn't realize it but he may grow up to be an aerodynamicist. Parents shouldn't be worried, because this is one of the most vital professions in the aircraft industry.

As one told us the other day when asked to sum up his duties: "I work with the flow of air around airplanes." Carried out a few decimal points, this is what it means: When a new design is proposed, the aerodynamicist calculates the size and shape of the wing to give the necessary lift, landing and stall characteristics pertaining to the particular type—such as bomber, pursuit or observation—and determines the size and shape of the tail and control surfaces required for maneuverability and landing and take-off. He also selects the diameter of the propeller and has much to say about the design of the fuselage shape from the standpoint of its drag.

With the general design laid out, he attempts to arrive at a reasonable estimate of the total drag of the airplane, one of his most difficult jobs. Finally, using his estimated drag and known engine power, he calculates how fast, high and far will it go; how slowly will it land, and how long a field it needs for take-off.

EVENTUALLY all of our higher-speed aircraft will be as smooth as a grand-piano finish because the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has concluded from its wind-tunnel studies that insignificant things like rivet heads and overlapping joints of the metal skin cost horsepower.

They found that the engines of a transport plane flying at 225 miles per hour expended 180 horsepower to overcome the resistance created by the rivet

(Continued on page 33)

Why the average soldier gains 7 pounds during his first month in the Army

Uncle Sam prescribes A POUND OF MEAT PER DAY for every soldier in this best fed army in the world!...

The first concern of any good mother is that her boy gets plenty to eat. And Uncle Sam's Quartermaster Corps is just as solicitous for every man in our fighting forces today. Their meals are so nourishing and well balanced, the average soldier gains 7 pounds during his first month in service. Some gain as high as 20 pounds. And it's *not* soft fat. For ours is a meat-eating, active army. Every day each and every man in service gets a pound of muscle-building meat.

No great new plants had to be built or financed by our government to feed our growing army. War found the meat industry ready! Right now, Armour and Company and the other meat packers are shipping millions of pounds of meat, poultry and dairy products *each day* to the army alone. Armour is also providing tons of foods daily for our allies through lend-lease. And supplying a major share of the meat for our folks at home. Not always in unlimited quantities to the home front—our boys in service come first. We are all-out to win this war!

Armour
and
Company

LOOK AT THE MEALS HE GETS

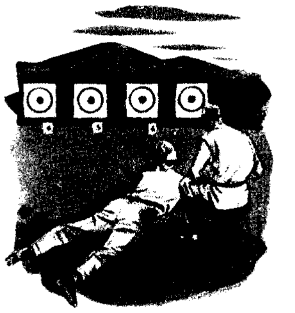
Here is an actual week of Army menus—meals typical of those served to soldiers of the 6th Corps Area during the week of September 6. How do they compare with those served in your own home?

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
Oranges Corn Meal Mush Fresh Milk Pork Sausage Fried Potatoes Toast—Butter Coffee	Roast Duck with Sage Dressing and Giblet Sauce Candied Sweet Potatoes Green Peas Bread and Butter Vegetable Salad Chocolate Pie Coffee	Cold Sliced Bologna, Liver Sausage, Sliced Cheese Boiled Kidney Beans Bread—Butter Celery Dill Pickles Sliced Peaches Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
Stewed Prunes Assorted Cereals Fresh Milk Tomato Omelet Fried Hominy Toast—Butter Coffee	Puree of Bean Soup Boiled Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Boiled Turnips Bread—Butter Sliced Onions Bread Custard Lemonade	Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Buttered Spinach Bread—Butter Sliced Raw Carrots Apple Cobbler Cocoa

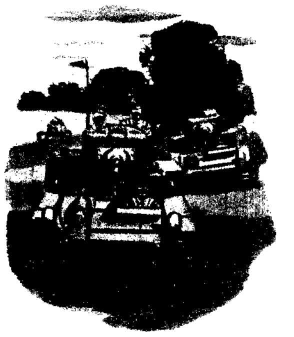


TUESDAY

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
Grapes d Oats ilk on Jelly Coffee	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Buttered Green Beans Bread—Butter Pineapple and Cabbage Salad Ice Cream Tea	Hamburger Steaks Fried Onions French Baked Potatoes Catsup—Pickles Bread—Butter Baked Apples Jam Cocoa

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
Grapefruit Assorted Cereals Fresh Milk Bacon and Scrambled Eggs Toast—Butter Coffee	Rice and Chicken Soup Chicken a la King Mashed Potatoes Bread—Butter Lettuce and Tomato Salad French Dressing Apple Pie Lemonade	Steamed Frankfurters Sauer Kraut Boiled Potatoes Bread—Butter Sliced Onions Apricot Cobbler Tea



THURSDAY

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
Tomato Juice Rolled Oats Fresh Milk Fried Eggs Diced Potatoes Toast—Butter Coffee	Vegetable Soup Beef Loaf with Tomato Sauce Baked Brown Potatoes Buttered Spinach Bread—Butter Onion and Beet Salad Devil's Food Cake Tea	Lamb Pot Pie Baked Squash Buttered Corn Bread—Butter Raisin and Carrot Salad Mayonnaise Apple Sauce Cocoa

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
Apples Assorted Cereals Fresh Milk Bacon Omelet Cottage Fried Potatoes Toast—Butter Coffee	Roast Lamb—Mint Jelly Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Bread—Butter Lettuce Salad French Dressing Ice Cream Coffee	Clam Chowder Salmon Loaf with Cream Sauce Green Peas Bread—Butter Jam Sliced Tomatoes Cup Cakes Tea

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
Grapefruit Juice Corn Meal Mush Fresh Milk Pork Sausages French Toast Bread—Butter Coffee	Split Pea Soup Breaded Pork Chops with Brown Gravy Potatoes au Gratin Green Beans Bread—Butter Sliced Tomatoes Butterscotch Pie Lemonade	Fried Beef Liver Fried Onions Cheesed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Bread—Butter Combination Salad Rice Custard Coffee

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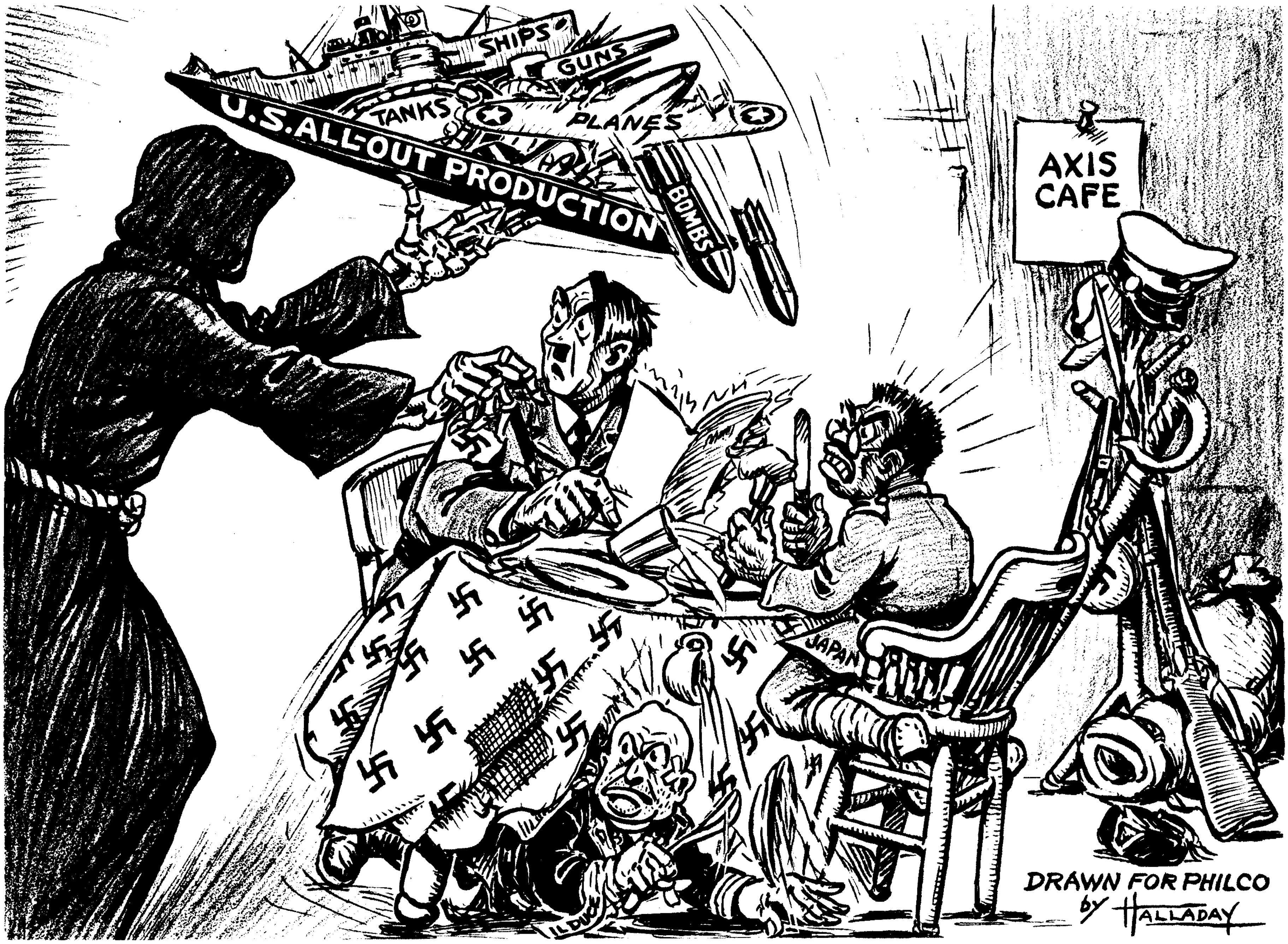
"We Didn't Order That!"



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WHATEVER tomorrow's headlines may be, the big news of the war today and tonight is being written in the mighty industrial plants of America.

Here at Philco, for instance . . . research engineers who have helped to make America the center of the world in electronic achievements are at work on vital war assignments. Laboratories and production lines that have done their share to give America more radios, refrigerators and air conditioners than all the rest of the world combined, are now producing the eyes and ears of mechanized warfare . . . intricate communications equipment and powerful radios for tanks and airplanes. Other divisions of Philco have turned their skill to the making of artillery fuzes, shells and industrial storage batteries.

Repeated a thousandfold throughout the nation, the unconquerable spirit and strength of this united effort *gives us cause* for our faith in Victory. And for our faith in a more abundant future . . . in the fuller life that will be the heritage of the scientific miracles born from the stress of war.

This cartoon by M. R. Halladay is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, they interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of industry and the significance of their work in the nation's united effort for victory.

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Collier's
The National Weekly for August 29, 1942

Yackey in the Air

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

With the aid of some sorghum beer and several dire accidents, Doc Fraser resolves an affair of the heart in favor of Missouri's most remarkable birdman

COON HOLLOW BRANCH OF YACKEY FAMILY MIGHTY NEAR WIPED OUT IN SUPREME WAR EFFORT STOP LOVE, PATRIOTISM, EDIE LOU MARTIN AND SERIAL YACKEY, BUSHWHACKER'S BRAVEST SON, INVOLVED STOP BRING JUG OF SORGHUM BEER REGARDS S. FRASER

THE most startling thing about this telegram was that it had been filed at Oxnard, California. What was old Doc Fraser, sage of Pike County, Missouri, and historian of Bushwhacker, doing in California? But the really alarming note was his request for a jug of sorghum beer. It had all the illogical and tormenting mystery of an order from Newcastle to bring coals—it was as if Mr. Joe Louis had wired me to bring him a good left-hand punch. Doc Fraser, unterrified Democrat and lifelong connoisseur of Bushwhacker's sublime beverage, plumb out of sorghum beer?

I drove from Santa Monica to Oxnard as fast as my retreads would allow. I found Doc Fraser on the porch of a hotel, sitting in a rocker with his right leg bandaged to the knee.

"Good golly, Doc!" I gasped. "What happened? Why are you in California? Why didn't you—"

"Got thet sorghum beer?"

"My last quart, but—"

"Hand it over an' hesh up!"

Doc grabbed the jug, which I had thoughtfully packed in ice. After patting it lovingly with shaky hands, he said, "Hanh!" and drained it with a two-breath swig.

"Hanh! Thet all ye got?"

"Word of honor, Doc."

"H'mph . . . well, I'm havin' me another barr'l shipped f'm Bushwhacker, an' it oughter git here by Sattiday—"

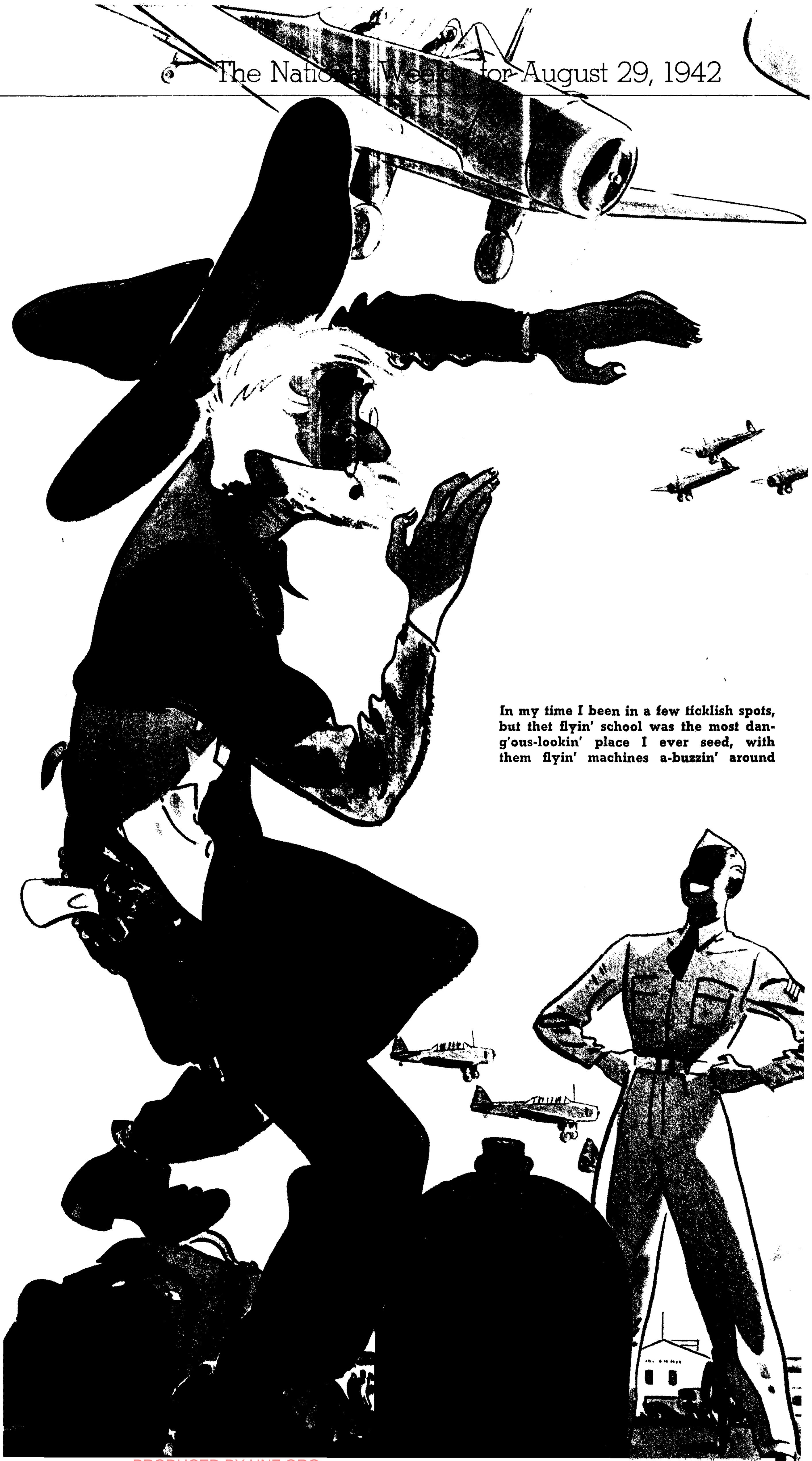
"But your leg—what *happened?*"

This leg, son—said Doc—don't amount ter nothin'. It's my own leetle sackerfice on the altar of freedom, so ter speak. Compared ter whut sorrer an' sufferin' them Coon Holler Yackeys been th'ough, it's jest a scratch. Whilst I an' you set here a-talkin', young Serial Yackey is out there at thet Oxnard flyin' school. It's been nip an' tuck fer me ter save the honor of the Yackey fambly name, let alone Serial's romance with thet Edie Lou Martin.

Whut say? A Yackey f'm Bushwhacker in a flyin' school? Yep. Fact. I never thought I'd live ter see it. I dern' near never did live ter see it. Serial's paw, Mr. Reb Yackey; his maw, Missus Yackey; his gran'maw, old lady Tolliver Yackey; his two sisters, Sally Lunn an' Mary Marthy—nope, I jest cain't bear ter call the roll. The horror of the hull thing is too fresh.

Y'see, son, it's mighty dang'ous fer a Yackey ter git hisself a high-school eddication. A Yackey, bein' fust hawg at the trough in Bushwhacker, is big-headed enough afore he can read an' write. The sixth grade is about all a normal Yackey can tolerate. Arter thet, a sorter internal combustion sets in.

Do ye reckerlect ever seein' young Serial Yackey around Bushwhacker? A frail-lookin' leetle



In my time I been in a few ticklish spots, but thet flyin' school was the most dang'ous-lookin' place I ever seed, with them flyin' machines a-buzzin' around

tucker with a mop of walnut-juice curls an' woodsy brown eyes like a overgrown squirrel? Well, son, the pore boy was borned with a lot of natchel handicaps. In the fust place, his maw—Miss Nettie Mae Turkle thet was—come of an eddicated fambly around Bowling Green. She met up with Mr. Reb Yackey right arter he come back f'm the fust World War. Mr. Reb Yackey had turnt out right smart of a hero in France, so Nettie Mae, she up an' married him in spite of fambly objections on both sides.

Young Serial was their fust-borned an' their onliest son. Reb aimed fer ter name him Pershing Yackey, but thet wasn't fancy enough fer the Missus. She had him christened C-y-r-i-l—an ongodly name fer a Yackey. The fambly simpled it ter Serial, but sech a name is a big handicap no matter how it's spelt or pernounced. On top of thet, Missus Yackey sot her head on havin' Serial go all the way th'ough high school.

Old man Cunningham Yackey, the head of the fambly, raised Ned about'n it. But Missus Reb Yackey, she got her way. She snuck Serial off ter Elsberry fer high school, so's them Yackey uncles an' cousins couldn't make fun of him.

Well, son, sech highfalutin' action will allus bear bitter fruit.

I'LL never fergit the day old man Cunningham Yackey come a-rarin' and a-snortin' inter my legal office in Eolia. I been his pussonal attunny an' staff veterinarian fer years.

"Git up out'n thet chair!" yells old man Cunningham, "an' earn yerself a legal fee fer the fust time in yer wuthless life, ye old sheep-kiltin' shyster!"

Thet's jest his natchel way of talkin'; he don't mean nothin' by it.

I says, calm, "Whut's the case, Mr. Yackey?"

Old man Cunningham rares back an' lets fly.

"Nettie Mae's fine chicken thinks he's a sparrer hawk, by Joe! He aims fer ter go ter a flyin' school in Californy an' larn ter run one of them gol-dang flyin' machines."

"Leetle Serial Yackey?" I says.

"Yep, thet piddlin' leetle whippersnapper. He'll lose his narve an' fall out'n thet sky the very fust day—disgracin' us all. You go out thar to Reb Yackey's an' talk some sense inter their heads, Jedge. I cain't trust myself ter speak no more on the subjeck."

I didn't say nary word, son. Old man Cunningham is mighty techy about'n the fambly repertation fer courage, an' he didn't want no eddicated smart aleck like leetle Serial ter repersent the fambly the fust time a Yackey tangled with a flyin' machine. Brave a man as I am, I wouldn't set foot in one of them contraptions, let alone try ter run one.

Sayin' nary word, I clumb inter my old jaloppy an' headed fer them Bushwhacker hills.

The hull Coon Holler branch of the Yackey fambly was a-settin' in Mr. Reb Yackey's parlor like it was a funer'l.

Leetle Serial Yackey was a-settin' on a sorghum beer keg an' a-talkin' ter five Yackey uncles.

"This here war," says Serial Yackey —not a day older'n twenty year, if thet—"is a-going ter be won by air power. Pooh on the infantry, the artillery, the tanks an' the cavalry. I'll taken me a fast bomber an' set fire ter Tokyo all by myself. Them Hoons an' Japs will be fried ter a crisp by us boys in the Air Force long afore the Army an' Navy reaches the scene."

Tom Yackey, thet won hisself two medals with a machine gun, shivers sincere.

"On the ground a man's got a fightin' chance, Serial," he says. "Them flyin' machines will turn on a man an' kill him their ownself, any time they taken a notion."

"Yayyyyy, man!" says Jube Yackey.

Well, son, bein' retained as old man Cunningham Yackey's pussonal attunny, it was time fer me ter speak my piece. But afore I can open my mouth, Miss Edie Lou Martin rushes inter the smokehouse.

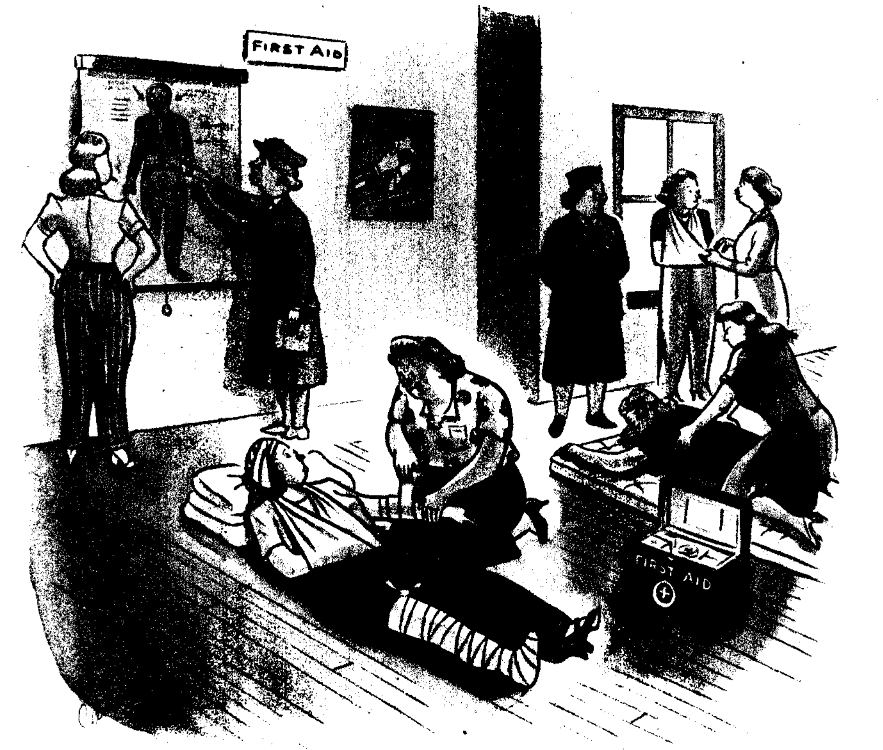
"Don't let 'em scare you, Serial!"

Of all the sassy, talky, twisty, bigmouthed gals this gone-goslin' gen'ration has perduced, Miss Edie Lou Martin taken the cake.

"It's all settled, Jedge!" she rattles on, "I got me a job in the office of the sugar beet fact'ry at Oxnard. Maw an' Aunt Libby are a-goin' with me—an' Serial's folks are a-goin' with him. Soon as he gits his wings, we'll be married!"

I walks over ter Mr. Reb Yackey.

"Looky here, Reb," I says. "Ain't it high time you was a-putting yer foot down? Mister Cunningham Yackey is head of this fambly. He don't think Serial can hardly make it with them flyin' machines. They's the most dang'ous invention known ter mankind. The Yackey fambly honor is at stake. Whut if'n Serial cain't hardly make it? I appeals ter you as a man an' a father an' a Yackey ter head off disaster thet'll be sudden death fer Serial an' suttin disgrace fer the Yackey fambly."



"Would you mind groaning a little to help toughen me?"

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

Whut say, son? Eloquent? But did it do any good? Hanh! Not a dern bit.

MR. REB YACKEY stopped his whittlin', taken a steady look at me an' says, "Whut other folks kin risk in this war, I reckon us Yackeys kin risk. As fer young Serial turnting coward—I done tol' old man Cunningham that us folks intend ter watch him purty close. Three carloads of us is a-headin' West tomorrer."

Well, sir, I jest gobbled at him.

"You folks a-follerin' Edie Lou Martin's lead, Reb?"

Serial's paw nods his head an' goes back ter whittlin' ter hisself. "A dern bright gal, Jedge!" he says.

Whut say? Was Edie Lou a highschool gradgyate? Wuss! Arter she finished Troy high school, she studied higher larnin' at the Chillicothe Business College. An' a bitter fruit it was ter bear, son, a bitter fruit.

Old man Cunningham Yackey, he taken it hard.

"Reb an' Nettie Mae allus was idjits," says old man Cunningham, "but I reckon us Yackeys has got ter stick tergether th'ough thick an' thin, by Joe. Hold yerself in readiness, Jedge. Bad news is bound ter come. Ye may have ter make a sudden trip ter Californy."

Truer words was never spoke, son.

Them Coon Holler Yackeys, along with Edie Lou an' her maw an' her Aunt Libby, had been gone f'm Bushwhacker about'n two weeks when the bad news reached Eolia. They phoned me the telegram fer old man Cunningham f'm Bowling Green. I taken it right out ter the Yackey home place in Bushwhacker.

Old man Cunningham give a mighty sad tug at his beard. "Serial passed on already, Jedge?" he asked.

"Ain't had the courage ter open it," I says.

"Open it an' read it, Jedge," says old man Cunningham. "I only hopes the pore boy died game."

The telegram turnt out ter be a long-winded report f'm Uncle Heber Yackey Dolan. The gist of it was sharp enough, though. Uncle Heber Yackey Dolan let on thet Serial Yackey wasn't a-going ter make it at thet flyin' school. He hadn't got hisself kilt yet, but even Edie Lou Martin had owned up ter the fear thet Serial was a-turnting coward.

"Pack yer grip, Jedge!" says old man Cunningham Yackey. "I orders yer ter spare no expense or skulduggery of the law ter fetch thet yaller leetle cur-dawg back ter Bushwhacker, afore he disgraces my gray hairs an' brings me in sorrer ter the grave!"

"I pinely will, Mr. Yackey!" I says.

Well, son, I packed me a grip an' I packed me a twenty-five-gallon keg of sorghum beer, an' I taken along a five-gallon jug fer a travelin' companion, an' I packed a hoss pistol an' a Bible.

I knowed I was a-headin' fer Californy an' trouble. I passed three days an' three nights on thet train, a-fidgetin' an' a-frettin'. Then I taken the bus up the coast road f'm Los Angeles ter Oxnard.

The very fust pusson f'm Bushwhacker I run inter in Oxnard was Miss Edie Lou Martin. She was sashayin' up the main street like a daft one, with no hat on her head an' no stockin's on her legs.

Edie Lou bust right inter tears. "Oh Jedge Fraser!" she says, "am I glad you've come. I jest been a-prayin' you'd come!"

"When did it happen, Edie Lou?"

"Last night—in the blackout."

"Says which?"

"They was an air raid alarm an' they turnt off all the lights. That's whut they call the blackout."

I shaken my head.

"Pore boy," says I, "how come they made him fly one of them machines in pitch darkness?"

Edie Lou shaken her head.

"It wasn't Serial, Jedge. It's Aunt Libby. She started acrosst the street ter the Oyster Loaf Café an' a Mexican run over her with his truck."

"Kilt?"

"Just about half kilt."

"H-how's Serial?" I stammers.

My question upset Edie Lou wuss'n ever.

"Thet's why I hoped you'd come, Jedge. Serial is a-goin' ter turn coward, I'm a-feared. An' if'n he does, I cain't marry him. But still an' all, I don't want him shot."

"Who aims ter shoot him?"

"His paw, Mr. Reb Yackey. It's the fambly tradition. But no matter if'n Serial cain't hardly make it with them airplanes, I'll still love him. I sure don't want him shot, Jedge!"

"Cheer up, Sis," I says, "Gran'maw Tolliver wouldn't let Reb shoot Serial."

"Oh—ain't you heard?"

"Heared whut?"

"Gran'maw Tolliver's sick in bed with the Jap-pizen. She et some garden sass thet the Japs had sprinkled with Paris green."

"You joshin' me, Edie Lou?"

THE gal dried her eyes, still a-snufflin'.

"She taken sick the day arter Uncle Heber Yackey Dolan got wrecked. She—"

"Heber wrecked?"

"Oh, hadn't you even heard thet? Pore Uncle Heber was run inter by some silly women drivin' one of them First Aid station wagons. Tore his car all up an' bruk his collarbone."

"Whur's he at?"

Edie Lou grabs my coat sleeve frantic.

"Don't pay no mind ter *him,* Jedge!" she pleads. "You push along to thet flyin' school an' have a heart-to-heart talk with Serial. He won't own up ter none of us thet he's a-scairt. He's got ter own up an' resign afore something dreadful happens!"

Nary word more did I say—the sitchyation had got too desperate. I stopped me a taxicab an' clumb in an' druv straight out ter thet flyin' school.

In my time I been in a few ticklish spots, but thet flyin' school was the most dang'ous lookin' place I ever seed. They had the road blocked off with sandbags an' bobbed wire an' a sodjer with a rifle at the gate. Whoosh, whoosh—them flyin' machines was a-buzzin' inter thet sky like yaller-jackets in a swarm. The most dang'ous *soundin'* place I ever was at, son. I taken me a leetle nip of sorghum beer ter settle my narves.

"Young feller," I says to the sentry, "I'm Jedge Sam'l Fraser f'm Pike County, Missouri. I repersents the Yackey fambly legal, an' I got ter see young Serial Yackey on important business. I don't want ter be kept out here in the open too long, neither!"

That sodjer was a cool one. "Take it easy, Jedge," he says, "they don't crash right here on this spot more'n twice a day. They allus blows a whistle so's a spry man can duck!"

(Continued on page 47)

Hot Weather Opera

By Kyle Crichton

Proving that St. Louis chorus girls are like all [illegible] [illegible] specialize in [illegible] and fan danci[illegible]

Inspection will show that this is the old opera, [illegible], more elaborate and elegant to a point where cru[illegible]g

ED KORTH

Candidates for sunstroke grabbing free seats ear[illegible]y bring their lunch, children, sunshades and a grea[illegible]

Organized open-air entertainment, rain checks and all, can be successful. Nine hundred agreeable angels and thirteen million customers from Missouri swear by it

THE St. Louis Municipal Opera is an institution invented by nature to make people overlook nature's failures. Before it existed, residents of the town conquered the summer heat either by drowning themselves in beer or in the Mississippi River. Now they sit out under the stars in Forest Park, mop their necks, watch the show and mesmerize themselves into believing they are alive.

Last year the Muny Opera—by which name and only by which name it is known in St. Louis—broke all records with a total attendance of 804,713. It has been so popular for twenty-four years that even St. Louisans forget that it is neither municipal nor opera. It is a privately sponsored enterprise that specializes in musical comedies and operettas.

"Once we did Aïda," puts in Paul Beisman, general manager of the Muny Opera, grimly.

That was in the days before they had a sound-amplifying system. By bellowing in a good ripe Italian way, the singers were able to keep patrons awake as far back as the tenth row, but nobody else cared. They could see the great stage and the wonderful setting with the two magnificent seventy-foot oak trees acting as proscenium arches on either side of the stage, and they had the illusion that they were cool and intact.

But jokes about the St. Louis weather only emphasized the success of the Muny Opera, which is a downright sensation. Sitting on a beautiful slope in Forest Park, the amphitheater seats 10,100 spectators and gives them a show which for magnitude and splendor is not equaled anywhere in America. Hollywood Bowl is larger and loftier in tone, specializing in symphonic music and great soloists; Grant Park in Chicago, offering free concerts with such singers as Lily Pons, has reached audiences of 100,000; but for pure entertainment, St. Louis takes the cake. It has played to over 13,000,000 paid admissions in twenty-five years.

"In this time," says Mr. Beisman, "we've had only two losing seasons and have made them up almost immediately. No guarantor has ever lost a cent."

This year, there were sad wags of the head over what the war might do to the opera, but there was never any thought of abandoning it. However, the fates took a whack at it right off the bat, and rain for six days almost washed the scenery away. The season started with Ivor Novello's Drury Lane extravaganza, Glamorous Night, and experienced none of same all the first week. But it was not a total loss because the Muny outfit operates on the same basis as a major-league ball team. If the show is washed out, the patrons get a rain check; if it manages to get in forty-five minutes of actual playing time and is then swamped, the spectators are stuck. On that basis, the show lost only one night the first week.

"We'll murder them when the rain stops," said Beisman. "They'll be begging for grass seats."

This refers to the fact that when all seats are gone, they sell fifty-cent general admissions which entitle the purchasers to rest their carcasses on the grass plots at either side of the amphitheater. This year, Hit the Deck broke all Muny records for a single performance with 11,337 attendance, meaning that over a thousand minions were staining their pretty white breeches and skirts on the sward.

The first season, 1919, possessed a rich aroma of home-talent mediocrity but in 1930 thirty-two professionals were brought from New York and a chorus of forty St. Louis singers was added. The latter succeeded so well that both the dancing and singing choruses are still recruited principally from the home folk.

This year, in addition to the two shows already mentioned, the company will do Song of the Flame, No, No, Nanette, New Moon, Girl Crazy, Wildflower, Roberta, The Wizard of Oz and Show Boat. In the casts will be such principals as Norma Terris, Paul Haakon and Patricia Bowman, Marthe Errolle, Jose Ferrer, Evelyn Wyckoff, Florenz Ames and Sammy White.

Minor Disasters at the Muny

These noteworthies will encounter all the vicissitudes of a Muny performance, including rain, wasps and wailing infants. There was the night when the show resumed after a brief squall and Gertrude Niesen strode forth before the chorus to do a song number. She wore a gorgeous chartreuse evening gown, and everything would have been well except that she slipped in a pool of water and fell flat on her rear.

Miss Niesen uttered an exclamation indicating her exasperation, and then turned worriedly to the chorus to say: "They didn't hear me out there, did they?"

Gladys Baxter swallowed a bug that flew into her opened mouth while doing a number, a common occurrence at the Muny. She turned calmly to the chorus of male singers and said, "Sing, you dopes, sing!"

But these are minor disasters in an enterprise that operates on a Hollywood scale. In fact, backstage at the Muny Opera resembles a movie lot. Because of the size of the theater and the stage, everything is built on the grand scale. There are three fifteen-men crews of stagehands and carpenters working on eight-hour shifts. There are carpenter shops, paint shops and property studios. Farther back are the dressing rooms required for the more than one hundred members of the cast and choruses. There is a roofed-over rehearsal stage and a costume studio through which, in the course of a season, five thousand costumes will pass.

The productions are in charge of Richard H. Berger, who was assistant during the regime of Laurence Schwab, and has been responsible on his own hook for the recent record-breaking seasons. Berger works on a twelve-month basis, preparing scripts and productions during the winter at his home in Tarrytown, New York, and supervising the shows during the summer. Scenic designing is in charge of Watson Barratt, who did the Theater Guild shows in New York last winter.

(Continued on page 56)

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY MONAHAN

Flooded with well-wishing telegrams, the Gomez family—Vernon, June and Vernona—discuss their new member, a boy born July 4th

You can take 'em or leave 'em, girls, but not both—especially left-handers. Here is a fair warning from baseball's most contented wife—the girl who listened to Vernon Lefty Gomez

DON'T MARRY A BALLPLAYER

By June O'Dea Gomez, as told to Charles Dexte

THE rambling old inn on Long Island Sound was crowded with diners and dancers that fatal Sunday evening. In my wide white frock I was tapping rhythmically to the strains of You Said It, theme song of the musical show in which I was featured on Broadway.

As I finished my routine, Al Cooper called me aside.

"June," he said, "I'm just a singer, not a matchmaker, but there's a fellow over there who's crazy to meet you. He's a ballplayer called Lefty Gomez."

I laughed out loud. "Lefty! What kind of a goof would call himself Lefty?"

"He's a wise-cracking kid the sportswriters call El Goofy, the Spanish don. They say he's going to be the star of the Yankee pitching staff."

"Sorry, Al. I never go to ball games."

He glared at me as if I was a Yakut peasant. Then I followed him, unsuspecting but curious, across the narrow dance floor. I didn't know that I was taking the first step out of show business and into baseball. Nor did I realize that Lefty Gomez was to become my husband, and I a ballplayer's wife.

As Al introduced us, our eyes met. Spanish dons, I had thought, were tall, dark and handsome. Mr. Gomez was tall, blond—and not necessarily handsome. At his table sat another boy, Myril Hoag, then a Yankee outfielder. I don't recall the names of the girls. Neither does Lefty. He says that it was love—love at first sight.

Later that evening I sat opposite my future husband over a table for two. The lights were low, the music sweet, and he was talking swiftly and persuasively—and not at all like a ballplayer nor, for that matter, like the man of my dreams. In the weeks which followed he was persistent. He would call for me at the stage door. I began to look forward to his coming and especially to his gentle wit, for he was always talking to me, until I found myself happiest when I was listening to Lefty.

Only once was he at a loss for a word. The scene was the same inn, where I had accepted a supper-show engagement. The drums rolled. It was my turn to perform my specialty. Lefty sat there watching me, alone.

And then the waltz faded. As I turned toward my dressing room, applause still ringing in my ears, Texas Guinan stopped me.

"Come back to the floor," the hostess said. She took my arm, as I faced the diners. "Folks, you've given this little girl a great big hand," she cried, in her hearty cowgirl voice. "Now, on behalf of the greatest pitcher in baseball, the great Lefty Gomez of the great New York Yankees, I'm presenting her with this little token."

The shaft of white light swung to the table where Lefty sat, then back to me as Texas handed me a pin, a golden baseball mounted on two crossed bats.

I managed to whisper, "Why, it's beautiful . . ." Then the lights went down, and I hastened to Lefty to thank him personally.

An Embarrassed Proposal

A small white box lay in his palm. He was almost speechless. "I've got . . . er . . . well, June—take it!" I held the box for a moment, then removed the lid. On soft satin glittered a marquise diamond. "It's yours, June," he finally said. "Will you keep it?"

In night-club language, a marquise diamond means one of two things. In Lefty's case, it could only mean that he was proposing to me. He didn't say so. Instead, he blurted: "Will you go to the game with me tomorrow? I'm pitching." I hesitated. "C'mon," he pleaded. "Just for the air."

I went. Lefty stood on the mound at Yankee Stadium throwing baseballs all that long afternoon. From my neighbors I learned that two other fellows were also on the field. Their names were Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. Finally the visiting team—they were called the Detroit Tigers—began to hit the baseballs back at Lefty. It was late, past six. Suddenly the game ended. An usher told me that the Yankees and Lefty had lost, 2 to 1, in the twelfth inning.

And now, for the first time, I learned what it meant to be in love with a baseball star. He had waited for me at my stage door. Now I waited for him at the Stadium entrance. A crowd of fans nearly swept me off my feet as he emerged, unsmiling. He found a taxicab. Silently we sat beside each other. Glumly we rode downtown. I was in a hurry to reach my theater. I didn't know what to say. Timidly I inquired: "What's wrong?"

"Wrong?" he exploded. "Twelve innings! My arm nearly dropped off!"

I tried to calm him. "That's all right," I cooed sympathetically. "Go back in there tomorrow and pitch your head off."

A sound erupted from his throat, half moan, half laugh. Then he dropped an arm over my shoulder and patiently

(Continued on page 57)

Home is Where it's Peaceful

By Willard H. Temple

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Mr. Waltham and the war. The problem of a man who suddenly lost his family

MR. WALTHAM half expected, when he came home from work each night, to find the wreck of an airplane on his front lawn. He got off the bus and plodded along the front walk. The car stood in the drive and Mr. Waltham peered at the tires and winced as an airplane racketed overhead on a test flight from the newly erected plant, a mile away.

Trying to shut production problems from his mind, Mr. Waltham opened his front door. He stepped across the threshold, then stopped and clutched at his throat. A corpse with a bandaged head was stretched out on the living-room rug, the body of a large and florid woman he had never seen before. Mr. Waltham gasped and fought for breath.

"Nan," he choked out.

The corpse raised its head, regarded him gravely, then smiled and became vertical. "You must be Mr. Waltham," the woman said. "I'm Alice Hayward."

The name meant nothing to Mr. Waltham. He backed away a step and then Nan came downstairs. She said, "Chet, this is Mrs. Hayward in our first-aid class. The others have gone and we were practicing artificial respiration."

Alice Hayward laughed. "Nan left me so out of breath I stayed where I was to recuperate."

She removed the bandage, went outside, and Mr. Waltham scowled. "I have enough headaches at the office without coming home to find strange females scattered about the house."

Nan was hurrying toward the kitchen. "Brace yourself, darling," she said. "The maid left this morning. She's going to be a cement mixer, I believe."

Mr. Waltham said petulantly, "I don't want to go out for dinner."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly eat a thing," Nan said. "I had tea for the first-aid class and there are a lot of sandwiches left over. I'm warming up the pot roast from last night for you, too."

Mr. Waltham stared after her. Rush, rush, rush, he thought. One son in the Army. Another one in college, begging in every letter to join the Air Force. Nan tearing around on a dozen committees. And Anita! Mr. Waltham considered his daughter and groaned. Engaged to a young man she had known only three weeks, and who was about to be drafted

Mr Waltham went slowly upstairs to wash for supper, pity sweeping over him His branch of the factory had been converted to a government war project and he was not even allowed to tell his wife about the work. There had been troubles in the old days, too, but then Mr. Waltham had come home and talked the kinks out of his mind to Nan.

He rounded the upstairs hallway and the bathroom door opened. A complete stranger barged into the hall, nearly running Mr. Waltham down. He smiled, showing two rows of strong white teeth in an olive-colored face. "Soap in my eyes," he said, and dove into the room that had belonged to Harry, now in college. Mr. Waltham glimpsed another person in the room, a blue-eyed man with close-cropped blond hair.

Washing hurriedly, Mr. Waltham charged downstairs and into the dining room to point an accusing finger at his wife. "It took me ten long years to pay off the mortgage on this house. And now I find it has become a dormitory. Who are those people?"

Nan put down a plate of sandwiches curling at the edges. "Oh, you must mean Mr. Kowalski and Mr. Picelli."

Mr. Waltham shuddered. "I am not interested in their names. What are they doing here?"

"Didn't I tell you? I know I meant to last night. The housing situation in town is simply impossible, you know. They've been begging everyone who can to take in roomers. I gave those two boys Harry's room."

Mr. Waltham said, "I am not running a flophouse."

"They work at the aircraft plant," Mrs. Waltham went on. "Would you want me to turn them into the streets?"

"With taxes and expenses going up," Mr. Waltham said, "they probably end up making more money than I do." His mind tacked off to a more important problem. "Where's Anita?"

"She went off with that Rogers boy. Bicycle riding, I believe."

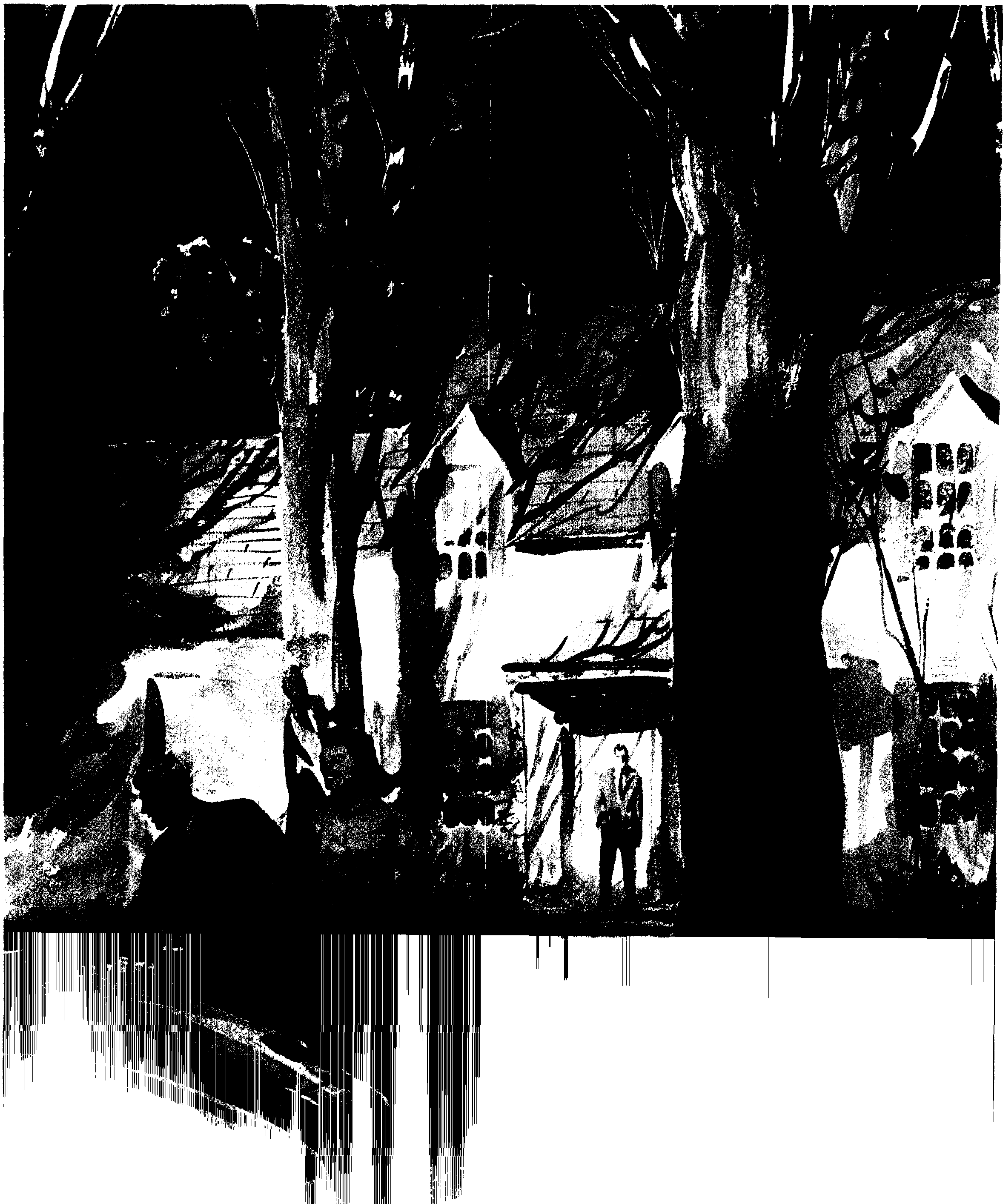
Mr. Waltham opened his mouth to speak and steps clattered down the stairs. The two roomers went out the front door and Mr. Waltham glared after them.

Nan said, "You'd hardly know they're in the house. I gave them a front-door key and they can let themselves in nights without disturbing us."

"I'll be the night clerk," Mr. Waltham said, looking disapprovingly at the sandwiches. His mind shuttled back to Anita and his appetite vanished. He said, "Anita knows what time we eat. Why can't she be here on time? Nan, I want to talk to you about her."

Across the table Nan was counting on her fingers: "Tonight we meet at Jane's. Lunch at the Y tomorrow. Must remember to take those books downtown."

Mr. Waltham suggested, "Maybe you *think* we can pipe gasoline out of the water faucets. Or possibly you are under the impression that I am growing rubber trees in the garden. I gave up the car to ride a bus to work and I



Anita kissed her father hastily and said, "Let's go, Ted." But Rogers hesitated, and seemed about to say something, but Anita turned him toward the door. Mr. Waltham watched them to their car

cannot have you driving about like mad all day."

Nan said. "Oh, I've a marvelous surprise for you. I bought a bicycle this morning. I practiced riding it before lunch. From now on I'm going to use the bike exclusively."

Mr. Waltham choked on a nut-and-cream-cheese sandwich. "You would not look well on a bicycle."

Nan said, "I got a basket for the handle bars, wasn't that smart? I'll be pedaling all over town."

Mr. Waltham said angrily, "Don't pedal in my sight. I am lunching at my club tomorrow with a major general. Stay away from the club, please."

Nan said, "I'll wobble past the dining room, no hands, and yoo-hoo at you."

The front door opened and Anita came in, the screen door banging behind her and sending Mr. Waltham a foot out of his chair. Anita's dark hair hung to her shoulders and her blue eyes were large and sparkling with impudence in an oval face.

MR. WALTHAM ponderously took out his watch. "For the past eighteen years or so we have been accustomed to eating dinner at precisely—"

Anita said, "Hi, kids," and interrupted Mr. Waltham by kissing his bald spot. "How's the man behind the man behind the gun? Get those bugs out of the big secret yet, Daddy?"

Mr. Waltham spluttered. Nan said, "There are some sandwiches and warmed-over pot roast—"

"I'm not hungry," Anita said. "We had hot dogs and lemonade. Ted and I are going out. We have to dash."

"Before you go," Mr. Waltham said, "I have something to say to you."

Nan bounced up suddenly. "Goodness, I'll be late. I'm going to ride the bicycle over to Jane's and I know it will take me ages."

"You haven't eaten a thing," Mr. Waltham protested.

"Goodby, darling," Nan said. "There's some cherry pie. I'll cut you a piece."

"I don't want any cherry pie," Mr. Waltham said. "No one pays a bit of attention to me in this house."

The pie was placed before him and Mr. Waltham attacked it as though his fork were a bayonet. He looked up presently and saw Nan wobbling down the driveway on her new bicycle. Mr. Waltham closed his eyes.

"Your mother," he said to Anita, "looks obscene on a bicycle."

Anita said, "Why, Daddy, she's cute."

Mr. Waltham finished his pie. "Anita, I want to talk to you."

Anita nodded gravely, but her eyes sparkled. Mr. Waltham looked at her and wondered bitterly why it was that he could hold the attention of a board of directors for an hour and a half and bore his daughter to death in three minutes.

"This young man of yours," Mr. Waltham said, "he seems very nice. But you have only just met him."

Anita said dreamily, "I think I fell in love with him because the hair on the back of his head won't stay down. It fascinated me right from the start. I saw him first from the back, you know."

Mr. Waltham said, "Oh, *yes?*"

"Go on, darling," Anita said. "I didn't mean to interrupt."

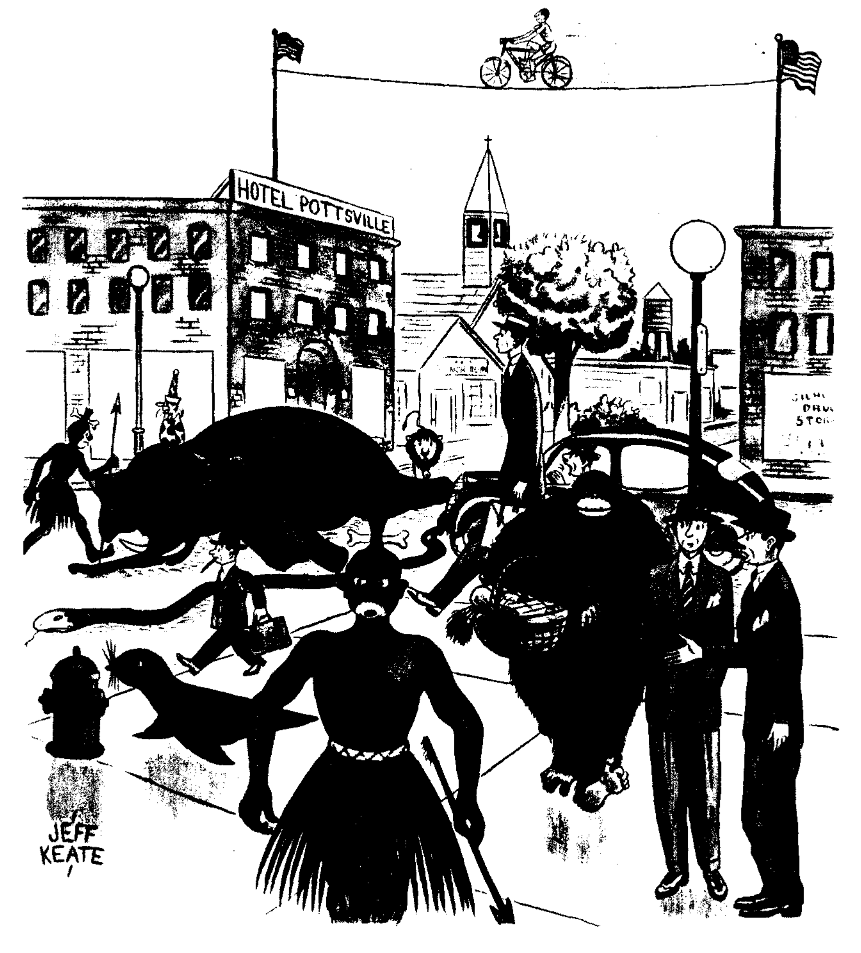
"Believe me," Mr. Waltham said earnestly, "I am only thinking of your own happiness. The world is upside down. People everywhere are acting rashly on the spur of the moment. This is the time when you should make a special effort to be cool and collected. I just don't want you to do anything in a reckless moment that you will regret all the rest of your life."

Anita reached across the table and patted his hand. Walking around to him, she put her arms around his neck, pressed her face against his cheek, then turned and ran for the stairs. Mr. Waltham lifted a hand to his face and drew it away wet. Anita had been crying. He sat there in wonder.

"Darn it, darn it, darn it!" he said, and lighted a cigar. He strode into the living room and picked up the evening paper. He glanced at the headlines, frowned, and turned to the market page. Some of his holdings had fallen off as much as two points and the cigar lost its flavor. He threw the paper to the floor and went outside.

Another airplane thundered overhead and after it had gone he heard the sound of a lawn mower around the side of the house. The Italian roomer, Mr. Picelli, came into view shoving the machine. He stopped and looked warily at Mr. Waltham.

"Hope you don't mind," he said. "Mrs. Waltham is charging us so little for that swell room that I feel we ought to do something in return."



"Pottsville was a respected little community until a circus was stranded here two years ago" JEFF KEATE

"Very good of you," Mr. Waltham said. He felt distinctly uncomfortable.

Mr. Waltham said, "There's a radio down in the recreation room. Nobody ever goes down there any more now that both my boys are away. Why don't you take the radio up to your room? And there's a table-tennis set down there. You and your roommate are welcome to use it if you like."

HE TURNED away quickly, the smell of new-mown grass in his nostrils, and went back inside the house. Anita came flying down the stairs and at the same time a car honked out front. A lanky young man, sandy haired and bony, ambled up the front walk. He shook hands rather self-consciously with Mr. Waltham.

Anita kissed her father hastily. "Let's go, Ted."

Rogers hesitated. "How's the work going?"

"We'll get it," Mr. Waltham said grimly.

Rogers seemed about to say something, but Anita turned him toward the door. Mr. Waltham watched them to their car and then went back to the living room and sat there silently, while darkness crept across the room.

The roomers came into the front hall and Kowalski hesitated in the hallway. Mr. Waltham could barely discern his presence. Kowalski said, "Good of you to let us stay here, Mr. Waltham."

"Quite all right," Mr. Waltham said. "Hope you'll be comfortable."

He sat back in his chair, thinking of Anita and below him in the recreation room he heard the rat-a-tat of a table-tennis game. The telephone shrilled suddenly and he went to the hall to answer it. The strained voice of Ted Rogers came over the wire:

"Mr. Waltham? This is Rogers. I wanted to tell you earlier but Anita wouldn't let me. Anita and I are going to be married tonight. We're at the Reverend Neil's now. He's going to perform the ceremony. I thought you might like to be present."

Mr. Waltham managed to say, "I'll be there."

He hung up the telephone with a crash, his hands opening and closing convulsively. He realized that he didn't know where Nan had gone. He flipped open her telephone pad and dialed the number of one of her friends. The friend answered and Mr. Waltham said, "This is Chet Waltham. Do you happen to know the whereabouts of my wife?"

The woman said, "She's right here, Chet. I'll put her on."

Nan's cheery, "Hello," drifted over the wire. Mr. Waltham said, "It may interest you to know that your daughter is about to be married."

Nan gasped: "I'll be right home."

Mr. Waltham started to hang up, then shouted into the mouthpiece, "Don't ride that bicycle. Take a cab."

He went outside and walked up and down the drive until the cab deposited Nan on the sidewalk. She walked slowly toward him. "I feel exactly as though I've been riding a horse. I'm so stiff—"

"Your daughter is getting married," Mr. Waltham almost shouted. "To a man we know nothing about."

Mrs. Waltham put her hand on his shoulder. "Chet," she said, "I couldn't have done a thing. I saw it coming from the start. These things just happen and all that parents can do is to cross their fingers and trust that their children have intelligence of their own."

"Come on," said Mr. Waltham, hurrying to the car.

They drove into the street and Nan said, "Have you thought about what you're going to do? You can't drag her home, you know. You can't create a scene. Anita's over eighteen."

Mr. Waltham sagged and drove on silently to the Neil parsonage. He and Nan went up the walk and rang the bell. The minister let them in and Anita and Ted, holding hands across the room, smiled uncertainly at them.

The minister said, "Shall we begin the ceremony?"

THEY stood before him and Mr. Waltham thought it was the most unhappy moment of his life. He had known that some day another man would take Anita away from him. And he had known that it would hurt a little when the time came. But he had planned it as a big event. Something to remember through the years, a memory when his only daughter walked out of the nest to begin a life of her own. And instead he stood here in a grubby little parlor. He kept his eyes on the floor, on a frayed bit of carpet between his feet.

The words came meaninglessly to him: "Do you, Theodore, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to love—"

Ted's "I do," was low and clear.

"And do you, Anita—"

Mr. Waltham tried to close his ears to it. A moment later it was over.

He did not trust himself to speak as they went outside. Nan said, "We don't want to interfere with any of your plans, children. But perhaps you'd like to come home for just a few minutes, and the four of us will have a little reception."

Ted said, "We would like that very much, Mrs. Waltham . . . Mother."

Mr. Waltham bit his lip and climbed in the car. Anita said, "Oh, isn't it wonderful? Look at the man I got!"

Mr. Waltham narrowly avoided running down an innocent pedestrian and then glared at him. He drove grimly home and into the garage. Nan lingered beside him as Anita and Ted went inside. She said, "Open up the brandy and stop imitating Boris Karloff."

In the kitchen, Mr. Waltham filled four brandy glasses and carried them into the living room. He struggled with himself and had a difficult time keeping his voice on an even plane.

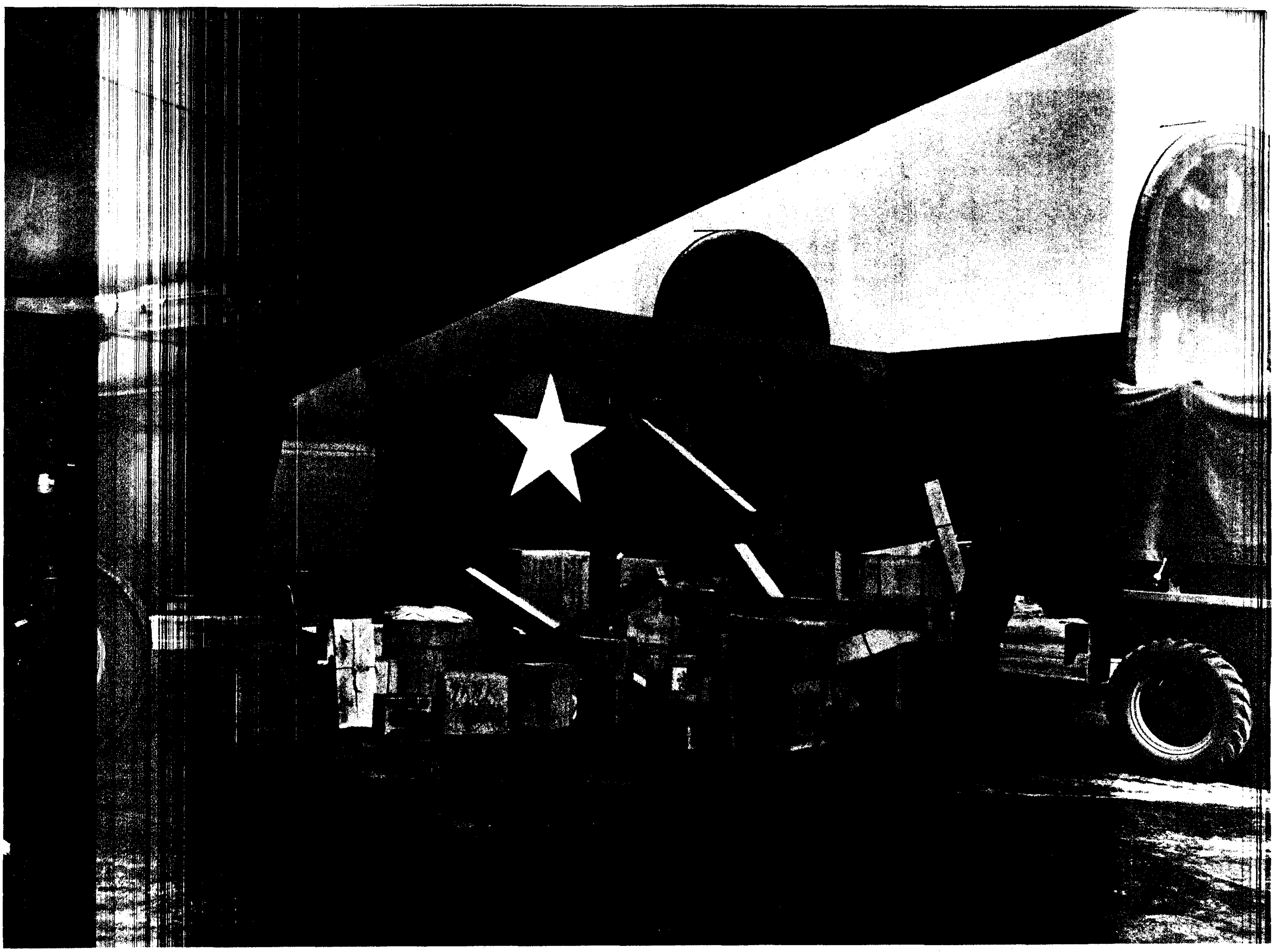
"I don't suppose you have any plans."

Ted said, "As you know, my number's up, I'm joining the Army in a week or so. Anita could live with my folks in Iowa. They've never seen her, but I know they'd love to have her. I thought, however, you'd prefer to keep her here while I'm away and gradually get used to the idea of losing her."

Mr. Waltham, the words like gravel in his throat, said, "How about a honeymoon?"

Ted said, "We talked that over and decided to pass it up. I have some money saved up and we think it's wiser to keep it intact. When this war's over, we'll want our own home. That money will give us a stake to get started on a solvent basis. We'll be able to furnish an apartment and have a bit of a nest egg left over."

(Continued on page 32)



GANDY

At Morrison Field, Fla., an air freighter—a converted Consolidated B-24 bomber—is loaded with cargo for United Nations' forces

There are No Submarines in the Air

By Colonel Royal B. Lord

Colonel Lord is Assistant Director of the Board of Economic Warfare, Member of the Requirements Committee of the War Production Board, one of the leading figures in the creation of the Committee on Cargo Planes of the War Production Board

WE NEED freight planes. We need aircraft that will carry ten, twenty, thirty tons of cargo at a time; aircraft big enough and fast enough to get tanks, guns, men, medicine, food and shells to Australia in a few days, instead of the ten weeks a ship convoy requires; to Russia in hours, instead of two months; to India in less than one week, instead of almost three months. Until we have such planes, we won't be fighting this modern war in a modern way.

We are now producing the finest weapons at enormous rates. Our problem is to haul them the 11,000 miles from New York to Bombay, the 7,700 miles from San Francisco to Sydney, the 4,600 miles from New York to Archangel. Staggering distances, but if we fail to get the military tools to our most remote fighting fronts, we lose the war; if we succeed, we win it.

So far, ships haven't done the job well enough and there is no apparent reason to suppose they will do any better very soon. Submarines were still, in July, sinking ships faster than the United Nations could build them. Ship production has become prodigious, but the Axis still has a marked advantage. Our shipping pool is shrinking at a moment when we must have more. And while we are losing ships, the efficiency of those we have left is cut in half, since in convoy they are paced by the slowest ship and forced to zigzag to avoid torpedoes and to take long routes around the danger zones.

So even with the ship construction at a level far higher than any of us dreamed it could reach, we may outproduce our shipping facilities. It would be grim tragedy, now that we have so nearly solved the problem of war production, to find precious weapons piling up in this country, capable of winning the war—if they could reach the war—but useless because of the ocean blockade.

This article is a plan for a way out. None of the normal hazards of shipping, none of the war-forced delays and obstacles apply to freight carried by air. Cargo planes can go anywhere more rapidly and more safely than ships, and we can manufacture them, if we move decisively now, in quantities large enough to end forever the peril of blockade.

First, we must organize our thinking about airplanes. We have considered them in terms of sports, luxury transport, or precision fighting. Now we must think of planes strictly for cargo, the way we think of boxcars, freighters and trucks; stripped of fancy trimming, designed solely to carry the biggest possible load at the most efficient possible speed.

Then we must think of them in big, round numbers. We must have, not hundreds, but thousands, maybe tens of thousands; at least enough to take the most critical supplies to the critical battle zones quickly and safely. And we must have them soon.

Impossible? Let's look first at a proposal by Vance Breese, a test pilot and one of the really outstanding experts on aircraft. He wants to make planes of low-carbon steel, the metal used in old-fashioned stovepipes.

Aluminum is out; we have scarcely enough for the present aircraft-manufacturing program. Stainless steel is out; it soaks up critical materials of which we already have alarmingly little. But the stovepipe airplane would take few important war materials. Our steel production is now 86 million tons a year; two hundred steel air freighters a month would require only two thousand tons a month. Sheets of proper size for planes could be rolled in mills now idle; fabrication could be accomplished in refrigerator, stove and automobile plants with nothing to do, plants accustomed to handling the low-carbon metal.

The stuff welds easily—no spot failures showed up in more than 50,000 tests—and welding saves time. Wing sections can be pressed into shape like automobile fenders, internal construction will be much simpler, and because of the steel's greater strength, the planes will weigh very little more than those made of dural. The welded, stiff steel is smooth, cutting wind drag and making the plane more efficient; and if a hole is blown in the skin or if a wing tip is knocked off in a ground loop, a patch can be smacked on the wound and welded in a short time with portable welding equipment in the field.

When Breese got through, he would presumably have a cheap ship capable of carrying more than ten tons for three thousand miles at almost 200 miles an hour, using three standard, 1,800 horsepower engines now in production. Breese figures his plane could be in mass manufacture within a year and a half, at the most.

There is talk also of planes built of tubular steel and plywood. The furniture industry, now making gliders, could take a tremendous part in such a program, building wing sections that would be put together in central assembly plants. Plywood planes are already in production in the United States.

To get large quantities of cargo planes most quickly, we might simply take bombers from production lines, strip them of guns and armor, install cargo hatches and put them to the job of hauling freight. Bombers wouldn't make ideal freighters and we need the bombers for bombing—but this procedure would give us cargo planes next week, not next year.

Some cargo planes are already in production or about to go into production but, for the better part, they are smaller ships than those we are visualizing here. Curtiss-Wright has a new plane in this category, and other larger experimental cargo planes are near the testing point.

Reduced Production Time

According to old rules, gestation of a new plane took three years; one for design, another for building, the third for testing, retooling and preparing for production. With some new military models, this has been reduced to less than a year, another of the "impossible" feats we've accomplished under stress of war.

The cargo plane could be perfected even faster. It is immeasurably simpler to build than any standard combat craft. It doesn't have to be slicked up. Compared with a dancing pursuit plane, it is a lumbering brute. Designers needn't strain for the last one per cent of performance. It can all be within the limits of existing and proven knowledge.

Building 25,000 cargo planes which would each carry 15 tons across oceans is no more difficult, probably not nearly so difficult, as the schedule of 50,000 military planes we have set for ourselves this year, or our goal of eight million tons of shipping. Some experts believe we could be in real production within eight months, and such a fleet would deliver more tons of freight then all the present United States merchant marine.

This leads to a striking comparison. The United Nations' shipping pool contains about 25,000,000 tons of ships. Under war conditions they travel about 10 miles per hour and are loaded to approximately 90 per cent of capacity. At the best, therefore, they can move at a rate of 225,000,000 ton-miles of freight per hour.

Breese's craft would tote 10 tons at 200 miles an hour. So 112,000 of them could carry all the shipping handled by the entire United Nations' pool! Or 56,000 of our B-19s, which can handle 20 tons at 200 miles an hour, would do the job.

This is the theory. But there also is some experience in the records to support the idea that air freight is practical and valuable. In dozens of places, planes are taking over freight hauling—and are proving day in and day out that they can do an excellent job.

They are saving weeks of shipping time by picking up goods deposited by freighters in West African ports and hauling it over 5,000 miles of jungle and mountains to a vast debarkation port on the Red Sea.

When the Burma Road was closed, a handful of planes began running from India to Chungking, attempting to do the work of the 4,500 trucks which had been dragging 17,000 tons of freight a month over the tortuous highway. With each plane making two trips a day, they carried an astonishing quantity of war goods. More and better planes—a few dozen of the new twin-engined Curtiss-Wright C-46s, for example—would make the road and its trucks obsolete.

The Army's cargo planes are hauling more than a million pounds a month within the continental limits, and Pan American Airways, in conjunction with the Ferrying Command of the Army Air Forces and the Navy, is shooting planes to spots all over the earth, carrying thousands of tons of vital war materials to China, India, Africa, Australia, Alaska, England, Iceland. American Export Airlines has started similar work. The full extent of their operations probably can be told only when the war is over but enough has been done to establish beyond any question the feasibility of air-freight service.

The original cost of the vast fleet of cargo planes pictured here would be high, even to a nation accustomed to stupendous war costs. Twenty-five thousand 15-ton cargo ships would stand us something like twelve and one-half billion dollars—or about half a million dollars a plane. One freight boat of 10,000 tons costs only about three times as much.

Operation likewise is apparently—only apparently—more expensive. Ships move cargo for less than half a cent a ton-mile against the most optimistic figure now available for planes of about five cents. But remember one point:

Planes pick up cargo at the point of manufacture and deliver it to the point of need. They can take shells, for example, directly from an arsenal in Massachusetts to an ammunition dump in Africa. They can haul propellers from Connecticut or engines from Michigan straight through to airfields in China. If the shells were taken by freighter it would be necessary to ship to the dock by train, then unload, then load again onto the ship. At the destination, another unloading and still more handling. All this costs money, and most of it is eliminated by the plane.

But in any event, we can't fret about costs in wartime. Lack of spare parts may keep a squadron of million-dollar bombers on the ground in Africa, and for the lack of the bombers we will take a walloping more expensive than all the money we could possibly spend on cargo planes.

Think of the wartime value of using cargo planes on a big scale. Submarines would mean nothing. Air routes could be bent around danger zones with a loss of shipping time of a few hours, at the most. The shortage of dock space, which crippled England after the Nazi bombing blitz of September, 1940, could scarcely be repeated, since it is almost impossible to put an airfield out of commission for any length of time.

The Japs have tried repeatedly to paralyze Chungking—with no result. As soon as the bombers disappear over the horizon, thousands of coolies swarm out of caves near the field, filling in bomb craters with baskets of dirt, and the field is in operation again almost before the smoke and dust of the bombing have settled. If seaplanes were used—and it is likely they will be, particularly with larger sizes—they could land with even more regularity, for no one has yet found a way to bomb holes in water.

Those Who Escaped by Plane

The planes could get through to spots unapproachable by surface means and get out again. Commercial transports performed a heroic task in evacuating people from Crete. While Japs were swarming in on one side of Hong Kong, passenger planes were taking 400 people to safety from the other side. A similarly striking job was done in Burma. While the Jap military machine rolled hundreds of thousands of people before it, planes maintained a steady flow of traffic to India. As many as 60 people were jammed in planes meant to carry 21 passengers. But they carried 5,000 people over the mountains to India—and safety.

A fleet of aircraft such as we have visualized here would provide a mobile pool which could be shifted in a matter of hours from one theater of war to another, bridging any broken supply line. It would prevent a recurrence of Crete, Dunkirk, Bataan or Tobruk, by getting men and supplies to any threatened spot without delay. (And, incidentally, the Germans regularly flew equipment across the Mediterranean to General Rommel, even while the British were attempting to push a convoy of ships through the sea.) It would enable us to strike out with divisions of fully equipped men in devastating surprise blows.

After the war we would still have the planes. Commercial planes are flying today which were built fifteen years ago, doing useful work and earning their keep. In terms of miles flown, a plane lasts many times as long as a freighter. The Clippers which Glenn Martin built

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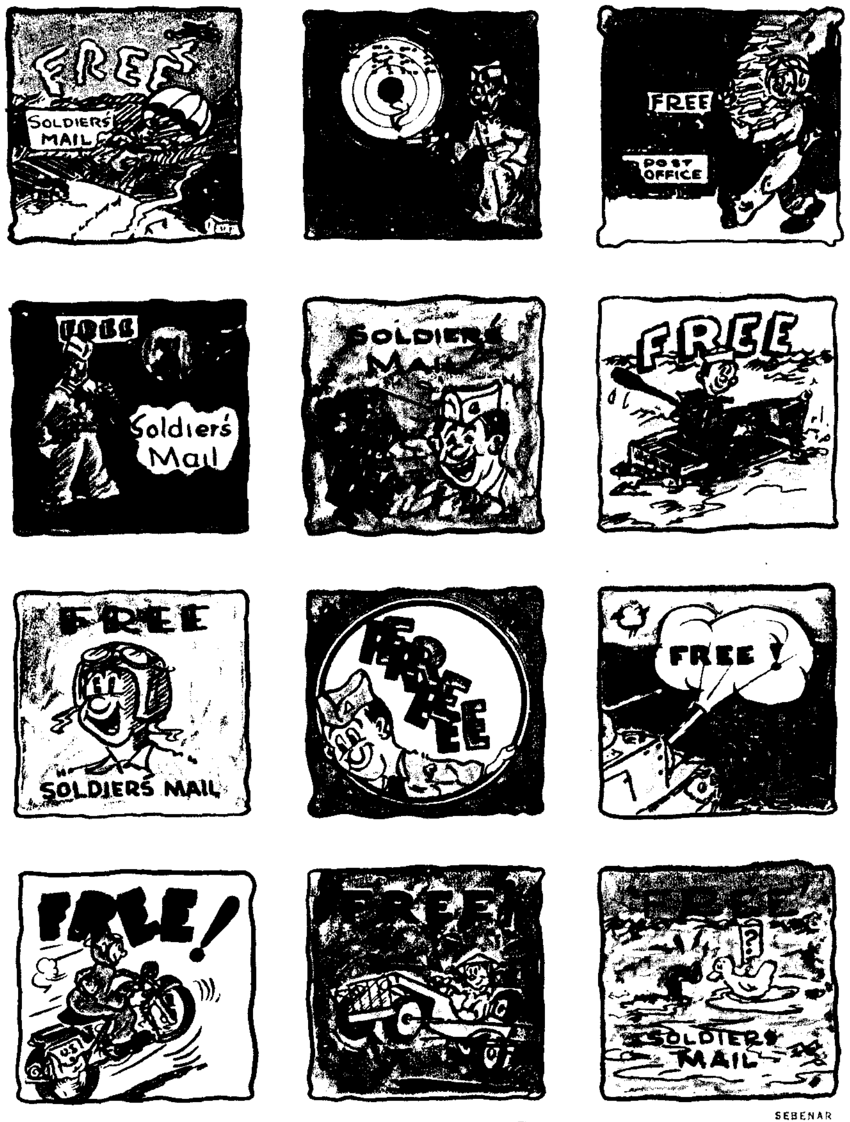

YANKEE DOODLER

When free postage for the Armed Forces went into effect, Technician G. H. Sebenar, of the Second Armored Division at Fort Benning, began to doodle cartoon stamps on his envelopes. The Bureau of Engraving might not go for Sebenar's designs but his buddies did, and in no time the soldier-artist was swamped with demands for original stamps. Sebenar hopes to interest a printer in issuing perforated and gummed sheets for general distribution. Meanwhile, here are some drawn especially for Collier's—and any member of the Armed Forces who wants to cut out and paste them on his letters home.

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The Story Thus Far:

BEN-TIM HOWLETT, a Texas cattleman, owns "Horsehead," a ranch which, far to the north of Texas, is being mismanaged. He sends Tracy Coleman, his foreman, to take over and set things right.

Riding for many days, Coleman finally reaches War Bonnet, not far from the ranch. There Dan Stuart, a prominent cattleman, informs him that, due to lack of use, Horsehead has become "free land," and will soon be divided up between a number of ranchmen.

Disregarding that verdict, and numerous threats, Coleman goes to the ranch. He finds a surly group of employees awaiting him, led by George Pairvent, the foreman. Also he finds an attractive woman—Valencia Wilder—who, about to marry Ben Solvay (one of Coleman's new acquaintances) is to be his guest for a week or so. Valencia—courted and won by mail—makes no effort to hide her admiration for her host. . . .

Drew Trumbo, owner of a small ranch, is in love with Dan Stuart's daughter, Ann. Like Stuart, he is plotting to gain control of Horsehead—of getting it all for himself. Stuart hates him. . . . Coleman soon learns that George Pairvent is an untrustworthy weakling, closely in touch with Trumbo. He soon learns that Stuart has stolen many of his cattle, removed the Horsehead brand and substituted his own.

A courageous man, he goes to Stuart's home and tells him frankly that he intends to take back his cattle. Stuart threatens to kill him, if he does not leave the country. When Coleman rides away, Ann—who had been present at the interview—follows him and implores him not to oppose her father.

But Coleman does not go away. Instead, on the following morning, taking with him his surly hirelings—Pairvent, Ray Miller, Ed Drum, "Baldy" and Alvy (an unusually rebellious boy)—he rides out and collects the stolen cattle. As he is driving them toward Horsehead, Stuart and some of his punchers ride up. Stuart announces that he is going to hang the "thieves."

Coleman refuses to surrender. "When you draw, old man," he says, "you're dead. But try it if you've got to." There is a long silence. "Tap," Stuart's foreman, speaks up. "What will it be, Mr. Stuart?" he asks. Coleman flicks a glance at him. "Your boss," he says quietly, "is tryin' to figure whether this is a good day to die."

"I wanted you to see what I really am," she said. "Goodness can't die out just because of a mistake. I have been lonely. I've never found what I wanted." "Neither have I," he said

IV

COLEMAN, watching Stuart, saw the big man's face lose its harsh faith, its lines of triumph; and he saw doubt creep into lip corner and he recognized an expression of remote breakage, of deep inward shame and loss of certainty. Before him, as these tight, hot moments went on, a man changed and in changing he destroyed much of himself. It was Stuart who in the end took his eyes from Coleman and dropped them. He put his hands on the saddle horn and he stared at his hands, and the corners of his shoulders lost their squareness; and then his own riders caught the sense of what had happened and certainty went out of all of them and Tap cast a bitter glance upon Coleman for the destruction accomplished and seemed to grit his teeth together. Abruptly Stuart turned his horse and rode away. He had left no command behind him; therefore Tap murmured, "Let's go," and led the crew on Stuart's heels. Coleman waited until Star Cross was well beyond gunshot. "Now," he said, "we'll move on."

They pulled the strayed beef together and moved it westward, Alvy and Ed Drum riding swing, Baldy once more dropped back with his rifle. Pairvent and Miller were at the rear of the stock with Coleman; and nobody said anything. They wasted half an hour at the ford getting the cattle across. Once west of the river Coleman said, "Let them drift," and set off for the ranch with the outfit, arriving there in the middle of the afternoon.

The kid, he saw, had a swagger to him as he moved away. The kid was making himself big again, and riding for another fall. He stored the thought in his mind, meanwhile observing Pairvent. The foreman had brooded over the clash with Star Cross all the way home. "I do not understand," said Pairvent. "I never saw Stuart back up before a man before."

"Who," inquired Coleman, "has stood up to him recently?"

Pairvent pulled his eyelids together as he thought. "Can't rightly remember."

"He was runnin' on a reputation."

"How'd you know that?" asked Pairvent.

"I made a guess."

"Deuced long chance to take on a guess."

Coleman made up a smoke, his back propped to the corral post. Ray Miller was near by, listening to the talk, a set grin on his rough face. Coleman got the

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A Date in the Park

By William E. Brandon

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

TO JULIE, nothing had changed. The Ninth Avenue El was gone; there was some kind of excavation work going on in Seventy-ninth Street—a new sewer, Grace had said. But it was all really the same. The Planetarium nestled deep in the shadows of the park. Strolling couples went in and out of the pools of light among the trees, their quiet footfalls lonesome in the night. The crosstown bus roared intermittently, and on a distant corner two drunks were shouting at each other.

All as it had always been in all those other Junes. The same idiotic poignancy of these last springs, when, each year that she had been in town, she had visited Grace, allowed Grace to admire her clothes and her jewels and her complexion and the way her hair was done, seen again the old neighborhood, and afterward, for a few minutes while the chauffeur waited with the car, had gone into the park to keep a date with sentiment.

Foolish thing to do, Julie. Sentiment is a shambling, aimless creature. It has nothing for you. You're really laughing at yourself, Julie. The way you'd smile at an old lady pressing autumn leaves in a Bible.

But she couldn't laugh, and her eyes were wet. She found a bench in the darkness and sat down and heard a couple pass without lifting her head, deeply afraid for a moment that strangers would find her here crying.

Memories shouldn't trouble people who have their lives before them. Memories have no place in youth. In those old days, she wouldn't have thought of thirty as youth; now she knew there were only two stages of life—youth and old age. You clung to one as long as you could and then slipped gratefully into the rest of the other. Like happiness and contentment. Happiness was really a strenuous proposition, a living thing you had to fight to hold. Contentment was a place to lie half asleep in the sun.

Alan used to talk like that, here in the park on a June night. She leaned back and she thought she could feel his arm around her shoulders and she closed her eyes until the street light was only a tangled blur through the leaves overhead and she thought she could see his kind face, lean and gentle, beside her.

That Alan Morris, Mrs. Birnbaum said. What a boy! You call him a dreamer. I call him a loafer. What a no-good he would be for a woman. For you, honey, you should be able to make something of yourself.

Mrs. Birnbaum ran the drugstore. They stopped in there at night, on their way home, she and Alan and Grace and Jack. Mrs. Birnbaum served them ice cream sodas and sat by in her stiff dress and listened to them with pleasure, and presently she asked Jack how he was getting along in his fine job, and then she asked Alan if he had found anything yet to do. He always grinned. He always said he was too far ahead of his time. He'd be a ball of fire when the world caught up with him. They knew it was only talk. He didn't care. He could make talk exciting.

They went into the park and watched the moonlight on the lake. They looked to see where the ducks went at night and they spoke only to hear their voices drift across the water. They walked arm in arm on the curving paths and Alan stopped her and lifted her face to his, and the hard muscles of his arm crushed her against him.

He's nice, Grace said. Alan's wonderful; there's no one like Alan. He's crazy and exciting, that's why. But gee, honey, you can go places. When you're settled down in a flat on Columbus and hanging washings on the roof, maybe Alan won't be so much fun. You can go places, Julie. You'd be crazy to throw yourself away on Alan. You'd better just keep Alan Morris to remember and you'll be a lot happier.

Well, memories were kind, unchangeable things, but the happiness in them was fixed and unchangeable too. You could only extract so much and then it magically was sorrow, and even that was without warmth.

Someone walked by, whistling, and flipped away a cigarette that fell with a shower of sparks. His steps were like Alan's used to be, quick and free and careless. She watched the glowing cigarette, still rolling unevenly along the walk. She would leave when its light died.

I'll change, Alan had said. I know you don't believe me, but I swear I will. Give me a chance to show you, Julie. We can be happy together. We were meant to be together. I will change. I'll do anything for you, Julie.

He had sounded young and insecure and somehow pathetic, and that was strange; he had always been able to sound convincing when he didn't care. That had been here, right here, perhaps at this same green bench. But it couldn't be the same, not after nine years.

She put her handkerchief back in her purse and closed the clasp with a snap and walked back to the car. The chauffeur saw her coming and opened the limousine door.

"Home now, Mrs. Morris?" He put curiosity politely out of his voice. He was new in his job; probably he thought she had gone in the park to meet someone she shouldn't. "Or maybe it isn't too early to pick up Mr. Morris at his office?"

"Oh, he won't be through yet." Alan lived at his desk. His desk, a monster that had fattened and dulled and enriched him and become his existence. She settled back in the cushions and closed her eyes. "And, Carter, please don't mention where we've been tonight to Mr. Morris. He wouldn't understand."

"Right," the chauffeur said discreetly.

Alan used to talk like that. . . . He'd be a ball of fire when the world caught up with him. They knew it was only talk. Alan didn't care. He could make talk exciting

Bright People's Ailment

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

If you're allergic, it means you're sensitive—and probably intelligent, too. But if you think that makes you a good patient you're wrong. You're what drives allergists nuts. Here are the latest mental—and chemical—facts on the subject

ALLERGY isn't a new ailment. It's just a new classification. Everybody has known for generations about asthma and hives and migraine, and so on. What never occurred to anybody till some time just before the last war was that they could possibly all come from the same thing: a hypersensitivity to some substance that had no effect on ordinary people. And it was a lot later than that before doctors began generally to believe it. An allergist told me, for instance, of a patient he was called in to see not so long ago who had such bad asthma she was in an oxygen tent propped up by six feather pillows. When he suggested that they take the pillows away, they thought he was pretty silly but they did, and then she didn't need the oxygen tent. In those days, it just didn't occur to most people that a feather pillow could cause asthma.

Most of us know now, of course, that practically anything from the glue on a postage stamp to a baby's own mother's milk can cause practically any of the allergic reactions. What we don't know is why or even very much how. It has all been pretty difficult, because, first of all, doctors, not to mention their patients, had to accept the fact that such dissimilar ailments as eczema and hives and asthma and hay fever were all really the same trouble: a spasmodic swelling of the mucous membrane coming out in various parts of the body—in the nose with hay fever, in the bronchial tubes with asthma, under the skin with hives and eczema.

Then they had to accept the fact that all sorts of different things could cause any of those different swellings in different people. Chocolate, for instance, could give one person eczema and another person asthma. Your aunt's house dust could give your cousin hay fever while it gave you hives and your uncle asthma. Yes, allergy is just as familiar a disease as all that sounds.

The Missing Substance

It looked at first as if all these different things being the same thing was going to simplify life for doctors. Just find out the one little difference between all these allergic people and ordinary people and think of the number of diseases you would have cured. But it wasn't so easy. They've been trying now for well on to thirty years. A logical idea was that there was some stabilizing substance lacking in the make-up of all these sensitive souls. Chemists began to analyze their blood and thought for a while that most of them were low in calcium.

If you are one of the allergic ten per cent you probably remember back to five or ten years ago when allergists were feeding their patients calcium for breakfast, lunch and dinner. You may even remember that it helped you for a while, which is one of the things about this ailment that make allergists turn prematurely gray. Because later chemists with more improved methods have pretty well disproved that there's any essential difference in the blood calcium of allergic and nonallergic people. And later patients didn't seem to find that calcium lessened their sensitivity very much after all.

About then some other research workers found that allergic people had a lot less hydrochloric acid in their stomachs than ordinary healthy people. So allergists began feeding this to their patients and again a lot of them thought it was a tremendous help—for a while. Nobody so far has disproved that allergic patients have a low gastric acidity. Apparently most of them actually have. But a good many doctors think now that it is a result of the allergy, not a cause; that perhaps the extra mucus in allergic stomachs blocks the ducts of the glands which secrete gastric juice, or that the mucus being alkaline neutralizes the acid. At any rate, taking hydrochloric acid doesn't seem to have been much help over any period of time, and lack of it is certainly not the main cause of allergy.

The Potassium Theory

The next hopeful theory, and one of the most recent ones, was that allergy was due to a lack of potassium in the blood. It sounds a little as if the researchers into allergy were chasing red herrings all over the laboratory and they probably were, but what else could they do? There had to be something in allergic patients that made them react differently from ordinary people. And someone would propound a theory that they'd try out on their patients and the patients would get better for a while. We'll go into that later, but you can see it was enough to drive an inquisitive scientist mad, especially as he seemed able to find out everything else about allergy except the one thing that caused it. And there was really quite a little sense to the potassium theory.

Potassium has very much the same effect on the body as adrenalin. And adrenalin, a drug which shrinks all the little blood vessels and stops the spasms of certain internal muscles, is the most important medicine there is against acute allergic troubles. Then, too, potassium tends to get rid of fluid from the body tissues and has a way of making mucous membrane less sensitive. And those allergic swellings in hay fever and asthma and hives are just about nothing else but oversensitive tissues plumb full of too much water.

So some experimental allergists started giving their patients potassium, and because potassium and sodium are chemically antagonistic, they cut down on the patients' salt intake so that the potassium would have a freer field. And they began to think they had something. Half a dozen people with acute urticaria —hives to you and me—got better immediately. A lot more doctors took potassium up then, both with and without restricting salt, and some of the results were good and some no good at all.

About then, a doctor trying artificial fever for acute asthma found that when he gave his asthma patients plenty of salt and water to replace all that they sweated out while their temperature was being raised, their asthma didn't get better at all. But if he just let the patient's body go ahead and run short of sodium and water, the asthma got

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Chocolate can give one allergic person eczema, another asthma, while ordinary house dust can cause hay fever, asthma or hives

Deming, with 3,600 souls, contributed 120 heroes on Bataan. The firs blows of war fell heavily on the town and its people are proud—and mad. More of them are joining up to help bring back the first batch

DECEMBER 5, 1941—and for severa weeks, the troops stationed at For Stotsenberg, near Manila, had been on an alert, the men of the antiaircraft batteries sleeping and eating beside their guns. Out there in the Philippines there was a tension and a premonition of which the people back home were still blissfully ignorant. A young officer with one of the batteries was writing a letter to his mother in Deming, New Mexico. It was a serious letter, almost like a farewell.

"There may be bloodshed," he wrote. "But Mother, don't you do any bellyaching."

She didn't and she won't, though her son was on Bataan when it fell, and she doesn't know, as this is written, whether he is alive or dead.

Now it can be told, the story behind Bataan; the story of a score or two of small American towns from Janesville in Wisconsin to Salinas in California, where fathers and mothers and girl friends carried their share of our sacrifice in the Philippines. A considerable number of the American troops out there were National Guardsmen. They had been soldiers—real soldiers—only a few months when war struck, though after it struck, nobody, least of all the Japs, could tell the difference. There were two National Guard tank battalions, the eight companies that made them up coming from as many different states of the West or the Middle West or the South. And there was a whole regiment of antiaircraft from New Mexico—a state whose total population is less than that of Buffalo, New York.

This is the story of one home town from which Bataan's defenders came. But please, when you read it, remember that it's only one, and that one must stand for them all. It might as well be Deming, New Mexico.

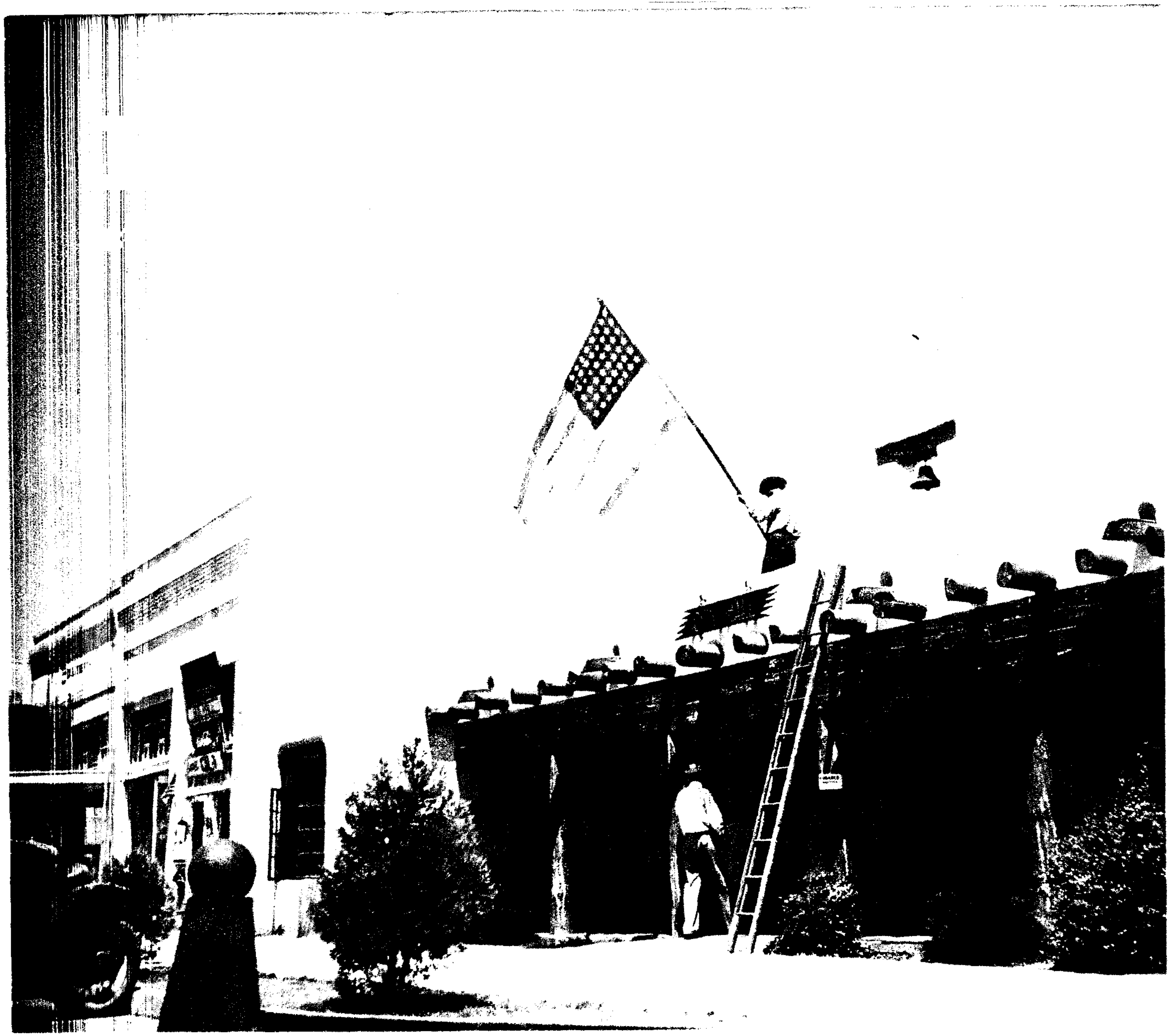
Deming, with a population of 3,600, had one hundred and twenty men on Bataan. You've seen dozens of towns just like it. It's the kind of place where everybody knows everybody else's first name and most of his business but, by and large, allows him to run it. Its phone numbers take up four and a half pages in a two-ounce telephone book. Wooden canopies shade its sidewalks from the Southwestern summer sun. It has an Ice and Electric Company, and a Fuel and Transfer Company, and a Central Bar and Café, and a City Cleaners, and a bus depot.

Deming Could Be Your Town

In a word, it could be practically any town of its size from Iowa to Oregon—except for the feeling it gives you to look along the street at its places of business, knowing that practically every one you see has a partner or a son or an employee in the Philippines.

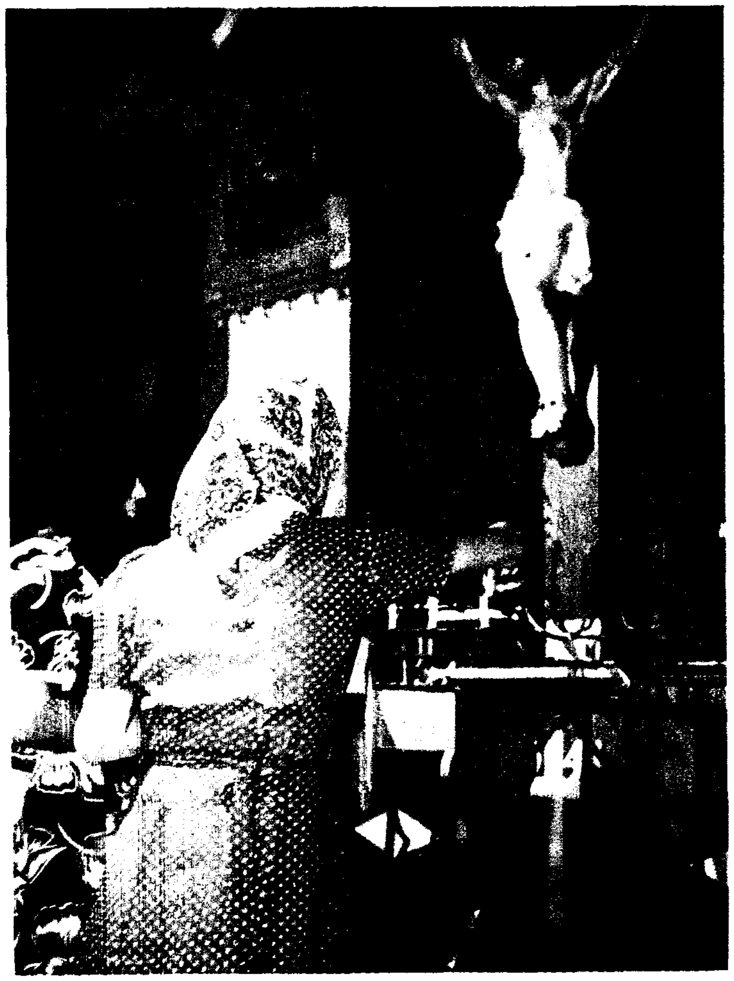
They belonged to the 200th Coast Artillery. This was one of the antiaircraft outfits whose fantastic marksmanship made news day after day in the dispatches, knocking down Jap planes by the dozen and keeping them so high in the air that they missed their targets. The Deming boys made up the Headquarters battery.

There were other batteries from Carlsbad and Clovis and Silver City and Gallup and Taos, from Roswell and Hobbs, from Santa Fe and Albuquerque; most of which have a population well under ten thousand except the last two. Albuquerque, with its 35,000 inhabitants, sent three batteries. Not all the New Mexico boys were with the 200th, though that accounted for most of them. At Mesilla Park, some sixty miles east of Deming on the highway, is New Mexico A. and M. College which, with its modest enrollment of a thousand or so, sent over thirty officers



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY PENNINGTON

Frank Bascon proudly raises the flag over the Deming, N. M., City Hall. Like many another U. S. town, Deming was well represented at Bataan. Of the 120 Deming heroes there, five reached Corregidor. How many are alive, no one knows



Mrs. Soledad Almarez and Mrs. Genovera Schwartz light candles at St. Ann's for relatives who haven't returned

Lt. Col. Memory H. Cain's wife posts a letter, which Jo Ann Craig scans for news of her father, Lt. H. S.

o the Philippines, mostly from the last five years' classes. A number of these, because of their Latin-American ancestry and knowledge of Spanish, were officers with the Philippine Scouts.

"They stood up without complaint under constant furious fire for more than three months. They were besieged by land, blockaded by sea, cut off from all sources of help in the Philippines and America, and they knew it. But they only fought the harder."

Who were they, anyway? For weeks we read words like these of Frank Hewlett, United Press correspondent, telling of the incredible things they did and endured; and they seemed heroes set apart, in their dust-begrimed, fevered Valhalla. Could it be that before they started, the men of Bataan were—just us?

Colonel C. G. Sage, who commanded the 200th from 'way back in the days when it was the 111th New Mexico Cavalry, was a country newspaper publisher. Every week now, in the inky-smelling little print shop, his wife and his father are getting out the Deming Headlight, keeping things running until he comes home.

Lieutenant Colonel Memory H. Cain was a chiropractor. Among the dozen or so other officers who went from Deming were a hardware merchant, a dry-goods merchant, the county agent and a couple of young lawyers. You remember the hospitals on Bataan—the blood and the flies, the Japanese bombs, and the doctors who kept on operating till they dropped, but they didn't drop. One of them, Lieutenant Colonel George T. Colvard, was delivering babies in Deming a year or so before.

Proud of Its Contribution

Some of the boys are prisoners and will come home when the war is over. Some are dead. As yet nobody knows. But Deming holds its head high, even jokes a little.

"Why, I sent all those boys out there myself. Course, I never knew they was going to get jammed up like that."

"*Your* husband's all right! A swell doctor like him? The Japs'll be so glad to get him, they're feeding him chicken instead of rice, right now."

A rumor persistently circulated in Old Mexico by Axis agents tells how youths of Mexico were by some means spirited away, to fight and die under the American flag in the Philippines. This vicious tale has seized and made use of the fact that many of the New Mexico soldiers who were heroes on Bataan were of Spanish-American descent, with names like Gutierrez and Gonzales and Garcia. Of the hundred-odd enlisted men from Deming, about half were Spanish-Americans.

Deming is only thirty miles from the border. It has a Spanish quarter of small adobe houses and wide, sleepy streets. The church that rears its crosses against the bright blue sky looks, in silhouette, exactly like the Spanish missions that have sheltered these people for three hundred years, and its wise Father Fernandez knows when to offer consolation and when to keep silence.

In the church and in homes, before little homemade shrines, candles are burning for boys who haven't come back from the Philippines. Two of the officers' ladies took me over there to visit some of the Spanish-American mothers, but first they offered a word of preparation.

"They're—well, they're more demonstrative than the rest of us," they explained gently. "They'll probably cry."

So did everybody.

Deming is one in its loss. You can't find a racial dividing line, and the candle idea seems so good that several Anglo-Saxon, non-Catholic mothers have adopted it.

"The men of Bataan have done all that human beings could do to the limits of endurance. They were sustained every day of their fight by something more than physical strength. I knew the men out in Bataan, and I knew they were thinking of their people and their country and of freedom and dignity and pride. It was no ordinary fight."

Funny, how many of them were just kids.

T. K. Yates has to take care of his ranch near Deming by himself, since all his younger relatives went to the Philippines with the 200th Coast Artillery. Deming boys made up the Headquarters Battery of this antiaircraft unit

Business as usual; but Mrs. John P. Burns, wife of Pvt. Burns, cook for Headquarters Battery, keeps hoping

Mrs. V. L. Ford, wife of Corporal Ford, keeps on her job as bookkeeper for Deming's Public Service Co.

The majority from Deming were eighteen to twenty-two years old. Most of them had joined the Guard as soon as they were old enough—or perhaps a little bit sooner. There was so much enthusiasm for the Guard among the boys, that in peacetime an eye was sometimes winked at the age limit. When they were called up for duty in January 1941, a lot of them were still in high school, and the high school still remembers them.

There was, for instance, a Spanish-American-Greek boy, Angel Sakelares by name, but definitely not angel by nature. The superintendent recalls that when there was any deviltry afoot in the school, he sent for Angel on general principles. Take that little matter of the delayed-fuse firecrackers, which nearly broke up several weeks of the last school year. Hoarded presumably for the Fourth of July, the firecrackers would be rigged up with a long, oil-soaked string and planted in a locker. When the whole student body was innocently bent over its books in the classrooms—*bang!* would go the firecracker outside. Other schools please don't copy.

But they didn't look like kids to those who saw them in the Philippines. They had "Bataan faces," even the youngest of them—worn and lined and terribly old.

When the 200th was inducted into the Federal service, that January of '41, boys under twenty-one were told they couldn't remain unless with their parents' written consent. The few parents who demurred were bullied into submission—Angel threatening to run away if his father didn't sign. Most of the boys quit school then and there, but Angel, Buddy Byrnes and Jimmie Huxtable finshed their high-school course by correspondence at Fort Bliss and came roaring home in uniform, at ninety miles an hour, to get their diplomas. The graduation exercises were held up three quarters of an hour for them—just a little over a year ago. . . .

There was a reason for all this National Guard spirit in Deming. It was the regimental headquarters, and its officers, keen, enthusiastic men, had a great following among the youth of the town.

When the regiment was converted from cavalry to antiaircraft early in 1940, nobody ever saw a group work harder than these men did, at learning the trade of modern war.

They Filled the Bill

At Fort Bliss during their eight months' training they did all right, and then some. In fact, they were picked for Philippine duty, according to well authenticated rumor, not only because they could talk some Spanish, as the first story had it, but because the Philippines needed a crack antiaircraft unit, and they filled the bill. Colonel Sage's little girl—she was fifteen last year—watched them at target practice on a visit to Fort Bliss.

"They were knocking those balloons out of the sky one right after the other," she remembers. "Daddy was so proud of them."

The regiment was then over two thousand strong, its numbers raised by the addition of selectees, from its peacetime quota of around fifteen hundred. But those drafted replacements were local boys, too; it was still an all-New Mexico outfit, and when the test came, the selectees stood right up to it with the rest.

They completed their training at Fort Bliss and pulled out at the end of August, headed west. Officially they didn't know where they were going; actually they had a pretty good idea.

Right after Pearl Harbor, when the raiders unloaded tons of bombs over Clark Field and Fort Stotsenberg, Deming really went up in the air for a few days. Wild rumors ran through the town, carrying every invention of panic: This boy and that one was dead. The whole regiment had been wiped out.

Then a few cooler heads took hold; a meeting was called; it was explained that if anyone was killed the government would notify the family; nothing else was to be believed. Somebody had the bright idea of a community bulletin board. Thereafter any authentic news, whoever received it, was posted in a window downtown for the whole town to read. Everybody calmed down right away. Long before the final disaster occurred, Deming was going grimly about its business as usual.

Comparatively few of the families received any letters or messages dated after the outbreak of war, and those who did regarded them almost as public property. A few Christmas cables came through, and in mid-May, after the curtain had rung down, there arrived a batch of letters dated from February 15th to February 23d. These final letters and messages, so avidly seized upon, so eternally cherished, told little or nothing of what we have since known were the desperate conditions on Bataan—the sickness, the shortage of medicines, the makeshift rations. They were just soldiers' letters. As literature they rated practically zero.

But certain thoughts, certain phrases, echoed and re-echoed through them: "I'm all right. Don't worry about me." "I'll be home sooner than you think." "Don't worry." "Chins up!" Cheery details and little white lies: "We have been camping out since December 10th and are surprisingly healthy."

Through February and March, their artillery roared; their jauntily patched-up planes went out and sank Jap transports in the bay; they bounced back one assault after another of fresh Jap troops who enormously outnumbered them. They fought on, weary, out of medicines and food, eating unidentifiable messes.

Not Fit to Eat

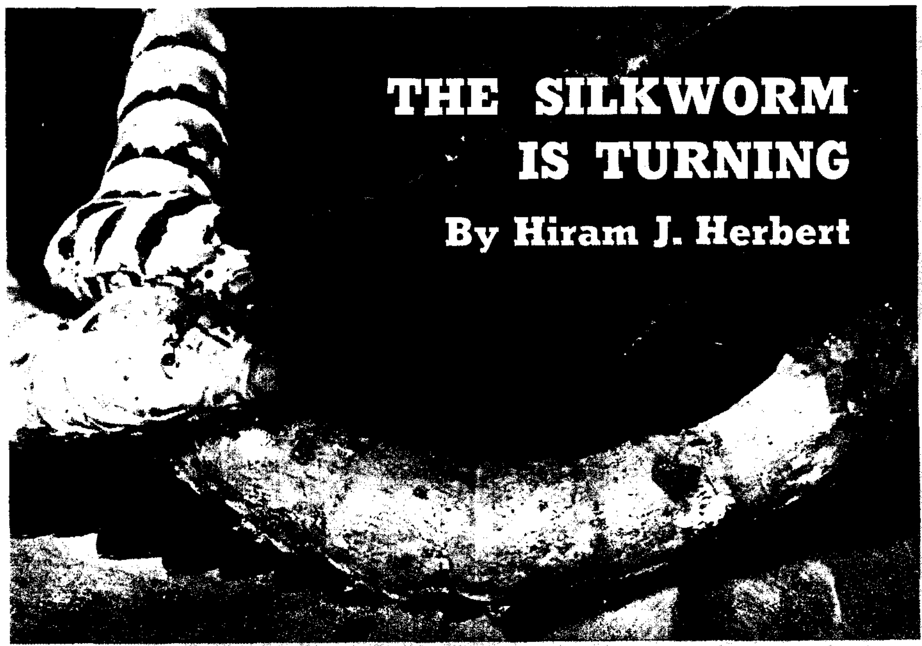
"We would dip a spoon into some dark substance, feel something hard, then lift it to our mouths," said Colonel George Sheppard of the Philippine Scouts, who was sent back to the United States with dispatches. "It was awful. But men ate it and fought on it—and died with it in their bellies."

On the 5th of April they pushed back another attack and frustrated a landing attempt, but their own losses were

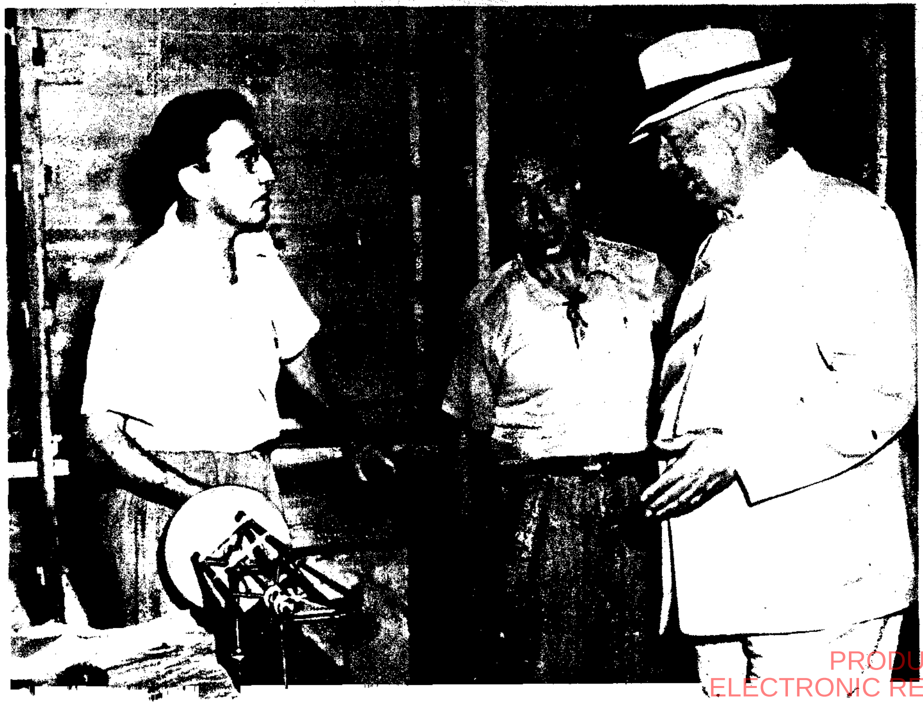
(*Continued on page 33*)

THE SILKWORM IS TURNING

By Hiram J. Herbert



Silkworms on a mulberry leaf. Below, B. K. Osigian, left, A. P. Ingargiola and Col. W. E. Persons discuss Mr. Osigian's model unreeling machine



LONG before the wartime run on the hosiery counters of America, a man down in Montgomery, Alabama, set about to prove that this country could produce all the silk it needed. The man is sixty-four-year-old Colonel William E. Persons, twenty-two years a soldier and now director of Alabama's Department of Corrections and Institutions. Since 1939, he has been chasing silkworms around the mulberry bushes and ironing out a discouraging number of difficulties, and now he thinks he has the answer.

The whole thing started accidentally when a Dr. Ludwig Harpootian wrote him a letter from New York suggesting that white mulberry trees and silkworms might make a profitable combination in Alabama, where the trees thrive through seven months, and the worms are happy in the 70 to 80 degree temperature.

Mildly interested, Colonel Persons invited Dr. Harpootian down to Alabama and they set up an experiment on the prison farm at Atmore, near Mobile. The colonel became very enthusiastic about the results, but the doctor inexplicably lost interest and went back to New York, where he has since died.

Colonel Persons kept at it. On the prison farm he planted forty acres in white mulberry trees and continued hatching the silk moths' eggs into worms, or caterpillars, in two 60-foot feeding houses. The caterpillars consumed the mulberry leaves, spun silk, emerged into beautiful moths, who laid more eggs, then perished (they have no mouths). Each female moth contributed from 800 to 1,200 eggs and from each egg came one silkworm capable of producing a 1,200 to 2,000-foot strand of silk.

Here were potential stockings, scanties and evening gowns, but here also was a dead end. While silk—perfectly good, raw silk identical with the Oriental kind—was there by the hundreds of pounds, it was not usable without machinery to do the unreeling. In Japan, unreeling is done by hand, by labor that's paid off in pennies instead of dollars. Colonel Persons scoured the nation for machines. He found other silkworm farms but no machines.

Meanwhile, however, his silk wasn't being wasted. The colonel learned that carding the cocoons would produce silk suitable for making powder bags and parachutes, two vital war items. He also found that a silk plastic could be made by boiling the waste silk and cocoon, to soften the gum around the fiber, and compressing the resulting mass in a 2,000-pound hydraulic press. When dry, it becomes very hard and can be cut into any shape.

Colonel Persons waited and worried and spent sleepless nights pondering the solution of the unreeling machine. Then, last June, the newspapers picked up his plea, and from New Orleans came the last link in the chain that may hold together a new and revolutionary American industry.

Mr. A. P. Ingargiola, stationed in the office of the Commodity Credit Corporation of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, dropped Colonel Persons a note that did things to the colonel's blood pressure. Mr. Ingargiola's associate Mr. B. K. Osigian had, it seems, invented an unreeling machine and would like to have some Atmore silk to work on. The colonel lost no time in bundling the cocoons off to Mr. Ingargiola, and Mr. Osigian's machine worked smoothly.

Last month the inventor brought his mechanical model up to Atmore, and the practical production of silk in quantity will be started when the new machines are built. The colonel admits he won't be able to supply the whole nation but he has shown how it can be done.

After twenty-two years in the Army, Colonel Persons tried to get back into the service when the Japs struck. The Army said, "No, thanks. How about a desk job in Washington?"

"My place is on the battlefield!" the colonel barked.

The fact that the colonel has four sons in the service makes his attitude more than understandable. But now he is fighting a scientific battle on the silk front—with parachute and powder-bag manufacturers awaiting the day when the unreeling machines begin to turn. ★★★

COUNTRY PLAYHO
FOUR ROSES

How to improve Scene 2 or any summer scene

DIRECTOR: It's great, Bob . . . the best play you've ever written! But I've got a suggestion for improving Scene 2.

PLAYWRIGHT: O.K., Dick. What do you suggest?

DIRECTOR: Well, the action takes place in the late afternoon of a warm summer day, and the stage directions have the leading man pouring himself a whiskey-and-soda.

PLAYWRIGHT: Sure—what's wrong with that?

DIRECTOR: Well, you could lift this scene out of the ordinary if you had him pouring Four-Roses-and-soda—not just whiskey-and-soda.

PLAYWRIGHT: Ah! . . . the loyal Four Roses enthusiast speaks! Let's see. Suppose we make the script read: *Brewster comes upstage. He observes the bucket of ice cubes . . . the soda. Then his eyes light up with eager anticipation as he recognizes the bottle of whiskey, for he knows what magnificent whiskey today's Four Roses is . . .*

DIRECTOR: Yes, go on . . .

PLAYWRIGHT: *. . . he grasps the bottle of Four Roses, searching his mind for adjectives to describe its incredibly soft and velvety smoothness . . .*

DIRECTOR: Bravo! I see you, too, know the matchless quality of today's Four Roses. And here comes some of that selfsame whiskey! Let's toast your new play with the finest of summer drinks—a Four-Roses-and-soda!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

Action by Night

Continued from page 19

cigarette lighted. "Not so long a chance, George. A man can be the world's best fighter and still be stopped without a shot. There are few men in this world who will stand in front of another man, twenty feet away, and risk a pull—unless they're dead-sure they've got better than an even chance. Stuart wasn't sure."

"I will tell you something," said Pairvent. "You set him down in the eyes of the Basin. You made a monkey out of him. He will think about that until it turns him crazy. Then he'll go at you in ways that ain't white. There's a streak in Dan Stuart like the bloody streak in an Indian. He won't rest now until he's got you fryin' over a fire."

"I observed that," said Coleman.

Pairvent growled, "You observe a whole lot." Then he remembered his own position and the thought turned him sour again: "Since you're so good with your eyes—what you think I'll be doin'?"

"You'll play this hand through with me until you figure a chance to get me in a corner," said Coleman. "I have got to watch out for you, George. You want Horsehead."

Anger danced hot and dangerous in Pairvent's secretive eyes; he turned on his heel and walked away. Miller's grin increased; he was laughing without a sound and after that he did a curious thing; he struck the top corral bar with his fist so hard that the bar sent out a hollow echo as it vibrated and he gave Coleman the benefit of his sly amusement and strolled toward the bunkhouse. That brute power had come out of him like a gust in an otherwise windless day, unexpected and unexplained. Going on to the main house—and to Valencia waiting on the porch for him—Coleman tried to fathom the man.

ANN STUART watched her father leave Star Cross early in the morning with the crew; from the house porch she followed the dust of their traveling as they scouted in and out of the low hills. She knew the reason for it and she therefore understood the meaning of the second cloud of dust straight to the west around ten o'clock. That cloud later vanished and the dust of her father's party faded out into the timber farther north. Thereafter she could only wait, and the waiting was hard. Near noon she saw a party come out from the hill road, straight west again, traveling slowly—and at last identified her father at the head of the Star Cross men. All six were along, which caused her a great deal of relief, but the slowness of her father's traveling puzzled her and when he came into the yard the grayness of his skin and the droop of his shoulders also puzzled her. There was nothing to be read on the face of Tap, or on the faces of the others. They pulled away at once and went to the deeper part of the yard. Her father stepped from his horse, came to the porch and sat down.

She said, "What happened?"

He shook his head, no more communicative now than at any other time. Still, there was a difference in him. He looked old and he looked tired. The heavy thrust of intolerant energy was gone. His face was gray, and bitterness made its claw scratches at his mouth corners. He sat motionless in the chair, with his hands lying palms up on his lap, and looked out upon the land as a man might do whose active days were over.

She tried once again: "Did you have trouble?"

"Don't talk," he said.

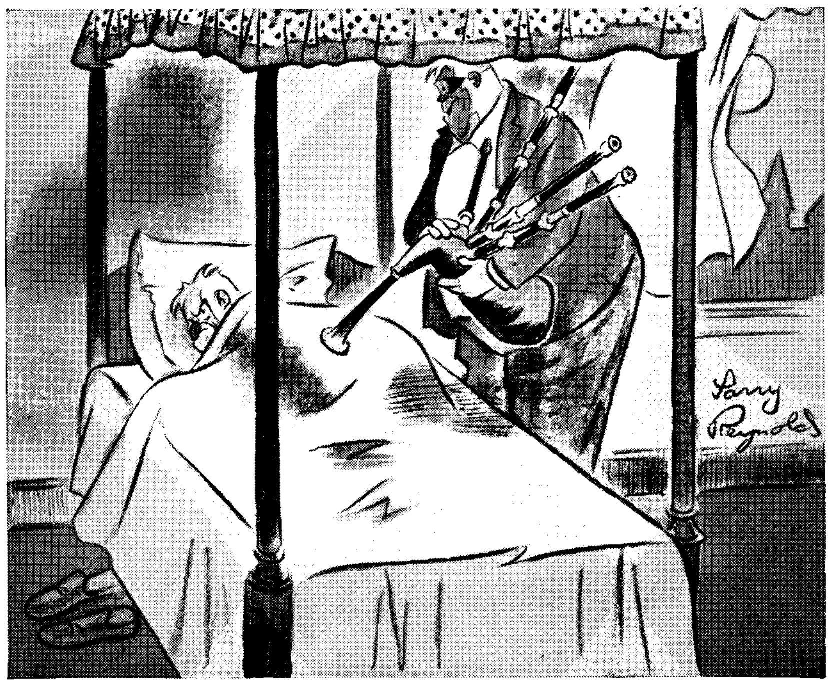
She went back through the house and out into the rear yard. Tap sat in the shade of the pumphouse, nursing a cigarette, brooding over some injury. "Tap," she said, "what went wrong?"

She hated the man, as he well knew; and therefore he was always civil and evasive with her. Yet for some reason he spoke readily: "We came across that fellow Coleman with his crew, runnin' our beef back to his side. We stopped him. This Coleman—" and here Tap stopped and appeared to review the incredible thing in his mind, "sat tight and faced your dad down. That was all. We came home like cur dogs. Coleman took the beef."

"That vented beef?"

"Beef which was on our grass," he said. "Vented or not."

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Just show me what to do oncet, then I won't bother ya no more"

"But he claimed it to be Horsehead's?"

"That," said Tap, "is not the point. The point is he faced us down and we gave out. That is the point."

Tap was suffering as her father suffered. It tore at his loyalty to the ranch, it poisoned his faith in himself, and presently he said in a dead tone: "It happened. I do not know why. I think I will have to kill that fellow myself. There'll be no peace in the Basin for me or for your father until it is done. I will do it, too."

She went back to the house and stood in the living room, watching her father through the open doorway. He sat like an invalid whose strength came to him drop by drop; and she knew then, from Tap's explanation, how great were the gaps torn in his spirit and how increasingly his wounds would pain him. He was a man who had never been crossed and he had built a legend around himself and lived by that legend. Now it was partly destroyed and the shock had stilled him.

She could not feel sympathy or sorrow for him. Those were emotions he had driven from her heart; but she did feel pity, and she went out and put a hand to his shoulder. "Goes bad sometimes," she said.

He had no grace to receive pity. It stung his vanity and he moved his shoulder until her hand fell away; he gave her a familiar glance of dislike. He got up from the chair and went to his horse and he stood by it, thinking. Presently he said, "Next time you see Drew Trumbo, ask him to come see me."

"You hate him. Why should you want to see him?"

"That's not important right now. Go see him and tell him."

He reached the saddle after a slow pull and rode north. It was then one o'clock or after; at three he reached War Bonnet, took a pair of drinks at the saloon and went on to the Alma. He sat there, alone again, and again thinking of his injuries. By and by he got some paper from the clerk and returned to his chair and found a pencil and slowly wrote a notice on two pieces of paper. Having done it he left the Alma, crossed to the general store to buy a box of tacks, and returned to the hotel. He tacked one of the notices to the hotel wall and left town, riding toward Gunderson's ranch. A few miles out of town he put up the second notice on the side of an abandoned log hut.

Coming out of the hills, Ben Solvay saw and read the notice. He tore it from the wall and started for Horsehead, thirty miles away.

IT HAD been one of late summer's hot days and now at twilight, Coleman sitting on the porch steps, heat came up from the earth, rendering out the keen blends of the earth. The moon rolled along the edge of the mountains, reddened by summer's dust. Valencia came quietly from the house and stood near him; and at last, with a quick motion, sat beside him. There was, away over to the north, the small run of a traveler; that and a coyote's cry. Valencia said: "He's against the world, too. He has no friends."

He turned and he saw the small smile she had. He felt the turbulence of her spirit around him as a man might feel strange currents cut across the wind's major run. She was a white core of light in darkness, a personality of fragrance and will, a stubborn spirit set against the world. She had wanted many things and had been betrayed by her wants; yet she still had them. She was still proud.

"Tracy," she said, "they will never drive you away." The fighting streak in her made her voice lift: "Never let them! Tooth for tooth and claw for claw."

"Kind of a sad world that way," he reflected.

"You're strange. Everything's been hard for you, and you are hard. But not hard in the way I know men can be."

"Known men like that?"

"Most of them have been like that." All the heat and resistance of her experiences seemed to rise from her. "My trouble was in asking for too much. It was never money or clothes, even though those things seemed wonderful to the daughter of a poor woman. It was more than that—to be alive and to be important. Not to be beaten, not to grow fat and afraid, not to be just a piece of dust lost in the road. A man would call it adventure. But men do not like a woman to hunt adventure. It makes the woman cheap to them. That has made me bitter. I have had to fight and hold my own part. I could never be very soft. Men watch for softness in a woman—and then betray the woman. My own ambition has betrayed me. I have believed too much—I have hoped for too much."

"I see softness in you."

"I have let you see it," she said, and turned to him. "I wanted you to see what I really am. Goodness can't die out just because of a mistake. A shadow can be perfect. But we weren't made to be shadows. I have been lonely. I have never found what I wanted."

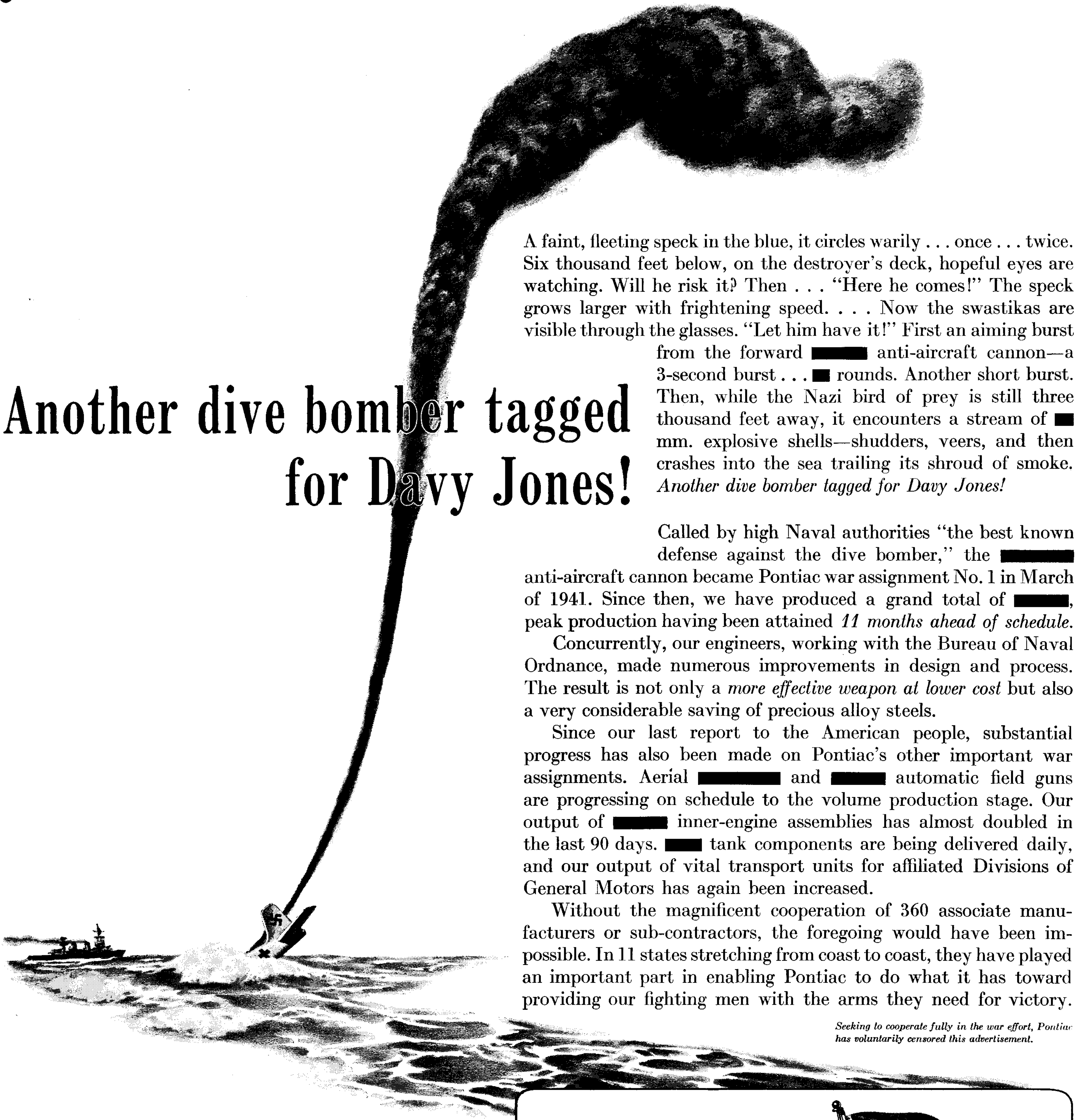
"Why," he said, "neither have I."

"I know," she murmured. "It is in your eyes. What is the woman like—the woman you want?"

HE SAT still and made no immediate answer; wherefore she knew the question reached into his deepest places. The picture of that woman was in him, colored and rounded and given life by all the dreaming a man spends upon his private images; she knew men well enough to understand that. Yet there were no words which would completely describe what he felt, and even if he found the words which closest came to his desire, he would be reluctant to express them. She sat near him, wanting him in a way she had wanted no man; and wanting to be seen by him not as the world judged her but as she knew herself still to be—a woman of depth and goodness, with loyalty crying in her to be claimed, with a faith that once fixed would be as rock all her life. And then she asked herself a forlorn question: "What have I really lost that a man needs?"

He hadn't answered and she knew he would not answer; and so she understood that his feeling in the matter was very strong, as she had suspected. She watched his face—the sometimes homely and sometimes recklessly expressive face of a man who lived his life in action. He felt her glance and turned to her and he smiled and then he was a man of charm, a man aware of her closeness, a man straining on the leash of his reserve. She sat still, waiting for that reserve to break; wishing for it and making herself desirable to him by her smile. His thoughts came close upon her, so that she saw the change in his eyes, and she thought, "Perhaps now."

Out on the flat grassland a rider



Another dive bomber tagged for Davy Jones!

A faint, fleeting speck in the blue, it circles warily . . . once . . . twice. Six thousand feet below, on the destroyer's deck, hopeful eyes are watching. Will he risk it? Then . . . "Here he comes!" The speck grows larger with frightening speed. . . . Now the swastikas are visible through the glasses. "Let him have it!" First an aiming burst from the forward [redacted] anti-aircraft cannon—a 3-second burst . . . [redacted] rounds. Another short burst. Then, while the Nazi bird of prey is still three thousand feet away, it encounters a stream of [redacted] mm. explosive shells—shudders, veers, and then crashes into the sea trailing its shroud of smoke. *Another dive bomber tagged for Davy Jones!*

Called by high Naval authorities "the best known defense against the dive bomber," the [redacted] anti-aircraft cannon became Pontiac war assignment No. 1 in March of 1941. Since then, we have produced a grand total of [redacted], peak production having been attained *11 months ahead of schedule.*

Concurrently, our engineers, working with the Bureau of Naval Ordnance, made numerous improvements in design and process. The result is not only a *more effective weapon at lower cost* but also a very considerable saving of precious alloy steels.

Since our last report to the American people, substantial progress has also been made on Pontiac's other important war assignments. Aerial [redacted] and [redacted] automatic field guns are progressing on schedule to the volume production stage. Our output of [redacted] inner-engine assemblies has almost doubled in the last 90 days. [redacted] tank components are being delivered daily, and our output of vital transport units for affiliated Divisions of General Motors has again been increased.

Without the magnificent cooperation of 360 associate manufacturers or sub-contractors, the foregoing would have been impossible. In 11 states stretching from coast to coast, they have played an important part in enabling Pontiac to do what it has toward providing our fighting men with the arms they need for victory.

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.

PONTIAC
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

moved rapidly, inbound. Coleman rose and stepped into the yard, waiting; the horseman came in, wheeled to a stand and announced himself: "Coleman? This is Frank DeLeon."

"Light," said Coleman.

The house light touched him as he dismounted and walked forward—a tall man made thin by long years; he had white mustaches and a face seamed by weather and natural wisdom. The wisdom had given him kindness, and kindness was printed on his face.

"I have heard news of you," he said. "You went over to Star Cross and took Stuart's beef?"

"Horsehead beef with a sale vent on it—and his brand below. There have been no sales from Horsehead. That beef belonged to us."

"So," said Frank DeLeon. He considered Coleman over an adequate silence—an old man who had seen many a year run by, witnessed many a sad thing, and had seen some happiness. "I have heard of this venting business," he said at last. "None of it on my place. I liked old Ben-Tim. He was my friend."

"That is what he told me."

"He would be the man to remember," said DeLeon. "A high wind goin' down the road—that was Ben-Tim. I do not doubt the beef was illegally vented and I do not deny it belongs to you, wherever you may find it now." He paused to consider what was best to say, and how far he might go in speaking. "But you will have difficulty in claiming it. Stuart does what he wishes pretty much. He drags some of the rest of the boys along simply by the power of his heavy hand. Gunderson and Bill Yell and Mitch Lovelace and Hack Dobbin are pretty much under his thumb. If he raises a posse after you he draws on that crowd. Then there's Hoby Spade and Clyde Medary—and me. I will not be against you. Spade and Medary may be against you, but they will not fight for Stuart. They do not like him. More likely you'll find Spade and Medary doing whatever Drew Trumbo does. There's your man. Find out what he's going to do."

"What's he want?"

"He wants Horsehead."

THE flat sounding board of the prairie lifted the echoes of another fast-moving traveler. "Coming fast," said DeLeon. "In this country trouble always travels fast." He returned to his horse and stepped up, and he sat in the saddle, considering the yard; and then for the first time noticed the girl who had been so quietly placed in the shadows. Automatically he lifted his hat to her, his gesture an old-fashioned full sweep of his arm. Coleman said, "My guest, Valencia Wilder."

DeLeon bowed deep in the saddle. "Solvay's lady? My congratulations to him." The rider on the flat grass came in at a long-reaching gallop. Frank DeLeon said, "Good luck," and faded into the pines. Hardly had he done so when the new rider whirled before the porch and brought up. "Coleman," he said, "you have started your fun." His horse carried him into the beam of house light and he stepped quickly down. It was Solvay, his square cheeks a little more wooden than usual. He saw Valencia and said, "Good evenin'," and searched himself and brought forth the paper he had pulled from the cabin on the road to Gunderson's. "That's for you to read," he said and handed it to Coleman.

There were other ears in the yard. Pairvent moved forward from the rear darkness, and Ray Miller came along. Pairvent said:

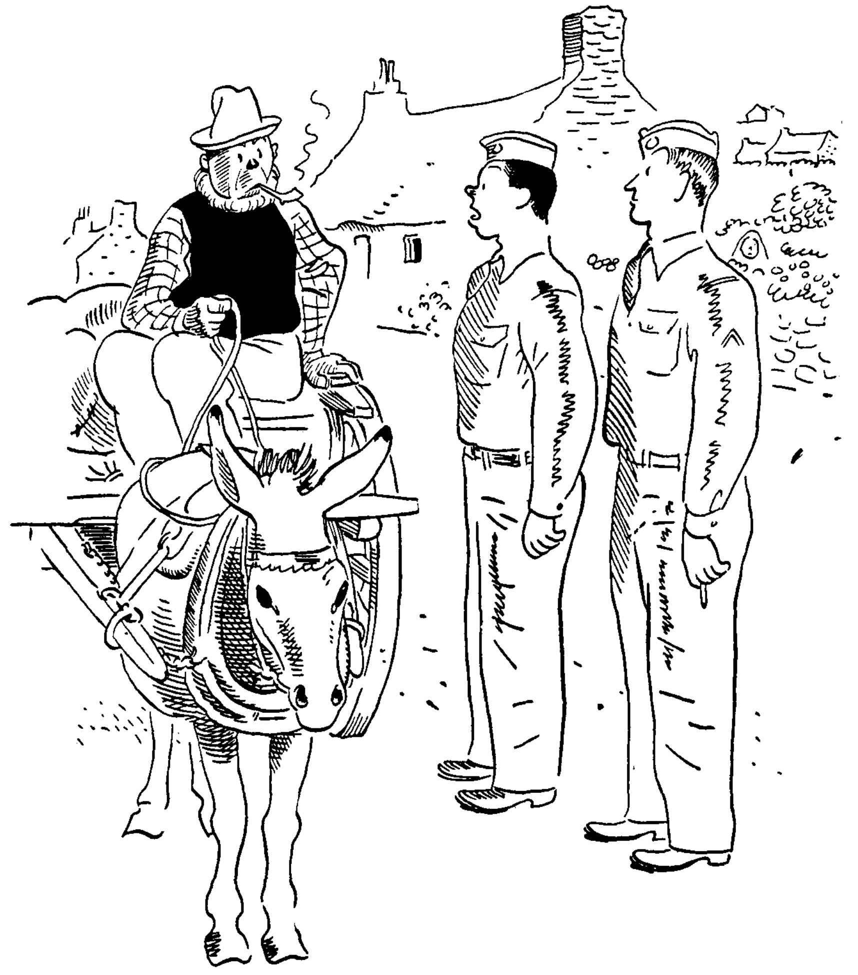
"What's up?"

Coleman first read the note to himself and then aloud:

"Notice to the Basin:

"Today at eleven o'clock, on the flats of Star Cross just east of Monument Ridge, I came upon the outlaw members of Horsehead crew, led by one Coleman, in the act of running some twenty head of Star Cross beef west to the river. Summoned to stand and deliver said cattle, Coleman refused and drove the stock away. Witnesses in this act of open rustling were five members of my crew. The following men are the rustlers: — Coleman, George Pairvent, Ray Miller, the kid Alvy, Baldy Bickle, old Ed Drum.

"For each of these men I offer the reward of five hundred dollars to be paid by me on evidence of their capture, or on evidence of their being killed resisting capture. The same sum for each. At the same time I give notice of the intention of Coleman to continue rustling, as stated to me, and I hereby call on volunteers to surround Horsehead quarters and take the said Coleman and his men into custody. Failing this aid at the hands of the respectable men of the Basin, I propose to move against Horsehead myself and hang the crew. Dan Stuart."


"Perhaps you could tell us where to see the kangaroos and aborigines?"

GARRETT PRICE

Ben Solvay said, "There's your fun, Coleman."

Pairvent murmured, "I told you he'd put the rope over us all. We played into his hands, like he wanted."

"Our beef," said Coleman.

"Well," Pairvent said, "what difference does that make? The man's got us."

"We'll be here when he comes," said Coleman.

"Talk for yourself," said Pairvent.

"Sure," said Coleman. "You can run away from the charge of bein' a rustler. Which makes you one, all the way down the trail." He turned and he gave Pairvent a square, head-on glance. "I can't stand a man around me without guts!"

Pairvent brought a hand straight down before him, striking air; and he wheeled about and groaned and walked into the black. Ray Miller, on the edge of the shadows, looked at Coleman with a rough grin and retreated.

Solvay stood in his tracks, listening. He watched Pairvent and Miller go and he followed Coleman with his glance as Coleman moved to the porch. Then Solvay saw the girl and noticed how closely she kept her eyes on Coleman. It hauled him up from his other thoughts.

"Ben," said Coleman, "do you know of a better place to put Valencia?"

Valencia swung her glance swiftly to Coleman, astonished. She murmured, "I'm not afraid."

"No," Coleman said, "you wouldn't be afraid."

Ben Solvay was angry at himself. He thought: "You damned fool, what did you leave her here for?" Then he said aloud: "No use of her movin'. But I'll stay. It might be somethin' new."

He still watched Valencia and he wished he knew, as she turned her eyes to him, what lay behind the brief and curious glance she gave him. It didn't last long; she put her attention back to Coleman. Ben wheeled and grabbed the reins of his horse and led it back to the rear yard's corral. He took off the riding gear and he moved over to a stack of hay and threw several armloads into the corral. He took up his gear and moved toward the bunkhouse.

THE Horsehead crew had gathered there and they gave him a cold shoulder. He stared back at each man and he said in his dry, common voice, "You can quit cheerin' any time."

"You're a long way from home," said Baldy, giving forth no welcome.

"And in poor company," said Ben Solvay. "You got any notion to crowd me?"

"What the devil's your hurry?" growled Baldy.

"If I'm hurryin'," said Ben, "it ain't backward." He paused and awaited the fruit of this remark. Baldy shrugged his shoulders and decided to push no farther; whereupon Ben Solvay picked himself an empty bunk and climbed into it. He hung up gun and belt on the bunk's edge, he removed his hat and shoes; having undressed, he rolled the saddle blanket around him and lay back to stare at the bunkhouse ceiling.

He was in a frame of mind both injured and self-condemning. He had given over the girl to Coleman and the blame was his. Yet had he not said he would be back to claim her within the week? To himself he honestly admitted he had never intended coming back—but it was a blow to return and to find her looking not at him but at Coleman. He had felt poorly at himself for proposing to welsh on his bargain; what stung him was that Valencia had changed her mind ahead of him.

He lay wholly still and had it out with himself. This was not the woman, plain and straight, he had in his mind at all; she was something else and he did not want her. Still, she had stayed with him every moment since leaving her, a picture that would not leave his head; and she had drawn him here and she had raked up in him painful and unreasonable feelings he had not previously known.

He rolled a cigarette and smoked it through. The rest of the crew had turned in and one of the men had already begun to snore. Pairvent blew out the light. Long sleepless in the dark, Ben Solvay saw no answer. He did not want her, yet he had not the power of breaking her picture in his mind.

COLEMAN was still smoking on the porch when Valencia rose. She said "Goodnight," and paused long enough to see his face turn in the shadows to her. He answered her and the sound of his voice played through her like warmth as she went to her room. She made herself ready for bed and she turned the light low on the stand and thought of him because she could think of nothing else.

He knew what she was and still when he looked at her it was with good eyes, a decent man looking at a decent woman. He saw something in her that other men had not taken time to see; he made her sure of herself again, after long unsureness.

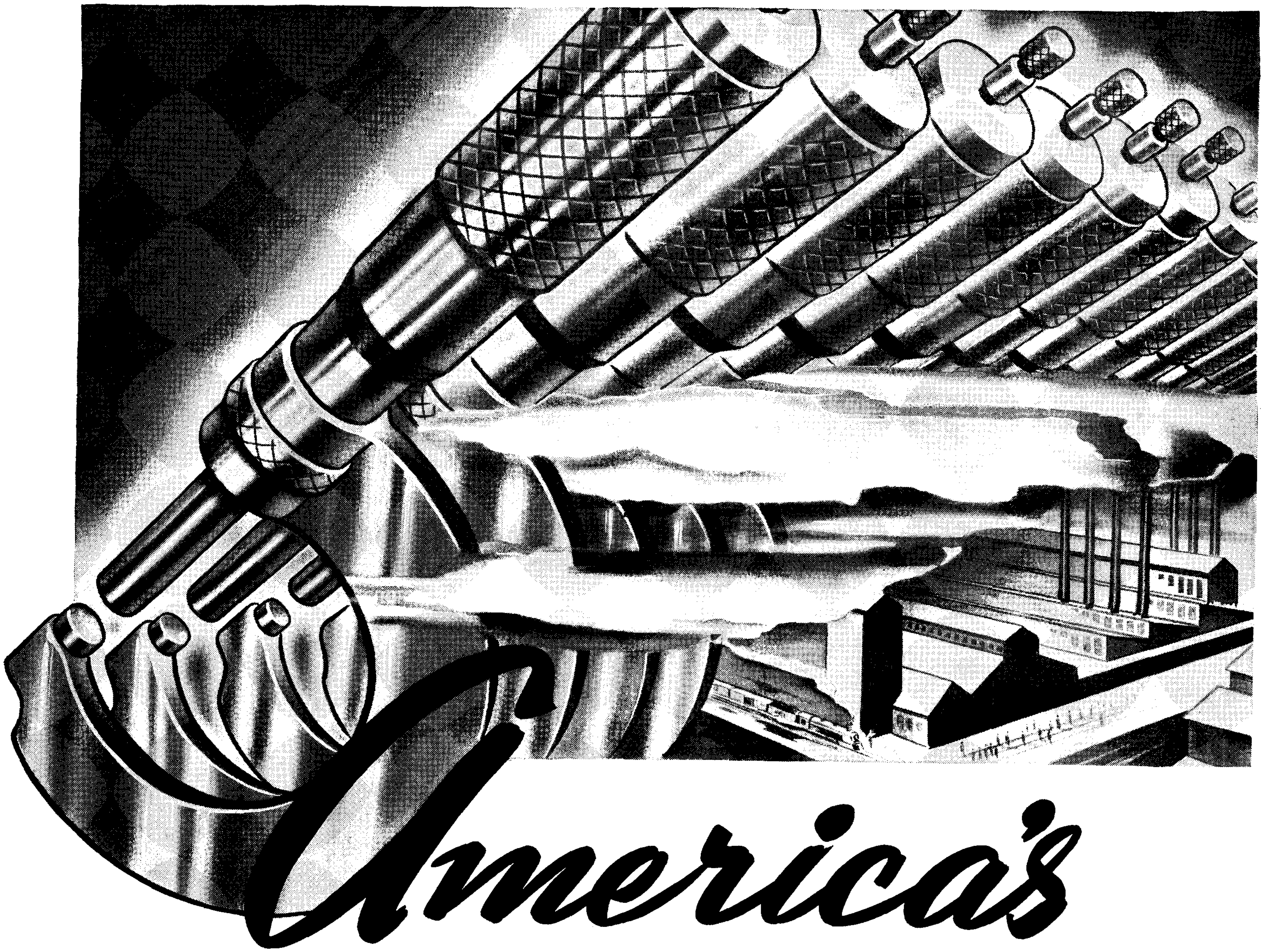
She thought, "If he should want me in any way at all, I'd open the door. Perhaps he knows that too. But I wish it were possible for him to want me the nice and right way. Is that too much to hope? If he did I'd scrub these floors and be happy."

She heard Coleman's heavy steps go along the hall and turn in to the opposite room. She thought he walked slowly and that made her heart beat faster; she listened to his boots fall to the floor and she heard his weight sink into the bed.

Quietness came to the house and nothing stirred on the ranch; she remained long wide-awake, acutely aware of the big man across the hall, half fearing and half hoping to hear him rise and cross to her door. Even as she had seen the good things in his eyes, she had seen also the man-hunger there. He was of that mixture.

In his room, Coleman did the small, methodical things he had always done. He wound his watch and laid it on the stand. He hung up gun and belt over the bed's post and laid his boots together directly at the bed's side so that he could swing immediately into them. He rolled his pants over a chair and made up three cigarettes; one he lighted and two he placed on the chair within hand reach—one for the middle of the night if he awoke and one as soon as he rose for breakfast.

As he smoked he sat on the edge of the bed, feeling the nearness of Valencia. She was a powerful enough in-



America's BEST-KNOWN "SECRET" WEAPON

● American precision production—on a *mass scale*—has dominated the 20th Century. Yet its formula is simple—volume and speed combined with *accuracy.*

Say a battery of machines is set to turn out a million pieces. When the run is completed, the first and millionth pieces will not vary from each other so much as a fraction of a thousandth of an inch. That's *precision* production. The Axis knew about American Precision production before Pearl Harbor. But they thought of it only in terms of oil burners, refrigerators, automobiles, washing machines, etc. They never dreamed that precision production could meet the stepped-up demands of War—especially in a life and death race with time.

Today, the change-over to all-out War production has completely altered the nature and appearance of familiar American industries. But one operation remains unchanged. In the hands of American workers you will still find the micrometers and gauges of peace time. For the duration, however, the micrometer is a full-fledged Weapon of War—an instrument of Victory. It symbolizes precision production—America's best-known "secret" weapon. It means harder-hitting guns and machines! It means dependable performance when the stakes are highest.

We of Oil-O-Matic are doubly glad that we have always manufactured a precision-built oil burner. Glad because Oil-O-Matics produced in the past 20 years are still on the job—delivering fuel-saving, material-saving, man-hour-saving performance. Glad that our precision-building skill and experience fitted us to tackle one of the toughest assignments in War production. Proud that materiel of War is flowing from our plant in ever-increasing volume.

Your War Saving Bonds can help win Victory for the America of today and help build and furnish your home of tomorrow. Only War Bond Dollars can do both! Invest in War Savings Bonds and Stamps for home and country—your home, your country.

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION . . . BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
For more than 20 years manufacturers of precision-built oil heating equipment.
For the duration—producers of precision-built War materiel—24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING

fluence to be felt in the whole house and the image of her troubled him. He thought of her with a heavy, insistent appetite. He pulled his mind away from her by force.

He turned out the light and rolled into bed. It had been a long day and he was weary.

When Dan Stuart returned from War Bonnet he found his daughter had not left Star Cross that day. "You didn't go see Trumbo?" he asked.

"No. You've got a scheme up your sleeve."

"If I'd told you to stay away from the man," he observed savagely, "you would have gone to him at once."

She met his iron-surly eyes; she shook her head. "I never dreamed you'd be willing to turn me over to a man you hated for the sake of getting what you wanted out of him."

He flung his fist unexpectedly at her. Just before he struck her he opened his hand so that the flat of it caught her on the shoulder and threw her against the house wall. He stood before her, heavy of breath and unashamed and brutally aroused. "If you were a boy I would have smashed in your face!"

"You have hurt me much worse in other ways," she said to him.

"You're like your mother—your head is full of empty fool things!"

"She must have been so sad, so lonely."

"Why?" cried out Dan Stuart. "I gave her a home and I fed her and she hated me for it, like you."

"She had to endure living with you," said Ann. She had never before permitted herself to say so harsh a thing; and the effect of it in him was immediate. He gave her a glance of uncontrolled hatred. "Your mother," he said, "set herself against me, like you're doing. She would never see things my way."

"You wanted somebody you could whip and bully and you wanted her to crawl back and lick your hand in gratitude."

"You know nothing of it!"

"I did not know her. I know you."

HE WAS always a dangerous man when stung and she felt herself to be in danger now, and she faced him with her cool, calm manner and knew he hated this above all. He could not endure resistance. He drew a great breath. "We have got to have a talk when I get this other business settled. If you are not with me, then you are against me—and if you are against me you cannot stay under this roof."

He stamped heavily across the yard and found Tap. "Ride over to Trumbo's and tell him I want to see him."

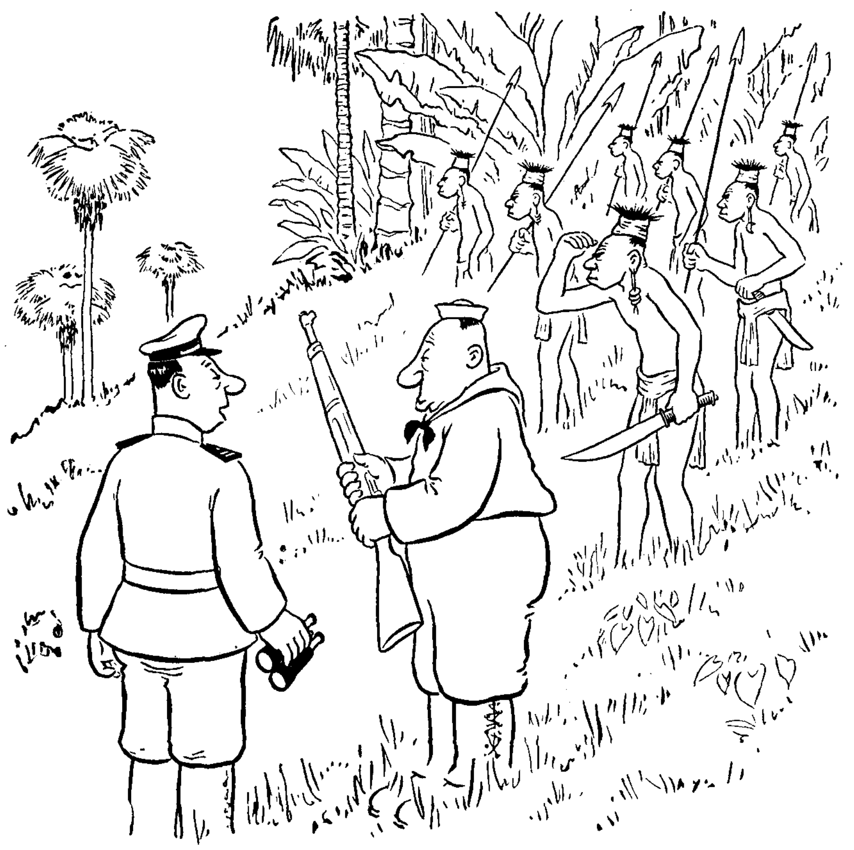
Tap was a loyal man but the suggestion that Star Cross should traffic with one of its enemies offended him. "He's not for us," he complained.

"Go do it," said Stuart.

Tap went off, saying no more. The idea rankled him all across the desert and into the timber. This was a sin against Star Cross and a flaw in Dan Stuart. If a man was your enemy, he could not overnight be your friend. You stuck to what was; you didn't change. This is what he thought as he came carefully down upon Trumbo's yard and hailed Trumbo from the house. Remaining in the shadows, Tap said, "Mr. Stuart says he'd like to talk to you," and rode away.

Trumbo listened as Tap's horse ran upgrade into the timber. A small wind came from the south, softly washing through the treetops. Trumbo built a cigarette and reached for a match, but before he lighted it he looked carefully at the dark yard and then turned to the wall and cupped the match so that it would not betray him. He played the message around his mind, seeking the meaning of it. Stuart despised him. Stuart, never a fool, had smelled ambition in him and Stuart could not stand ambition in other men. There was but one throne and one king to sit on it; all others aspiring to power were dangerous.

Something lay behind the message and he did not propose to move into a trap. Stuart, maybe, would be wanting a solid Basin front to move against Coleman. Trumbo, who was no sentimentalist, had an amused afterthought: "Just to make the steal look a little better." Still, it was hard to believe that so tough a fellow as Stuart would be asking for help—and therefore lay himself open to payment for that help—against Horsehead. How could Coleman fight back, with a crew that was no good at all? "More to it than I see now," he thought. With that in mind he saddled his horse and headed for town.



"I hope we see some Japs pretty soon, Alfred. These natives are all set for a battle, and they won't go home without fighting somebody"

F. HUMFREVILLE

He reached War Bonnet near midnight and stopped at the saloon for a drink; and there he heard the story of the day. Coleman had backed Stuart down, Stuart had posted his notice; the long expected close-out of Horsehead was finally coming. Trumbo got all this from the saloonkeeper, Snass Moran, during the course of a drink. He went on to the Alma and got a room and sat on the edge of the bed, thinking it over. Presently, he grinned to himself and went to bed.

WITH breakfast under his belt next morning, he struck out for Horsehead, arriving there by eight o'clock and catching Coleman in the yard. The crew was back by the bunkhouse, horses saddled and ready to travel. Pairvent was moving forward but as soon as he saw Trumbo he halted, stared a moment and wheeled away, vanishing behind the house. Coleman said: "Mornin', Trumbo. Light."

Trumbo got down. He was as large a man as Coleman, with a breadth to his shoulders and a naturally ruddy face in which sat a pair of bold eyes, a hawk-shaped nose and a firm, laughing mouth. He had complete confidence in himself and he displayed a worldliness that said, plain as words: "All men have a price."

He didn't offer his hand when he came up. "Came for a visit," he drawled and noticed Valencia come to the porch. He lifted his hat at once and smiled. The smile was slightly off, somewhat knowing, and Coleman felt a slow ruffle of temper go through him. Coleman said: "Had breakfast?"

"At War Bonnet. I hear you played hell yesterday."

"Any vented stock over your way?" asked Coleman bluntly.

He never would have asked so pointed a question elsewhere. The Basin manners had gotten at him. Trumbo grinned but the grin was guarded. "A sudden way of putting it."

"I'll be collectin' from now on," said Coleman.

"Let's wait until you get my way before we discuss it," said Trumbo. All this while, Coleman understood, the man was figuring him. "I wanted to talk business with you."

Valencia's steps went over the porch, retreating, and for a moment Trumbo's glance followed her and the sight of her made a feeling on his face. He brought his eyes back quickly, as though he had permitted himself an unguarded moment.

"Talk it," said Coleman.

"You're in a bad way. There was a notice posted—"

"I saw it," said Coleman.

"He would have been after your hide sooner or later. You've just rushed matters."

"I'll be here when he comes."

"You backed him down, true. But he'll have help when he comes again."

"You'll be with him?" asked Coleman.

"Maybe," said Trumbo. "Maybe not. He's sent his bid to me, which is a strange enough thing, considering how he hates me."

"Why should he hate you?"

"I want Horsehead, same as he does," said Trumbo. "You see? If he wants me enough to forget a grudge it means he's comin' after you full tilt. But he knows I won't work with him unless there's something in it for me."

"What's he offerin'?"

"I don't know," said Trumbo and gave Coleman a full stare. "What are you offering?"

"What do you want?"

"All of Horsehead east of the river," said Trumbo. "It will make me a nice range—and it will leave you plenty."

"No," said Coleman.

"Man," said Trumbo, pointedly impatient, "you need some help—and where do you think you'll get it? You've got no aces up your sleeve." Trumbo watched him a long while. "No," he decided, "you've got none."

"Sooner or later," said Coleman, "I'll be over your way, lookin' for beef."

Trumbo's smile grew keen. "You'll be gone from here before that happens. Listen to me. I am in this Basin for all it's worth. I play my own hand strictly. If Stuart's got a good proposition I'll take it and I'll be back here with him. Don't make any mistakes about me. You caught Stuart off balance. I am never off guard."

"Glad to know it," said Coleman. "You want to try it now?"

Trumbo ceased to smile and he ceased to be casual. Now he became cold and careful and his temper came up within him, but not a temper that made him rash. "I never do anything just for fun. I play for chips."

"Whatever Stuart offers you," suggested Coleman, "he'll later take away. Play with him and you're a sucker."

Trumbo's edged humor returned. "If he makes a deal with me, he's the sucker. He doesn't know me and neither do you."

"So long," said Coleman.

TRUMBO returned to his horse, mounted and wheeled away. He went twenty feet and wheeled back before Coleman. He was dissatisfied with the scene and he wanted it right: "I talked to you straight, figuring you to be a fellow that didn't fool around with a lot of soft ideas. You're here for what you can get. If I didn't think that, I would not have wasted my time coming. I like to get straight to the point. Life's too short to take the roundabout way. I figure you a tough customer, but you have made the mistake of playing me down in your mind. When I come back you'll find me right in front of you and you'll find me right on your trail."

"So long," repeated Coleman.

Trumbo looked closely at Coleman and he shook his head. "With my help you could keep half of Horsehead. Otherwise you will lose it all. That is too bad." He turned again and this time moved straight out upon the flat grass at a swinging canter. As soon as he left the trees Coleman lifted his voice.

"George," he called, and waited for Pairvent to come forward. "George, has he got some of our beef?"

"I'd guess so," said Pairvent in a guarded voice.

"We'll go after it."

Pairvent shook his head. "I won't ride on his range."

"That's what I wanted to know. You sold him the beef and put the money in your pants."

"Damn your eyes!" growled Pairvent. "You got to see everything?"

Coleman smiled a little. "Not holdin' it against you. I can handle Trumbo without you. Meanwhile, you'll stay. We can use each other up till the showdown."

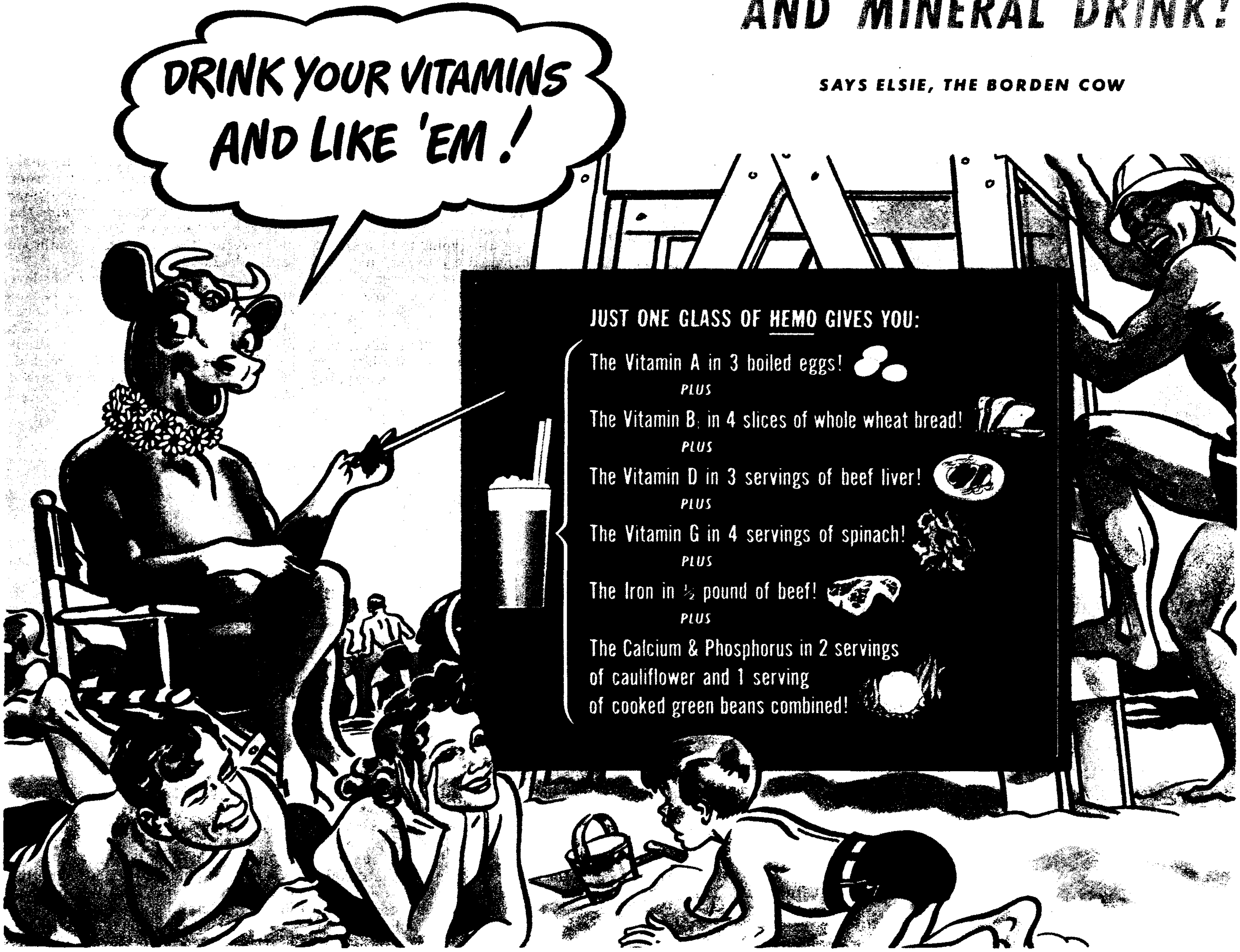
Pairvent murmured, "What showdown?"

"When you think the time's ripe to turn against me."

"Coleman," sighed Pairvent, "I wish I could figure you."

(To be continued next week)

BOUNCE BACK WITH HEMO—NEW VITAMIN AND MINERAL DRINK!


DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!

SAYS ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

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The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

© The Borden Company

THERE'S A grand new vitamin drink waiting for you at the nearest soda fountain—and at your grocer's or druggist's.

It's Borden's HEMO—new vitamin and mineral-fortified drink. HEMO has the smoothest, richest malted flavor you've ever tasted—yes, better than the tastiest malted milk.

And, in addition, *HEMO is supercharged with food elements you need for health and vitality!* Vitamins A, B_1, D, and G. *Plus* iron, calcium, and phosphorus.

Just one glass of HEMO daily added to a usual diet makes up almost any shortage of vitamins and minerals! So start drinking HEMO now. See if it doesn't give you more "get-up-and-go!"

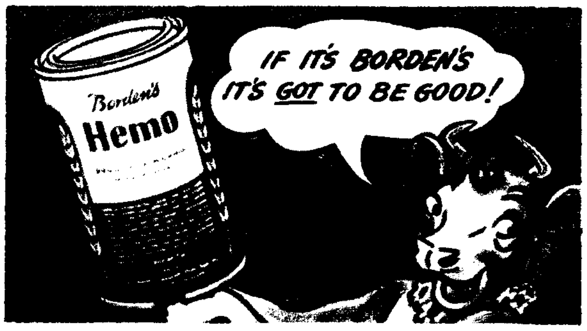
Try HEMO today—it's wonderful!

Borden's

Hemo

At your favorite fountain: Ask for HEMO made up like a malted milk in any flavor you like.

To make HEMO at home: Follow directions on label. Enough HEMO for one drink costs only 2½¢.


Borden's Hemo
IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Full pound—24 delicious drinks ...at your grocer's or druggist's 59¢

CARE PUTS WEAR IN UNDERWEAR

CARE IN BUYING

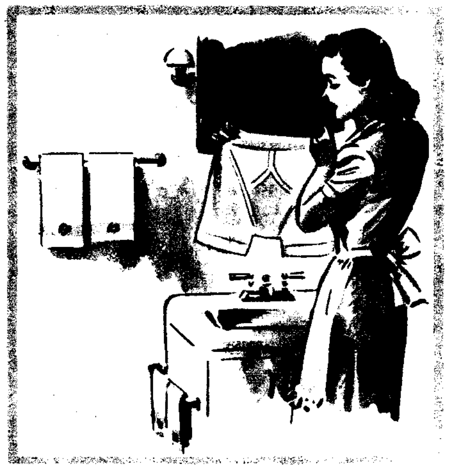
It's worth your while to find a dealer who can sell you "Jockey." Regardless of changes that the war may bring about, Jockey will always have the patented *Y-front construction, the source of support and comfort. Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

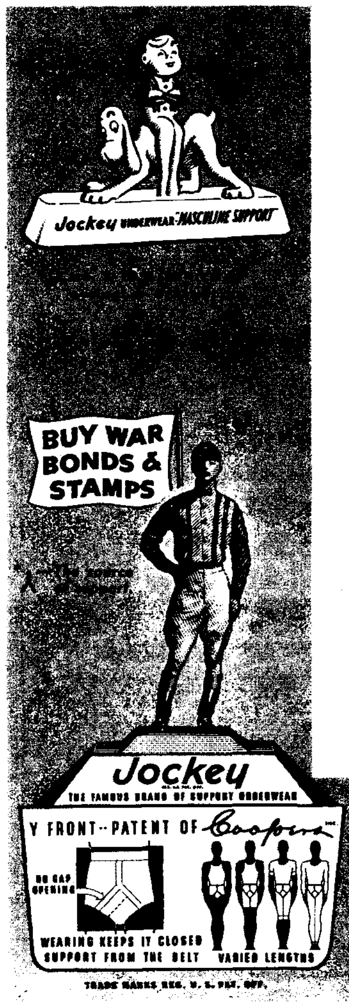
CARE IN FITTING

Because of necessary changes in waistband construction you should be re-measured with a hip tape. Well fitted underwear is not only the most comfortable, but important these days—it lasts longer. Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CARE IN WASHING

Jockey Underwear needs just gentle sudsing and thorough rinsing. It dries overnight and needs no ironing. Eliminate acid perspiration which rots fabric, by frequent laundering (preferably nightly). It means much longer wear. Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.




Jockey UNDERWEAR MASCULINE SUPPORT
BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS
Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR
Y FRONT--PATENT OF Coopers INC.
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

There is only one brand of underwear that has the patented *Y-front, no-gap opening, that provides mild, masculine support—it's Jockey by Coopers. Men everywhere like Jockey because its sleek fitting, knitted fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration and lets their skin breathe. In addition it provides freedom from creep, bind or squirm.

Look for the name Jockey on the label

Shop where you see the amusing dog statuettes and be sure that the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" are on the label. In cotton and cotton-and-wool mixtures—varied leg lengths—contoured shirts to match.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
[illegible]

Home is Where it's Peaceful

Continued from page 16

Mr. Waltham coughed. He spoke rapidly and somewhat incoherently: "Ought to have a honeymoon. Nan and I went to Niagara Falls. Look . . . you got married in a hurry. We didn't get a wedding present. Take a week . . . our expense, best hotel White Mountains. Anywhere else you want to go." Mr. Waltham gulped into silence, and then Anita's arms were tight around his neck.

"I'll get some more brandy," said Mr. Waltham hoarsely, breaking free, and wheeling toward the kitchen.

Ted Rogers came in while he was there. He said, "That's very handsome of you, Mr. Waltham. Anita was afraid to tell you we were going to be married. She thought you'd try to stop us. But at the last minute I couldn't go through with it without letting you know. After all, I might have a daughter of my own some day."

Mr. Waltham said, "I've never had anything against you, son. It's just been so sudden. It's a big thing, getting married."

"I know that, sir. But people skip the preliminaries these days. We fell in love and decided to marry. And now we're better off."

Mr. Waltham paused with the brandy bottle. "How so?"

"I've something to fight for, something personal. And Anita isn't a footloose girl. She has a stake in this."

Mr. Waltham stared at him. Another airplane was over the house and the throb of its motor was suddenly reassuring. The muffled spat of the table-tennis ball from the recreation room made him feel that his sons were home. The random thought struck him that with the two roomers in the house the old and familiar problem of bathroom traffic would be revived.

Across from him Ted's gaze was level and clear, and Mr. Waltham became aware of his grip on the brandy bottle. He filled two glasses and handed one to his son-in-law. Solemnly they drank.

"You give it to 'em out there, kid," Mr. Waltham said. "I'll take care of things at home."

THE END

There are No Submarines in the Air

Continued from page 18

for Pan American Airways in 1935 have flown more than 5,000,000 miles—which is three to five times as far as the average freighter would travel in twenty years.

We would have a vast merchant marine of the air hauling raw materials to the United States and carting finished goods away. Cargo planes would give us an unassailable hold on world shipping. Such ports as New York, San Francisco and Houston would sink in importance, but a host of inland ports would rise.

Kansas City could have its coffee flown directly from Brazil. Akron would get its rubber—assuming we go back to imported crude—from Sumatra in planes which would land alongside manufacturing plants. St. Louis would import bananas directly from Costa Rica, without need for way stops. Every town or city on earth would be a potential port for world commerce. The Panama and Suez canals, and other centers of present-day economic and military strategy would become meaningless.

Cargo planes would provide jobs for the 300,000 trained pilots we will have at war's end; and keep the millions of mechanics and maintenance men at work.

Ideal Travel—by Glider

We have launched on a tremendous glider program—building ships and training men to fly them. The equipment and the men will be available after the war for commercial work. The cargo-carrying capacity of our DC-3s—most common planes of the airlines—can be doubled by hitching two or three gliders on behind.

The old idea of a glider train running between New York and Miami is about to be realized. The tow plane would cover the route nonstop, cutting off gliders loaded with mail, freight or passengers at such way points as Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond and Charleston, and picking up other loaded gliders. Incidentally, plane men are today looking ahead and seeing the towed glider as the most comfortable means of passenger transport—providing a ride that is noiseless and vibrationless.

All these things, however, are for the future. Our immediate problem is winning the war. Ships must continue to do a great share of the work. We neither could nor should abruptly abandon all ships, although it is entirely conceivable that eventually all freight of any nature will be air-hauled, if we solve the problem of getting sufficient fuel for the planes.

For the present, we should carry only urgent cargo to emergency areas by plane, to thwart the sub, to save time, and to put some of our eggs in a second basket. We would have to sacrifice some other war goods—perhaps a few ships—to divert materials to plane construction. If the planes are more important than the few ships, however, the sacrifice becomes a pleasure.

We must not be lulled into a feeling of security by the fact that we are building ships at a rate never before reached. We must assume that German submarine production also is reaching new peaks.

It is possible, of course, that the war may end before a vast fleet of cargo planes can be built and put into operation. But it is equally possible that it won't end—and that we will be left, holed up on the Western Hemisphere, unable to get at our enemies.

It all boils down to this: we need cargo planes; we have the skill, materials, facilities and knowledge to make them, and the operating experience to keep them flying. Now we must get them. A start has been made with the creation of the Committee on Cargo Planes of the War Production Board to study the problem and get action started.

If we exercise the wisdom and imagination Heaven gave us, we will move fast and far toward ending the war quickly and efficiently. The fact that we won't get the planes for a year or longer should only inspire us to move more quickly today. In 1942, we wish we had things we should have started in 1940; in 1944, we will wish we had started thousands of cargo planes in 1942, if we don't.

THE END

Bataan Home Town

Continued from page 24

heavy. On the 6th the attack wasn't pushed back. On the 7th General Wainwright withdrew his forces on all fronts, and on the 9th it was all over, one of the final, quietly worded communiqués mentioning "the complete physical exhaustion" of the troops.

"In such a fight as this, the flesh must yield at last, endurance must melt away, and the end of the battle must come. Bataan has fallen but its spirit stands, a beacon to the liberty-loving peoples of the world."

The end found the home front holding steady. During the two awful last days, when imagination shuddered and hid its eyes, all of Deming sat glued to the radio, but whatever else happened was private business. There was no other outward and visible sign.

"When it came, the people here were prepared for it," said an officer's wife evenly.

Three officers and a hundred and four enlisted men of the 200th escaped to Corregidor. Among these were five boys from Deming.

It's funny about home-town folks. To Deming, its boys aren't heroes. They are still just its boys; still just Danny McCartney and Beto Pacheco and Charles Darling. Maybe Bataan will go down in history alongside of the Alamo and Valley Forge, as people are saying. So what?

"You see, the glory means very little to us," said one lady. "I just want my husband back."

They aren't bitter because one of the first and heaviest blows of this war has fallen on them but they realize more keenly than most people what war means. They would like the rest of the country to realize it too, and to work still harder at winning it, so that their boys who are prisoners can come home.

Meanwhile, life has to go on, and Mr. Moto has to be pushed back off the map.

There has never been a draft dodger in Deming. If there were, he would undoubtedly be lynched. Selective Service itself is too slow for a lot of them. Of the 246 men and boys known to have gone into the service from Luna County as of June 1st, all but 78 have volunteered.

While I was there, seven more boys left for the Navy. One after another of those who enlisted was heard to remark, "I'd never dare face the 200th if I were here when they came back."

It will be a long time before they forget the 200th, any of them. Just a short time ago, a Deming boy who was about to get his wings at a Texas flying field was given the usual question sheet to fill out. "Please state your preference for foreign duty."

He wrote: "First—Philippines. Second—Philippines. Third—Philippines."

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

heads and overlapping joints. They reduced the rivet heads one thirty-second of an inch and eliminated the offset of the overlapping skin, and saved a hundred horsepower.

WE LET the colonel take the seat by the window. (This was before they pulled the shades so that now you take off and land blind.) He fastened his seat belt carefully, then tested it. He looked out at the wings to see if the clamps were off the ailerons. The ship taxied down the field and make a quick turn at the end. His face tightened in disapproval. When the engines were run-up for final checking, he stared straight ahead as he concentrated on the sound. As the take-off began, he was all ears for a missing cylinder and he didn't breathe. At a thousand feet he settled back, wiped his damp hands and began to act normally, like the passengers around him. In 24 years of flying, this was his first trip as a passenger.

Once a good pilot, never a good passenger!

MR. ARTHUR W. BLACKMAN, JR., of Augusta, Georgia, says: "In the June 13th issue of Collier's I have noticed that the caption under the picture heading up your column refers to the subject of bombers. However, the picture appears to be that of a P-38 Lockheed 'Lightning' in full war dress. I was not so much questioning the error as interested in the subject, for if that picture is of one of our bombers, it is the first twin-engined bomber with liquid-cooled engines that Uncle Sam has ever put out and I would appreciate it greatly if you could enlarge on such a ship if one does exist."

Memo to Mr. Blackman: You're right. But if that were a twin liquid-cooled-engined bomber, it would *not* be the first such twin-engined bomber that Uncle Sam ever put out. Remember, in the early twenties, the Army Martin bombers with their twin Liberties; the Army Curtiss bombers with their twin liquid-cooled Curtiss Conquerors; and the Navy PN Patrol bombers with their twin Packards, to mention the first three that come to mind?

As for liquid-cooled modern bombers, there are no such bombers in production in this country, but if you get chatty with the Allison people they'll indicate that their W-type liquid-cooled job of 2,000 horsepower plus *could* be used in bombers or troop and cargo transports.

Meanwhile, Pratt & Whitney Wasps and Wright Cyclones, air-cooled radials, both single and double row, take our bombers out to war.

FROM Casper, Wyoming, comes a letter which has to be printed in full because it so neatly expresses something which we couldn't express ourselves:

"With sincere regards for your acknowledgment in Wing Talk, Collier's July 11, 1942, issue, of the accomplishments of our friend and co-worker, Clifford "Swede" Ensberg, we desire to inform you that all facts published are quite true, except that Mr. Ensberg is employed with Inland Airlines, and not by United. The same fact applies to his employment in the overhaul shop of Inland and his experience as a baggage handler.

"We fellows along the run also think a lot of him, and therefore desire, in all fairness to Swede, that you be acquainted with the facts as they actually are."

Inland Airlines serves Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska and South Dakota.

F. R. N.

WAIT, LADY!

Don't Blame his Pipe...

It's his tobacco that won't meet the

INDOOR TEST

Call BOND STREET to the rescue—quick!

It's genuinely aromatic. Delightfully fragrant. Leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Wins even the ladies' praises!

The Indoor Test proves it!

Smokers by the thousands are switching to BOND STREET—because it's mild—like a custom blend. Truly bite-free... and doesn't lose its flavor.

BOND STREET *contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture.*

Get wise—get BOND STREET—today!

15¢ POCKET TIN

Convenient folding Pocket Pouch—10c

BOND STREET PIPE TOBACCO

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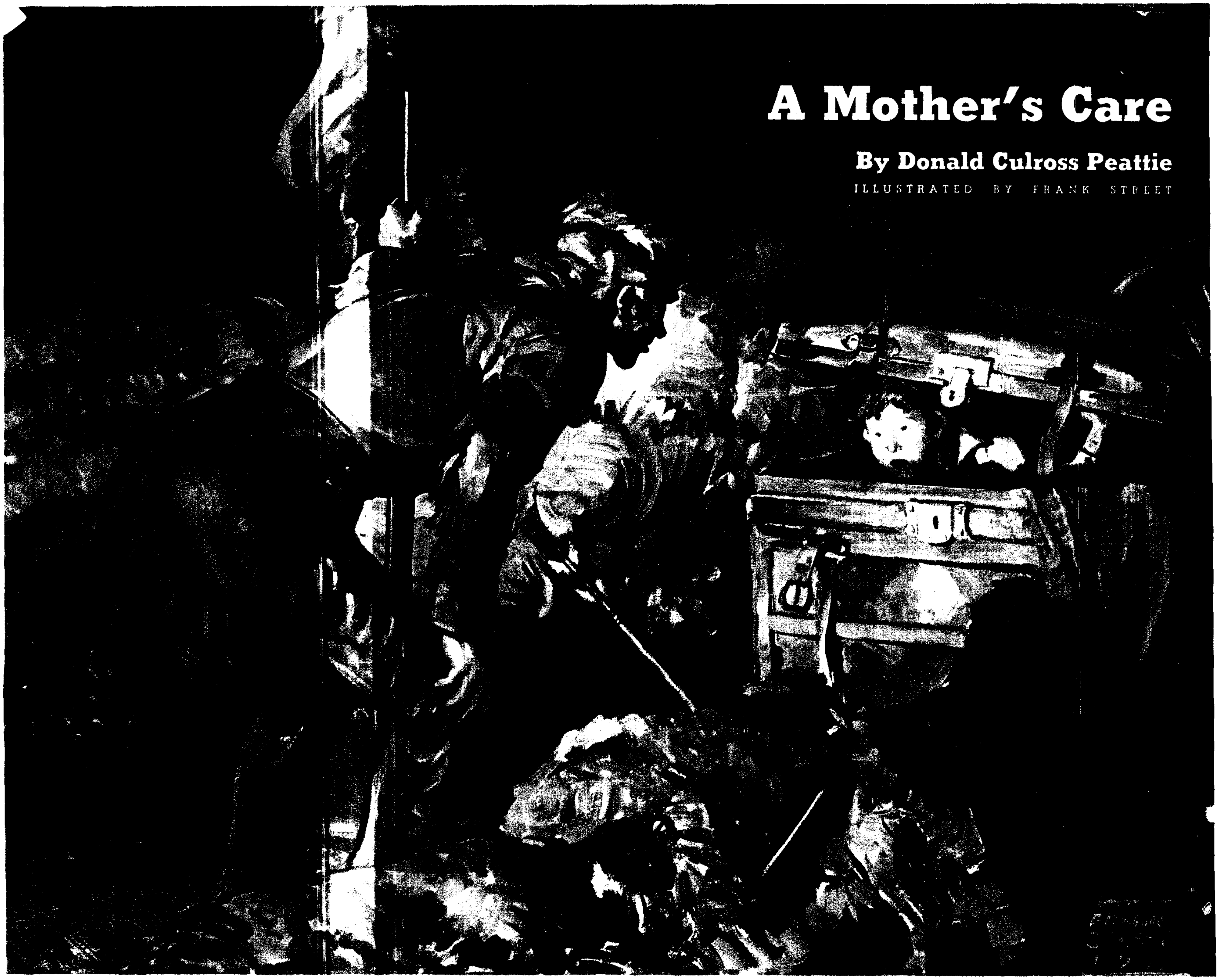
A Mother's Care

By Donald Culross Peattie

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET



Out of the trunk peeped a topknot colored like the sunrise, and then two eyes, big as dollars. "Open it up, son," Jim said gently. "Come on out. It's all safe now. They've gone and it's just Jim Bridger"

From your reading of American history you will recognize the hero of this story. He is Jim Bridger. In his day he was the most celebrated of the Western scouts. Bridger was born in Richmond, Va., in 1804; he moved with his parents to St. Louis in 1812. Orphaned at the age of thirteen, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith for a short time. Then he moved into the Western wilderness and ranged the upper valley of the Missouri as a fur trapper for twenty years. He was the first white man to visit Great Salt Lake. In 1843 he established a way station—called Fort Bridger—on the Oregon Trail in southwest Wyoming. You will find him there with his Indian wife as this vivid story of pioneer life begins

AS THE night grew old the wind of Wyoming, sweeping between the Uintas and the Wind River mountains, sighed emptily over the sagebrush. Around the angles of Jim Bridger's fort it lifted its lonely voice and finding out chinks in the logs, it settled into a long soliloquy. It might have been speaking in blank verse or Comanche, for all a body could tell, but it sounded like someone with things to say to the man inside who was listening.

It would howl like an Indian boasting, then sink away soft as a whisper in a young girl's ear. What a lot of yarns it had to tell, if it would only tell them! All right, blow, blow, you old wind! Jim Bridger thought, angrily throwing buffalo chips on his fire. You and me been sassing each other a long time now. But I don't know your lingo, and all your huff and guff don't signify.

Here he was, settled down at last, at the forking of the Mormon Trail and the Oregon Trail. Here were lush grass and freckled shade under the aspens; there were trout in the stream, and even the birds sang as if this was just naturally a place for a dooryard and chimney, a place for a man to grow old in. So this was the spot he had chosen, when he saw the fur trade petering out, to set up his post by the side of the trail, his forge and his store and his rough log cabin. For the wagons were coming now, slow at first, like summer along the Green River, but just as certain, just as sure to be followed by harvest.

Jim Bridger's trouble, queerly enough, was that this coming of people made him feel lonely, for the first time in his life.

He used to be friends with solitude. Trapping in the Bitterroots and the Bighorns and the Tetons, he had loved it. A man wasn't lonely when he lay down at night with danger for a wife, and hunted all day with hunger for his squalling child. To go where no white man ever had been, to find the passes and open the mountains—that was the choice Jim Bridger made when he was no more than a boy. When he kissed the red-haired girl goodby and rode out of the town of St. Louis.

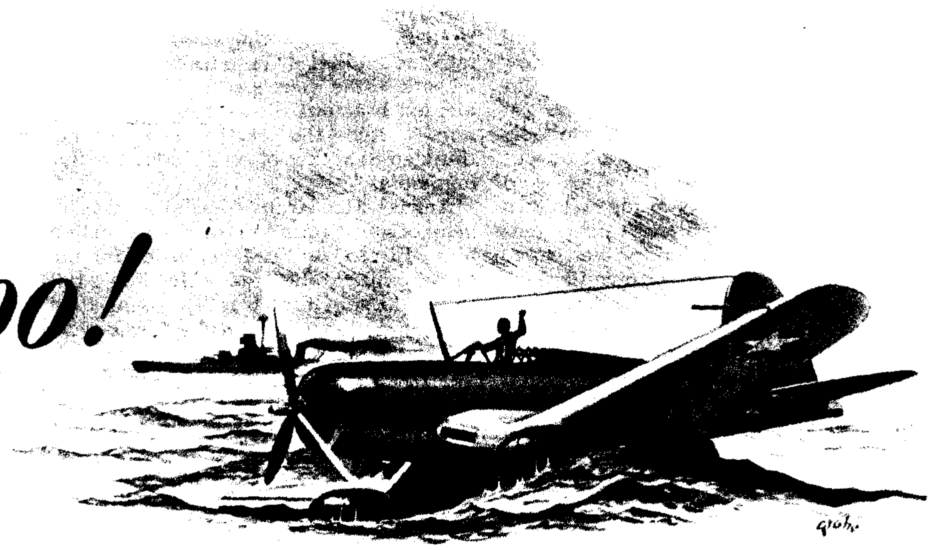
BUT now, after all, he had a home at last, and a woman in it. A Flathead squaw that talked Salish—when she talked; mostly she stared at him with her shoe-button eyes, making heathen remarks he could no more savvy than the wind's. And when you had settled down, you wanted talk, you wanted yarning. You were hungry to hear about what had happened to other kinds of men, about old fights and elections and hangings, and all such doings. The folks going out to Oregon passed him gossip on their way, but it wasn't gossip that he wanted. He was looking again tonight at the book he had, and he saw that inside it must lie the stuff he hankered for. But Jim Bridger never learned to read or write.

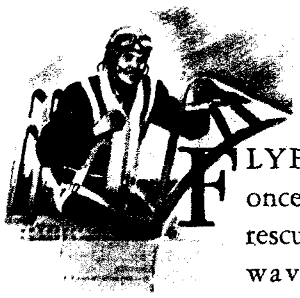
This book, a thick volume in marbled binding, he had taken in payment for flour, off a woman whose husband died on the trail, because Jim was sorry for her. He was sorrier for himself, as he turned the pages in the firelight. For he couldn't find out what the pictures were about—this feller argifying at a skull, this dark man in a turban, this here drowned lady, and all the kings and queens. And that woman in her nightgown with a bloody knife in her hand—who'd she scalp? And why? To wonder was a tormentation. It ached in him like the Blackfoot arrowhead buried deep in his shoulder.

Tonight, poring ignorant over his book, Jim Bridger, who could read sign sharp as any Indian, who held the whole chain of the Rockies printed in his brain, felt like a wolf looking through a window at a family within—a wolf that would like to get inside and become no better than a dog. He sees in that inner brightness the people moving, he knows they talk, but he can't understand, and they don't let him in.

Jim slammed the covers together, wishing he'd never taken the thing into his life to plague him. The thud caused the Flathead woman to look over her shoulder at him, where she stood at the window. He got from her one of her un-

We keep 'em FLOATING, *too!*





FLYERS downed at sea once had little chance of rescue, so quickly do the waves break up the staunchest aircraft. But now America's warbirds are ranging far over the oceans, confident that they can remain afloat for days, even weeks, if trouble comes.

For today military airplanes are equipped with a variety of self-inflating, lifesaving devices built of rubber and rubberized fabric by Goodyear and others. There are those famous life vests, called "Mae Wests" by the R. A. F., that act as life preservers to airmen forced to bail out over water. There are flotation bags, built into wings or fuselage, that will keep an airplane floating until rescue comes. And there are life rafts, equipped with oars, in which crews of wrecked planes can row to distant shores.

Just how safe is this equipment? Only recently you read the epic story of three Navy flyers, wrecked at sea and given up for lost, who came back to life—*34 days later*—after a grueling voyage across the Pacific in a Goodyear rubberized-fabric boat. That will give you some idea of how sturdy these lifesavers are.

Goodyear is building them, as it is building assault boats for the Marines and pontons for the Engineers, to be worthy of *"the greatest name in rubber."* The same fine craftsmanship that makes Goodyear tires safest in peace, is now protecting your sons at war.

Girl experts building lifeboats for naval aircraft. A similar type carried three flyers safely for five weeks at sea.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

godly glances, and then she slowly turned her head, with its square fall of coarse black hair, back to the window and continued to gaze out fixedly. Interest was so rare in her that Bridger got up from the warmth of the fire, wondering what there could be to look at, out there in the black wastes.

Mrs. Cow-in-the-Sky Bridger, known to her husband in moments of rare tenderness as "Peanuts," may well have had her loneliness too, her own hankerings. Whether the people who came to her door were red or white, she was not at ease, being now neither one thing nor another, so she hid this under stolidity. Jim had to thrust her aside from the tiny square of glass which was their parlor window.

There in the east hung the morning star, and there below it leaped a glow now whipped high by the wind, now sinking between buffets. It shone damnation red, and it burned where there was no timber to catch, no rooftree, only a track in the sage where the wagon trains came bringing settlers.

Jim turned on Cow-in-the-Sky: "Why in tarnation didn't you holler? That's folks in trouble, on the North Platte trail!"

SHE folded her arms impassively over her solid breast, as she watched him snatch his boots up from the hearth and jam them on.

"What's more," he scolded, stamping into a heel, "that's Injun work, and you know it." He slammed on his hat and seized his gun. "Sometimes I think I married a rattlesnake." The door banged after him, and the night wind swept along with him as he raced for the corral.

It whistled him on as he covered the miles of dark and desert. The faster he rode, the smaller grew the blaze, for the fire was eating its feast up. It was only an evil glow in the sage when he came near enough to begin circling; the bravest man in the Rockies was no Indian's fool, to ride into the light of a burning wagon train, a mark for a Sioux arrow. But the night was dying, like the fire; the stars were gone; the spawn of darkness might have got themselves off by now, with their bloody trophies dangling at their hard thighs.

Pacing his mare to a cautious walk, Jim made the circuit of the fire; he sniffed as he went, at the hateful smell of leather and cloth in cinders, and of singeing ox flesh; he peered when the wind picked up the last of the flames and lit the bodies. They lay flung about, in their decent skirts, their honest boots, with the pitiful look of life still on them.

Jim Bridger, who had seen his fill of violence and done his share of killing, was sick with the dirty fury of this attack, and hot in his heart with defiance.

"I opened up this here South Pass," he said aloud, as he dismounted, "for the folks to come through. And there ain't nothing, this side o' hell or the other, is going to keep 'em back."

He spoke to wilderness and the dead and the retreated red men waiting again to murder. But there beyond that clump of sage, the lid of a toppled trunk began to lift. Out of it peeped a topknot colored like the sunrise, and then two eyes—big as dollars and blue as the brightening sky, but still filled with horror—that stared at Jim Bridger.

Jim's startled smile broadened to a grin. He stepped forward. "Open it up, son," he said gently. "Come on out. It's all safe now. They've gone, and it's just Jim Bridger."

Throwing off the blankets that had buried him, a skinny little boy emerged from the trunk with spider agility. He looked around him wildly once, then flung up the crook of his arm to hide from himself what he saw, his small body shaking as if a violent gust blew through it. Jim caught him up, walked to his mare and swung the two of them into the saddle. "Get on, Chinook girl," he said in the mare's ear. "Get me this blessed brat out o' the hell they made him!" And the earth of Wyoming thudded in spurts of dust under the flying hoofs.

Angus McClaren McClaine was a heap of name for a tad, so Bridger called him "Firetop." "It'll be easier for me to remember," he said. He didn't tell the child that that was the name he'd had for the last white girl he ever kissed.

Firetop neither assented nor objected. It seemed at first that he couldn't get the breath in his throat to talk with. The youngster was scared stiff, for a fact.

Jim kept waiting for him to sob it all out, and tell how it had happened and who the folks had been. But the boy didn't let a word about the massacre pass his set sharp little teeth, nor a tear fall from those scorched blue eyes. Guts to that kid, Jim admired. He asked the boy's age, and the child said, "Nine," and, asked where he came from, said "York State, Cattaraugus County." The thoughts that went on behind those big harebell-blue eyes Bridger could no more read than the print of his book.

"It's a new idea, no kidding. First I come out dressed in green, see? I'm a tree! Then the seasons dance around me—winter, spring, summer and finally autumn. Okay, then I shed my leaves! Get it?"

LEONARD DOVE

Jim Bridger didn't hurry a body. The less a man talks, he knew, the more you can rely on what he says. And time wasn't much more to Bridger than to an Indian. Still, it was his plain duty, he supposed, to get the boy back to what might be left of his family, somehow. But, pressed, Angus Firetop explained that his ancestors were in Scotland; there didn't seem to be a soul this side of the Atlantic he belonged to.

WELL, then, thought Jim, I don't have to keep nudging the Lord for an eastbound wagon. And that's a good thing, for they don't come often. "So it was out to Oregon you was bound, bub?" he queried, dropping his trout line carefully into the Black Fork. "There's a lot of good folks going that way. Do you want I should fix it up for you to go on with some of 'em?"

The boy, sitting with his fish pole in his scrawny hands, staring in the water at things that weren't in it, said, "No."

A band of happiness devils jumped out of the alders and gave old Jim's heart a turn. He watched them twinkle away on the brooklet's riffles and such a light spread on his own face in a slow grin of realization.

FIRETOP suddenly grabbed his pole as it slithered through his hands; the trout, describing an arc like a rainbow's, flipped with a wriggle into his eager grasp. Jim yelled hooray, and the fox-cub face turned up to him brimming with sudden light. Why, the kid looked happy! And all the June day blurred and shimmered between Jim Bridger's blinking lids.

For the boy had hooked him as neatly as he hooked that trout. He tagged along so close Jim got to feeling he was part of himself. They did together the things Jim always had done, in the forge and the store and the corral. All his life Jim Bridger kept his own hours; he ate when he was hungry, he slept when he was tired, and he got up again when he'd slept himself out, like a bear that shakes his hide and blinks without astonishment at the morning star.

There never was a boy in the world, who wasn't sick of washing his hands for dinner and going to bed at bedtime. So Firetop seemed to think Jim's was the finest way in the world to live. The newness of it perked him up considerably. He even began to eat a bit, and Jim took a fatherly pride in that.

Their silence seemed companionably good to the man of the wilderness. He did not see that the child was holding himself in, being too brave for his age. A woman might have known how to break that terrible courage to let healing in, but Cow-in-the-Sky belonged to a race to which stoicism was natural. So she shoved the boy a platter of jerk and meal, and said nothing.

"Ever been to school, Firetop?" asked Jim, by the way, when they had finished their midafternoon breakfast.

Angus nodded.

Jim looked at him, took his pipe out of his lips and cocked his head as a wonderful inkling dawned. "Couldn't be you could read, could it?"

"Course," said the small boy briefly.

Jim heaved up and strode to the shelf where the book leaned on the whisky bottle. The fat volume parted at the well-thumbed picture of the lady dripping blood from her knife. Jim laid it open on the child's sharp knees, thumping the print with a big forefinger. "Read it," he commanded. "Read me all it says about that there!"

Firetop bent to the page, and piped up clear and fluent:

"'Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky!'"

Jim started in a double amazement. Hell and damnation, was it? And was reading so easy?

"'Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!'"

"Go back," Jim ordered, jabbing the page feverishly. "Go back to the beginning. Let's have the whole murder, lynching and all."

Witches, supernatural storms, ghosts, owl-haunted castles—he heard of them all through words like a rising wind. Clashing swords, lordly banquets, marching armies and a knife in your back while you slept. Sleepwalking, and blood that wouldn't wash out. Trees that could travel, and vengeful thanes.

"What's a thane, do you reckon?" asked Jim with his hands on his knees and his eyes wide as Firetop's.

Angus McClaren McClaine knew that one.

"I see," nodded Jim. "A big chief, in your folks' country. Well, get on with the yarn. I don't get half the lingo, but it beats an Ogallala chief for laying it on grand and solemn."

NOW began an orgy, a madness, the most continuous season of Shakespeare ever produced. Firetop read himself hoarse, happy in service to his god; whether he understood the lines himself or not, he gave them all that eloquence natural to the highly imaginative. Jim smoked and drank and listened, and filled his pipe again, and bade the boy go on. Then at the end he would tumble the child with him into his buffalo robes, be it night or morning, reeling with the fumes of the most glorious language ever written, and somewhat, also, with the corn liquor he'd taken "to clear his head," as he claimed.

Cow-in-the-Sky in her corner stared opaquely; she fed them and otherwise kept out of their way, for she could hear in the little boy's eerie voice that he was talking with spirits:

"'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee—'"

Outside in the night a wind that had lifted its voice around the coigns and castellations of Elsinore besieged Jim Bridger's cabin with a moan like a kingly ghost's. The stars brightened and the stars paled over Wyoming, and the mightily marching verses strode over the sky with them and bade them vanish at the end of the play. Jim lay back on his buffalo hides, the bottle empty in his hand, in his head a fullness of fate and philosophy that left him almost sober as dawn came tiptoeing through the South Pass.

The fox cub lay curled at his hero's feet. He was trembling, sleep retreating in a relentless ebb from his exhausted brain. Not for nothing was the boy a Celt. Death, destiny, honor, madness, genius, they were so many winds that smote the strings of his heart. Inside his child's imagination, that had been blooded by a terrible reality, the drama projected itself long after the Bard, penning the perfect ending and knowing it with an artist's satisfaction, had intended the murky business to stop. The rest was not silence in the little red head, but Jim Bridger snored right through it with an innocence greater, for all the nicks in his gun, than this odd and brilliant child's.

Sometimes it did cross Bridger's mind that the boy might be missing a mother. But shucks, he thought, Peanuts is good to him. He's got around her. As for himself, his heart was soft and big within him toward the boy. He sat looking at the morning light on that bent bright crest, thinking it was the color of hair he'd have chosen for a son of his own. The little reed of a voice piped on:

" 'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts—' "

Now it appears I'm father to this boy, thought Bridger happily.

" '—creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school—' "

Hell, he's got book-learning enough already, Jim agreed. "Reputation at the cannon's mouth," eh? I'll teach him how to use shooting irons. There's plenty Indians up on the Big Horn need shooting. A wise judge, did the book say? Well, the kid might get to be a judge, at that; he's smart enough. The gorgeous passage rolled to an end, and Jim nodded. When it was played out, "this strange eventful history," you could go peaceful if you'd raised a boy to take your place.

Jim Bridger, the wariest scout in all the West, forgot to listen for approaching danger. For now the lover climbed to the balcony of his sworn enemy's daughter. Now the fairies stamped, quarreling, in the moonlit dew. Now a king offered all he owned for a fresh mount, and couldn't get one nowheres. The Jew sharpened his knife on his sole; the Roman fell in his own blood; the old king tottered weeping through the sagebrush, and the ruined autocrat in the red robes bade the cabin walls:

"Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

"Hesh up, bub!" broke in Jim Bridger, turning a keen ear to the wide outside. "That's wheels comin' up from the Platte."

The emigrant train camped out a night in the little green valley, and Jim was visited that evening by some of the folks, a Reverend Whittemore and his wife, that Firetop had made friends with. Nice folks as you'd ever want to see; Jim Bridger warmed to them himself.

The other wagons went on next day, but the Whittemores said they must wait over for the next train rolling west, for one of their oxen was too badly galled to haul the Conestoga. So Bridger made them welcome to the empty storeroom in the cabin, and to his table.

At first he really believed it was that ox that delayed them. He was glad to have them; it all made good business for him, and the Reverend Luke Whittemore struck him as a cuss all of a man's size even if he was pious.

"Talk about brave, Reverend! A customer like you has got more gall 'n I have—stoppin' to pray over an Injun when you could sooner shoot him!"

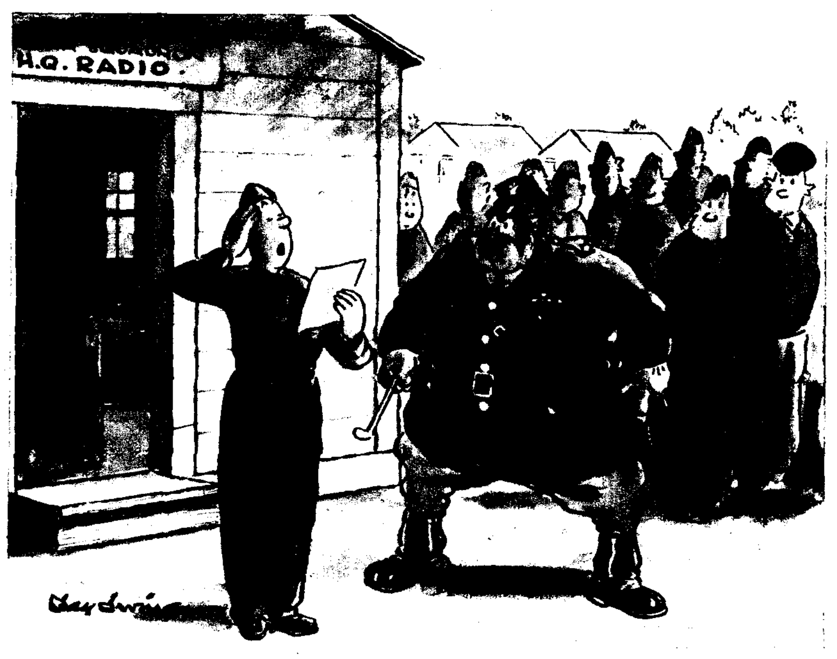
Deep in the long black beard a smile warmed the stern lips. "We are all children of the Lord, even the savages," the Reverend said.

JIM, who knew Indians, was sure the devil had fathered them, but there was a kind of Old Testament grandeur about the Reverend that, like the lingo of Shakespeare, convinced you of what you knew couldn't be true. If he had respect for the tall, gaunt preacher, he felt a qualm that was near to timidity before Martha Whittemore. The very rustle of her starched skirts around this cabin made a pigsty of it, and yet she was all kindness, all decency and good manners.

"Mrs. Bridger," she would say to Peanuts in the politest, neatest manner of speaking, "if I might have a little more of your excellent meal mush? You must show me how you prepare it so tastily."

And Jim, who knew Peanuts too, and the sort of black and bloody thoughts moving behind her lava-blank eyes, had the feeling at the back of his neck you get when you're ambushed. Because Firetop took to the Whittemores all too natural.

He cursed himself for having been so confidential with them about the boy, right off, the first night setting around the fire. "Never hev heard a whimper out of him about the whole thing yet,"

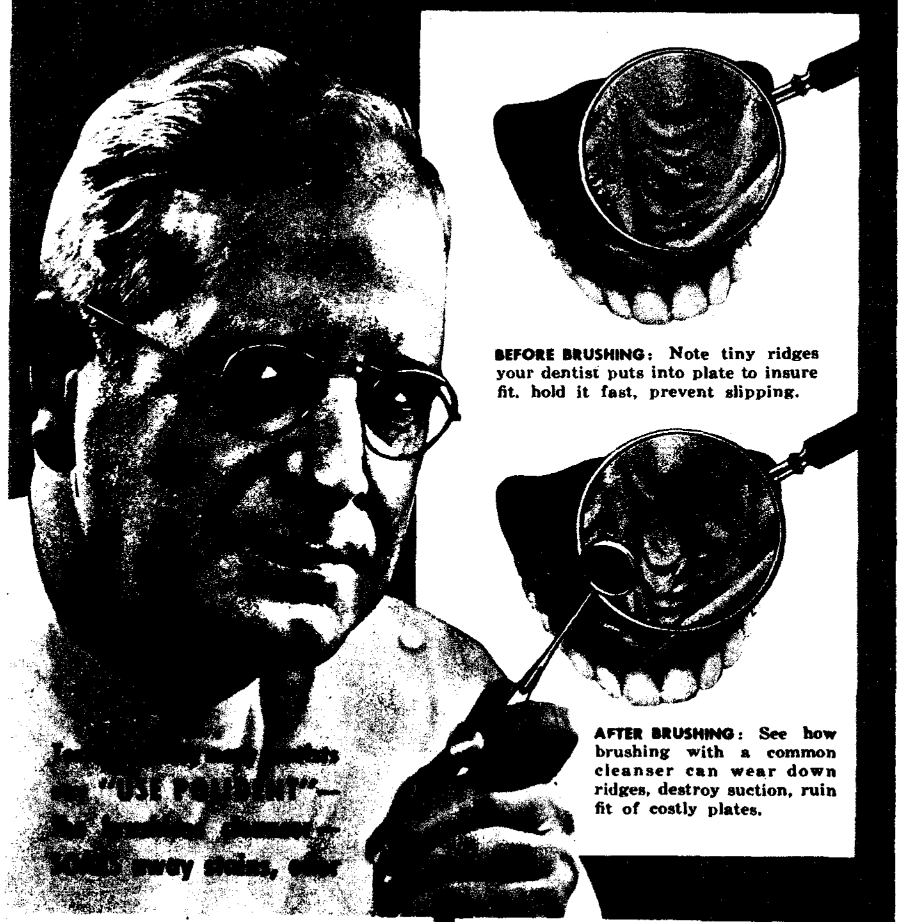


"—to yoooo! Hap-py birthday, deeyar Gen-er-al, happy birthday toooo you!"

JAY IRVING

Discovered! How brushing can cause

LOOSE FALSE TEETH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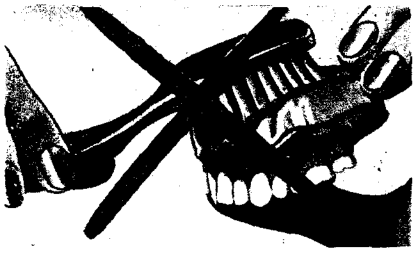
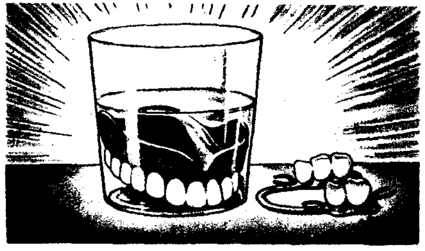
AFTER BRUSHING: See how brushing with a common cleanser can wear down ridges, destroy suction, ruin fit of costly plates.





BRUSHING — even gently — with tooth pastes, powders, or household cleansers, *not designed to clean false teeth*, wears down surfaces vital for holding plates tight. This scratching may not be visible—at first. But it goes on—*taking out* the very ridges your dentist put in. *Repeated brushing* with these makeshift methods can actually ruin your plate.

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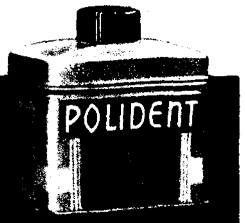

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he had concluded proudly. "Good as an Injun, that boy."

The terrifying look of a good woman bound to do good to somebody had leaped up in Martha Whittemore's eyes. But she spoke as smooth as a gopher snake slipping into its hole when she answered placidly:

"Well, Mr. Bridger, you've done your part, I'm sure. That's a smart boy, and deserves a good Christian raising."

That night when the Reverend read from the Bible and then prayed aloud for God to prosper His word among the heathen, Jim prayed silently for the good Lord to send another westbound wagon train quick.

It didn't make things a bit easier under Jim's skin that in these last days that Blackfoot arrowhead in his shoulder got to tweaking and twinging like the devil's pincers. The prophetic eyes of the Reverend Whittemore were fixed more often on Bridger when he writhed of a sudden under internal torment. It seemed sometimes that man could look right under Jim's shirt and hide, even into his conscience. A cuss word broke from Jim in spite of himself.

"Sorry, Reverend," he said hastily, "I've got a bit of Injun deviltry left stuck in my shoulder from a ruckus couple years back. Seems when the wind blows the wrong way it kinda bites me."

"Our devils must be cast out," replied Whittemore with a grave sympathy. "Perhaps you will let me help you?"

Jim reached a rueful hand around and caressed the spot that hurt him. "Thank you kindly, Reverend, but I guess it's jest something I got to bear, and I don't know but what I'd miss it ef it was gone." He spoke with a certain defiance.

And yet when he got the boy off by himself one day, in the sage and the wind and the vast candid sunshine, Jim Bridger's conscience prodded him to speak up honestly at last.

"Firetop," he blurted to the child in the saddle before him, "how'd you like to take up with the preacher and his wife, 'stead o' me?"

OVER his shoulder the boy flung him one look. It searched Jim Bridger's sorrowful eyes to the bottom. Then he turned from the pommel and flung his arms around the stony-faced plainsman.

"I won't ever leave you!" he passionately promised. "Not ever!"

So Jim rode back at a gallop, and pulled up Chinook on her hinders with a flourish before his door. Well, now, he guessed it didn't matter how long they stayed, and he came in to supper, Firetop on his shoulder, in a mood of defiant good will. He had to eat regular these days, and put up with a grace too, but he was tolerant now, confident; his pride went before him, cardinal-red.

The fall was not Jim's, but Firetop's. He rose from the hearth where he stumbled, blood dripping from the gash in his brow that the hook of the crane had made there, and Bridger cried out heartily.

"Well, now, ain't you a sojer! Not a tear out of you! Skin ye alive, and you wouldn't whimper, would ye?"

Up rustled Martha Whittemore briskly. "We'll just put a bit of rag and some arnica on it." She bent to the boy with such tenderness in her good face that the child's lips quivered and a great sob broke from him like a flood through a broken dyke.

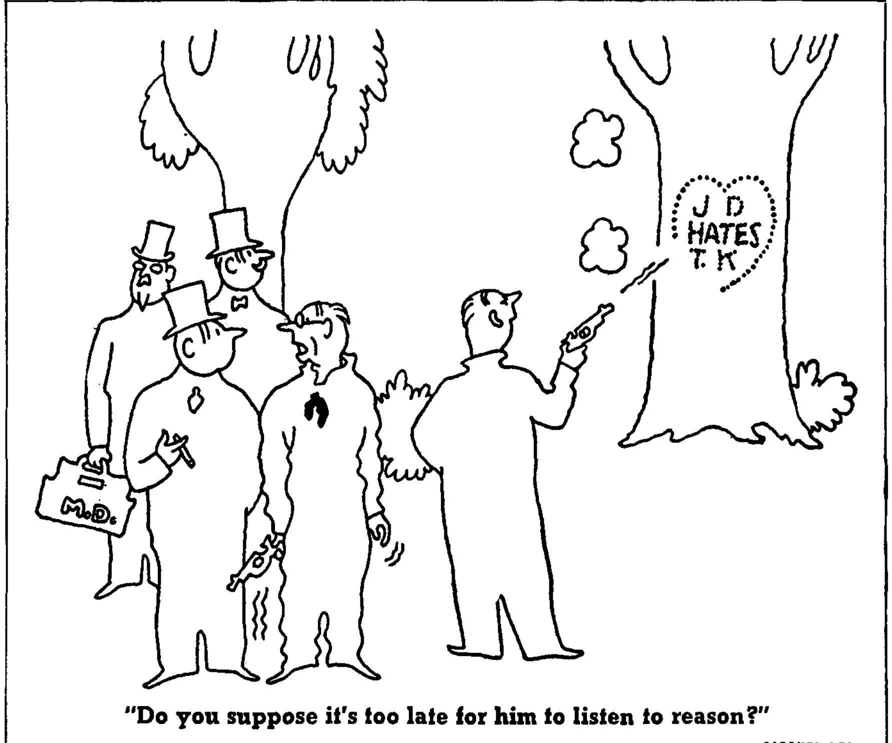
"Here, here!" cried Bridger, shaken, but the woman took the little boy up in her arms and carried him, loudly weeping, out, closing the door behind her.

Jim turned, as in the next room the tempest rose, and met the merciless and pitying eyes of the missionary. They confronted each other in silence; from beyond the closed door, a passionate treble struggled through sobs, and both men stood, rooted, at the words. For now the whole terrible story of the attack before dawn in the sagebrush came pouring out hysterically, till at last the horror died away, spent in the child's steady weeping for his mother.

"It's a mighty shame this had to happen," said Jim lamely. "I wouldn't have thought a bump and a scratch like that would have broke him down and brung it all back."

"At last he could cast out his devils, poor babe," answered Whittemore gently. "They have been torturing him—haven't you seen it, man? You're a famous hero, James Bridger, for your own great courage. But a child can bear just so much."

JIM looked around him desperately for a way out of this, his eyes found the whisky bottle, and slunk back to the gaze of the bearded prophet. "Nobody knows much about children when he's fust a father," he said defiantly. "Reverend, that boy's like a son to me."



"Do you suppose it's too late for him to listen to reason?"

GARDNER REA

"But you have no mother to give him," replied the missionary.

Bridger looked down at his boots for a moment. For himself, he would never be ashamed of Peanuts. The Great Salt Lake's desolation, the ice of the Medicine Bows, the bubbling hells at the source of the Yellowstone—he could never have asked the red-haired girl to share that. So he lifted his eyes boldly and said, "The boy himself says he wants to stay with me."

Whittemore smiled. "He's properly grateful."

"You think he don't mean it?" Jim's anger rose, because he was beginning to be frightened.

"Perhaps he does," said the preacher judicially. "But a child cannot decide, Mr. Bridger, what is best for him."

"I can tell you what's good for him," Bridger declared. "A fine healthy body, a life that makes a man brave enough to face hell if he must, a trigger finger and an eye for sign. That's what's opened the passes. I'll make the boy the best scout on the plains."

"You are that yourself, sir, and the whole nation is bounden to you for it." Whittemore gripped the chair back as if it were a pulpit and would give him a power he needed. "But our children, Mr. Bridger, have a different task than ours. They will grow up in the best world we can make for them, but it is their duty to their country and their God to make it a better one, and far different, than this savage-ridden waste."

He flung the chair from him, and strode to the other man, clapping him on the shoulder with an earnest simplicity. "Give us the boy, Bridger, I beg it of you! Not because my wife's a childless woman—not to comfort our sore hearts for that. But because he's a lad with a brain and a soul in a thousand. He'll be a man, if he's taught, to lead our people into the new Canaan and make straight a path in the wilderness!"

Whittemore's eyes were shining with a selfless fire. Jim stared into them, his own pupils drawn down to a bead inimically. The preacher dropped to his knees and his voice rose over the subsiding snuffles in the next room. "O Lord, let Thy light shine upon this man in his darkness and open his eyes to Thy wisdom!"

"Say!" cried Jim in wrath, "I won't be prayed over. Get up and let's settle this like men, Reverend!"

Whittemore sprang to his feet. "James Bridger, the Lord is watching us. You're afraid of Him, that's what!"

Jim lifted his arm—to do, he was never to find out quite what. For a sudden pain, more terrible than any he had ever known, shot through that shoulder, and Jim's curse streaked blue across the air. You could smell brimstone for a second.

"My poor fellow!" said Whittemore after a moment, softly. "You must have that arrowhead out. Come, trust me."

Jim set his teeth and shook his head. "I'll keep my arrowhead, thank 'e."

"And what for?" pursued the man of God relentlessly. "Is James Bridger telling me he's afraid to have it out?"

THEIR eyes met again, and Bridger saw it was true—it was God he'd been scared of. God shining in those eyes, showing Jim his way like a lantern. He spoke in a voice grown steady and sweet, "I'd be mighty obleeged to you, sir, if you'll use the knife on me."

Jim Bridger got through it by holding fast to the thought of how hard it must be for the Reverend to do. Only a man who trusted in the Lord could, if he wasn't a surgeon, have got out that iron with the cartilage grown over it. Whittemore soundlessly prayed as he worked, and because there was silence in the next room, never a groan escaped the Blackfeet's victim. In her habitual silence Cow-in-the-Sky held the basin, brought the medicine man the iron she had heated at his order, and looked on as the wound was cauterized against gangrene.

So that Angus Firetop, gone blessedly to sleep against Martha's bosom, did not know what had been done between the two men. He was rolled into bed with his clothes on, while the sun was still high, and he slept right through the night till next sunup.

He did not hear the wheels of the westbound wagons that rumbled to a halt before Bridger's fort, or the sound of the camp made in the alders. But in the morning, waking from the long, purifying sleep that effaces nightmare, Angus found that he was being washed, for the first time in weeks, and combed and mended by Martha Whittemore. There was a happy stir in the air, and he was a part of it, for, without knowing how he had decided it, he found that he'd said, yes, he wanted to go on to Oregon. With his hand so warmly held by Mrs. Whittemore, Angus knew he spoke the truth.

Standing in his cabin doorway, watching the white-topped wagons roll away to the west in their golden dust, Jim Bridger said to himself, Well, anyhow, he cried when he left me. The smile he had made so hearty for Firetop at the last lay faintly still on his lips. Some day, some way, he thought, that tyke'll be a big man in the Oregon country. A wagon topping the rise suddenly showed a distant flutter of white, a handkerchief waved high with a gay and adventurous flourish. Jim lifted his hand in an answering signal.

> "Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
> If not, why then this parting was well made."

BRIDGER could not remember just how any of the words went, but there rolled through his head the surge of a noble sorrow. He turned and entered his cabin, and went to the shelf to find solace. But it was not the whisky he got down; it was the book, and in his hands it opened to that picture of the sad man handing over his crown to some other fellow.

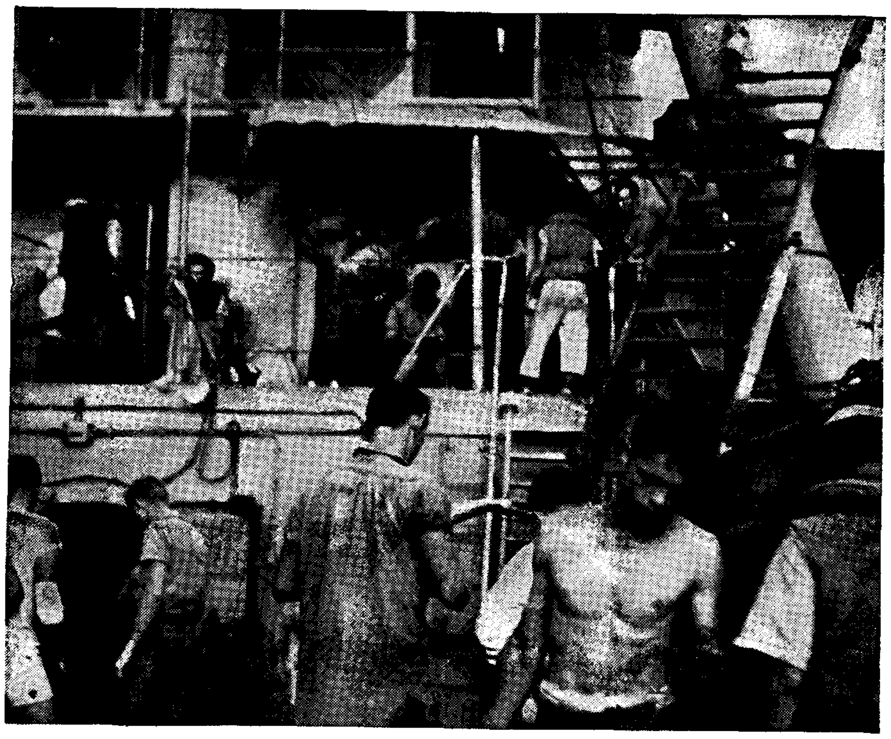
Jim pondered the print, with a sheepish hope that, now he'd heard it read once, somehow it might come clear to him. But it was all just crow tracks. Yet suddenly he could hear the voice of Firetop piping up, about in here:

> "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
> And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings."

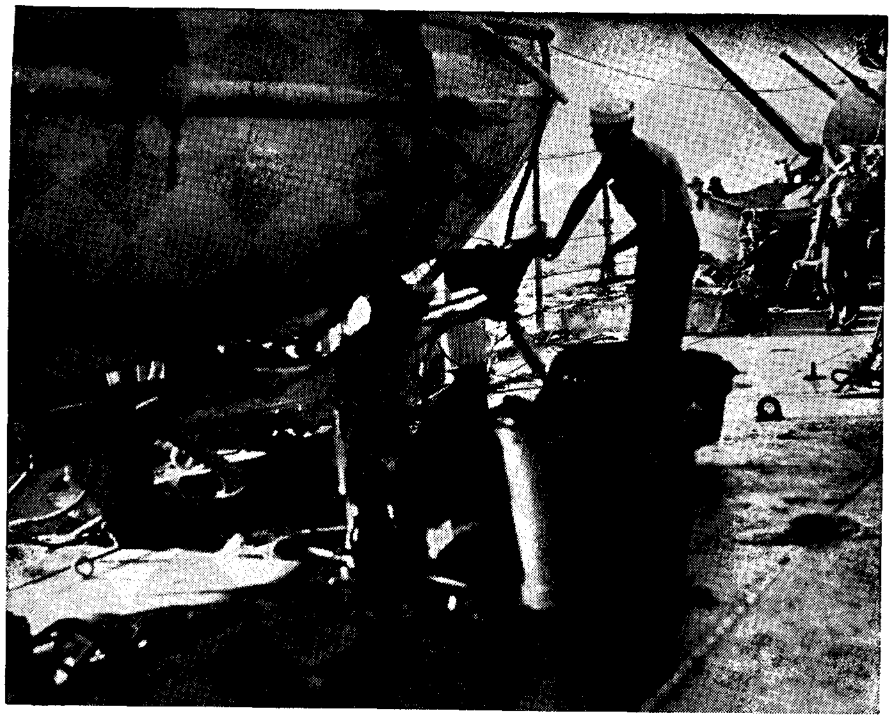
Abruptly Jim shut the book. "For God's sake, let's not!" he said aloud with vigor. He stood holding the volume in his two hands, reverent of it, but done with it. They were great yarns, and he was proud to have heard them. But all that happened long ago, if it did happen; it looked to him now, when he thought of what Firetop might live to see, little and far away, bright colored and rubbishy. We've got no kings here, I'd like to tell the feller wrote this, Jim thought, gripping the volume as if to communicate with it; we're all free men. This here's America.

An enormous, inarticulate eloquence swelled in him. He lifted his scout's eyes to the long, bellying sweep of the clouds across the horizon, out there beyond his little window. Why, what I've seen and done is just a beginning to the grandest story of them all! That farsighted gaze narrowed and filled with light. Jim Bridger stood staring at his country's future—print that he could not read, poetry greater than Shakespeare's.

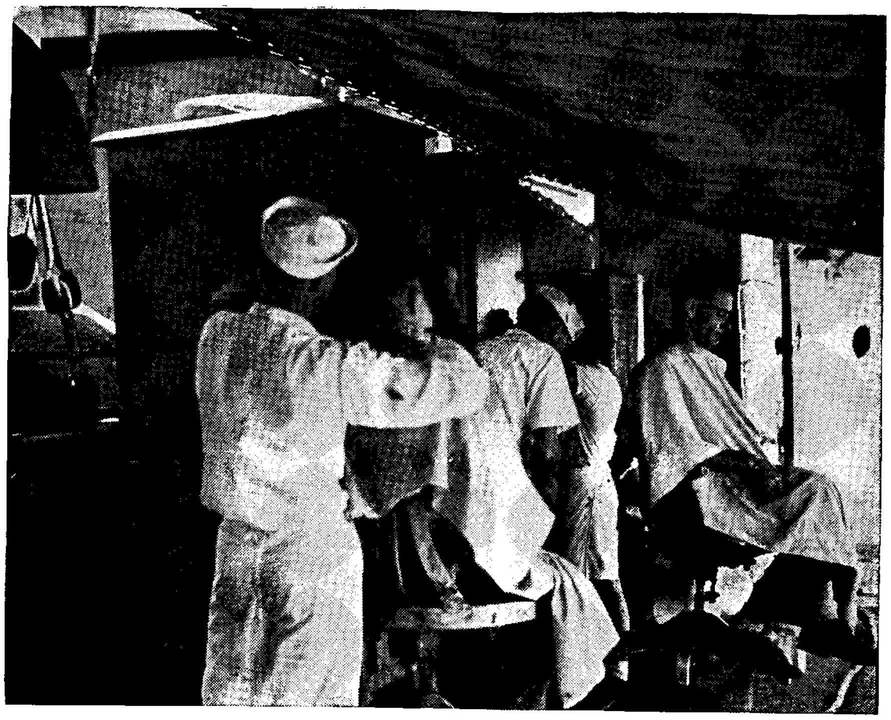
THE END



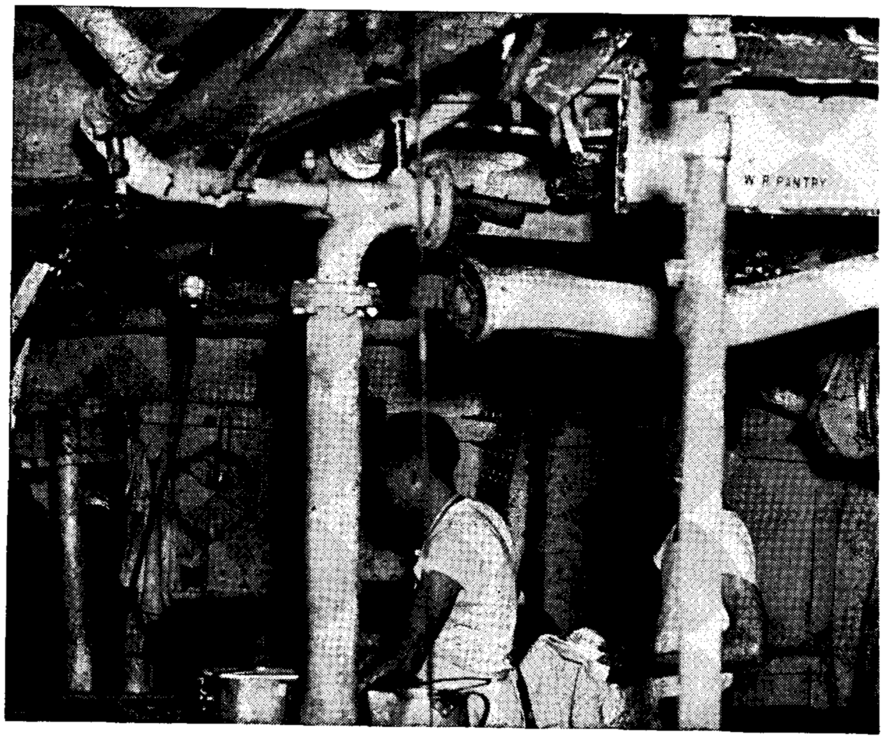
Amidships on the Marblehead. The ladder at the right was blown out of the hatch, left, where crew are starting to get at the wreckage



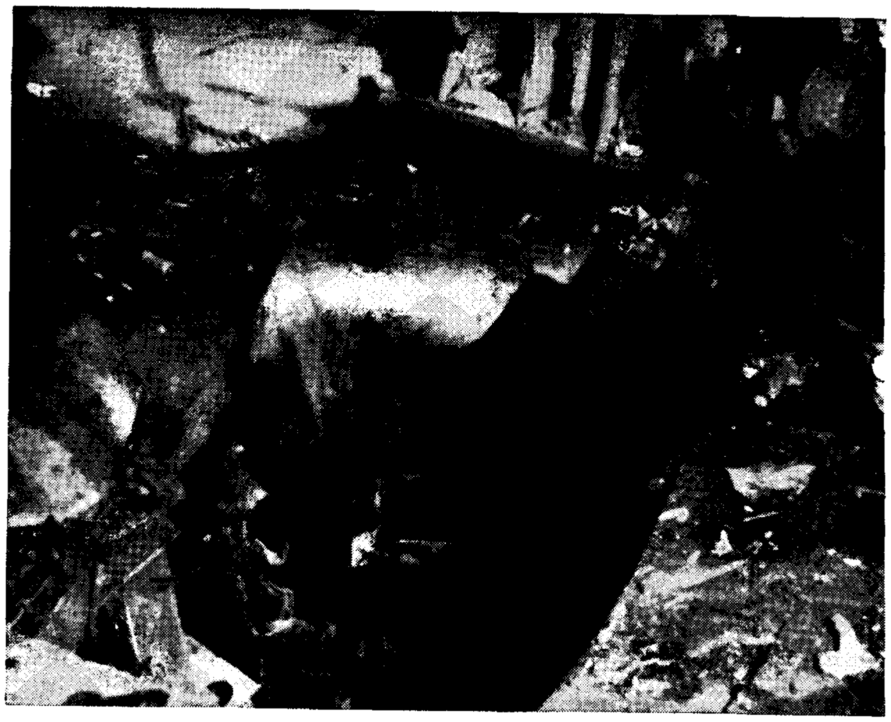
Facing aft on the Marblehead. Inspecting the hole in the motor launch, where bomb went through to deck below, is First Class Seaman Norris



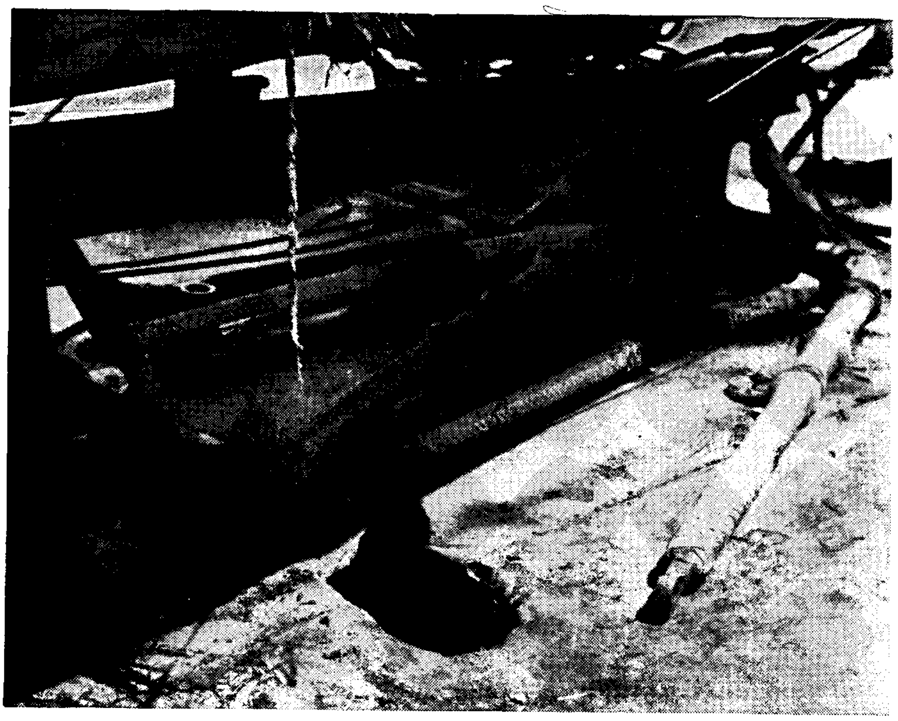
Alfresco barbershop on the weather deck, after the Marblehead left Java. Barbers Hawkins (left) and Sherer have other jobs to do during battle



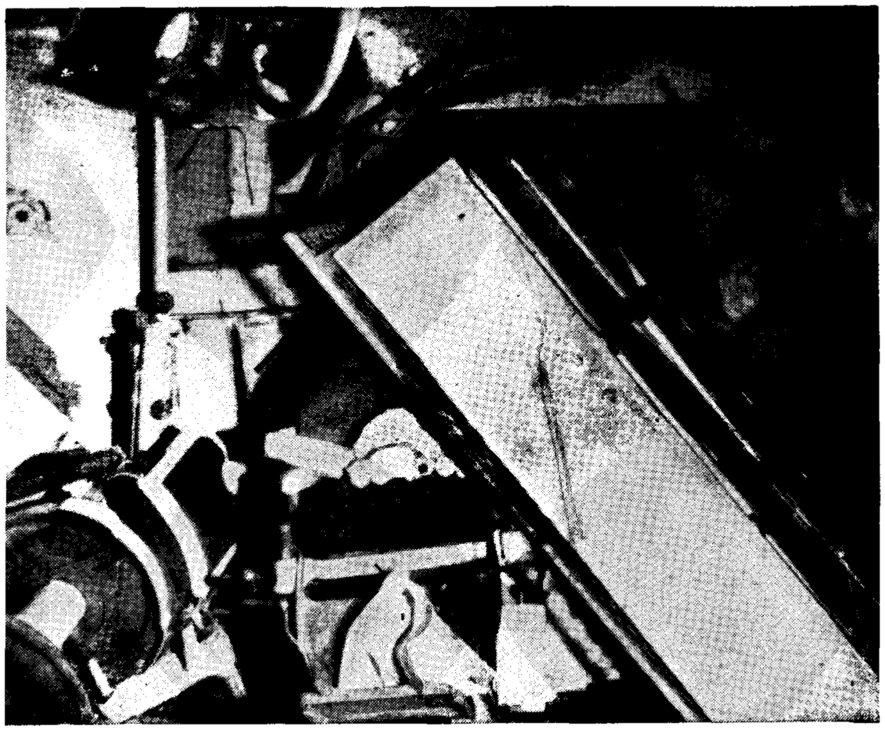
Fah Dong, steward, and W. Y. Chang, cook (right), in the pantry, whe the bomb explosion forced up the deck (top) and ruptured the steampip



Hole made by the Japs' first hit on the main deck of the Marblehead. Exploding on contact with the main deck, the bomb blew a hole in the sick ba



Entry hole made by the bomb, estimated as a 500-pounder. Rope-covered bars were handrails. This whole deck was covered with a quarter-inch of fuel oil



he barbershop was bombed into a shambles, with a screen bulkhead and lock-rs toppling onto the chair. Right third of picture was formerly a passageway

Aotor launch on port side of Marblehead. Heaped on the deck is the vreckage that came up from below. Coxswain Butler enjoys a cup of soup

Jnloading the wounded onto a hospital train at Java; serious cases were taken :o a mountain hospital. Commander Van Bergen is descending the gangway

No Guns for the Black Gang

By Paul Schubert

The deck force does the shooting, but when a battle cripples a warship it takes the boys below decks to bring her in, as they did the Marblehead

WHEN the bomb struck, the Marblehead's crew was at battle stations. For the deck force, that meant the shooting part of the fight. They were grouped around the guns, wearing tin hats and pumping out antiaircraft fire at the Jap planes.

The black gang—the engineers—were down below, shut up in the firerooms and engine rooms, in the reek of oily, steamy air with the temperature between 140 and 150 degrees Fahrenheit. The black gang's job was to man all the complicated stations of a 90,000 horsepower four-screw engineering plant, the pumps, the generators, the oil-burning boilers, the turbines, the blowers, the steering engine; the black gang's job was to keep her steaming at the maximum possible speed, and if part of the plant was shot away, to keep her steaming anyway.

The bomb struck amidships, just forward of No. 1 Fireroom . . . high explosive, made in Japan. It penetrated through the main deck plating, as it was supposed to, exploding somewhat to starboard of the center line. The heat of one of those explosions is up around 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, so that a lot of things started to burn that you wouldn't ordinarily expect to burn—the paint on the bulkheads, for instance, and the linoleum on the decks The burst penetrated through to the deck below. Altogether a nice battle jolt, the first enemy blow ever taken by the 19-year-old Marblehead.

When she was hit, the battle had been going on for about a quarter of an hour. The ship was in the Java Sea on a fine, fair tropic day, heading northward in a moderate swell, and at about ten that morning, a Jap reconnaissance plane had been sighted. The attack came not long afterward. The Marblehead was at sea with a mixed Dutch, British and American force of cruisers and destroyers, which had put out in the last vain attempt to stop the Jap invasion of Java. At the warning of air attack, the force opened out into a scattered formation, and the old American light cruiser pulled away by herself, with a couple of our destroyers as a torpedo screen. It was the last they saw of the others.

All boilers were lit off, and the ship was working up to full power, crowding on every bit of steam that she could force through the engines.

The Marblehead's black gang was a seasoned crew of old-timers with a sprinkling of recruits, the best kind of a Navy crew. It had been together out there on the Asiatic station for a long time, so that all hands knew one another. That makes a difference. The officers, too, were old-timers, mostly regular Navy, backed by reservists and by very capable warrant officers—the new kind of warrants, superior and intelligent young men, around thirty, who had earned their way up in a quick rise through the grades and knew their work from the practical side.

Down below decks you got your news of the battle secondhand, even though you were in it with everything you had. The dope was that 37 Jap bombers were coming in, attacking in waves of six or seven planes in V formation. As they came up to the bomb-release point, the rearmost planes would swerve in, and the bombs would fall in a pattern aimed at the ship.

Before they got to that point, the Marblehead's antiaircraft would open up, and you could hear the shooting up on the topside—the quick, sharp bark of 3-inch sky-guns pumping them out as fast as the men could throw shells into the breeches, and behind that, the rivet-hammer chatter of the antiaircraft machine guns. That part of it was a lot like being below decks while target practice was going on. But then a new sound would come along. Down in the engine room it sounded like a magnified version of gravel being thrown into a pond. It was funny to realize that it was the sound of a pattern of Jap bombs falling short or over . . . sometimes straddling.

Then the gunfire would cease. The bombers would have passed, and there would be a little lull while the Japs flew off to re-form before coming in again.

The Chief Had Expected It

When the attack began, the chief engineer had gone down to the main engine-control station in the engine room, to supervise working up to full speed. The chief was a lean, hard-bitten lieutenant commander, past his middle thirties, a bachelor who had been out on the Asiatic for most of the last ten years, on destroyers, on a gunboat up the Yangtze and now this hitch as chief of the Marblehead, helping fight the war he had anticipated every day of those ten years.

His battle station was a roving one; he had charge of the entire engineering plant. The first job was to get her up to speed, and he was checking the engine revolutions, well satisfied to see that she was doing her stuff like a thoroughbred, when the bomb hit her.

She lurched heavily, so heavily that the chief lost his footing and landed on the deck.

"The bastards got us!" commented the throttleman.

By the time the chief had got to his feet there was a new smell in the air, the heavy smell of fire, mixing with the pungent smell of powder smoke that had come down the blowers, and the hot oily atmosphere of the engine room. Almost immediately the reports began to come in over the ship-control telephone circuits.

"Bomb hit amidships, forward of Number One stack."

The chief went up to the main deck and started forward to the scene.

The mess up forward was indescribable. In those cruisers, the space where the bomb had hit is a sort of open lobby just abaft the wardroom; below it is another open space just abaft the warrant officers' messroom. The post office, the sick bay, the canteen, and several other

(Continued on page 60)

This whiskey once had 1800 imitators...★

but only the original Old Crow survives today.

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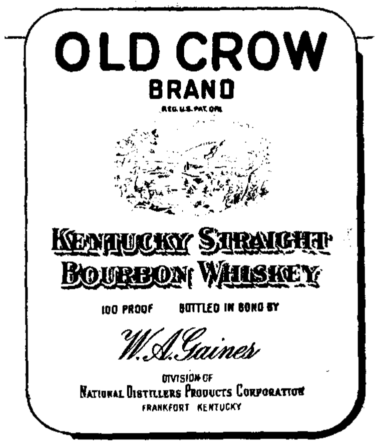
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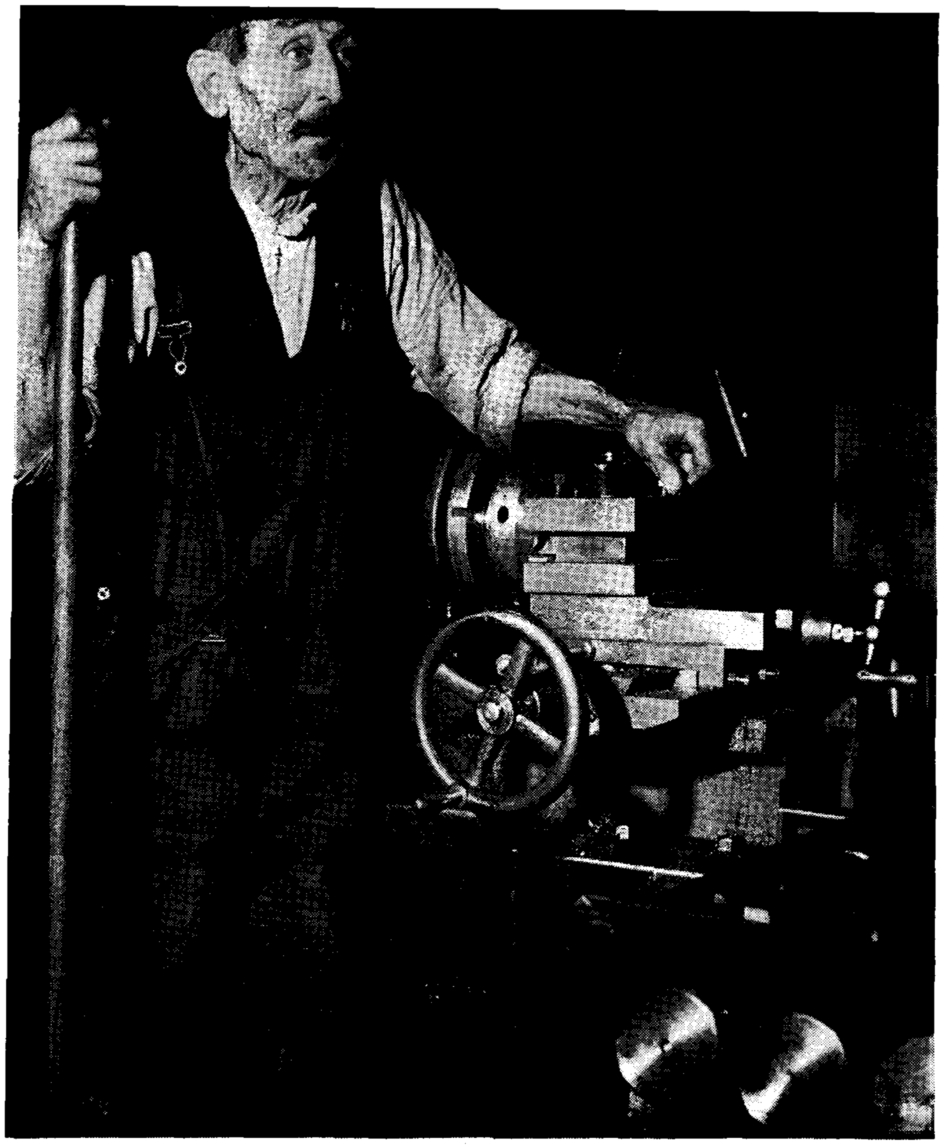
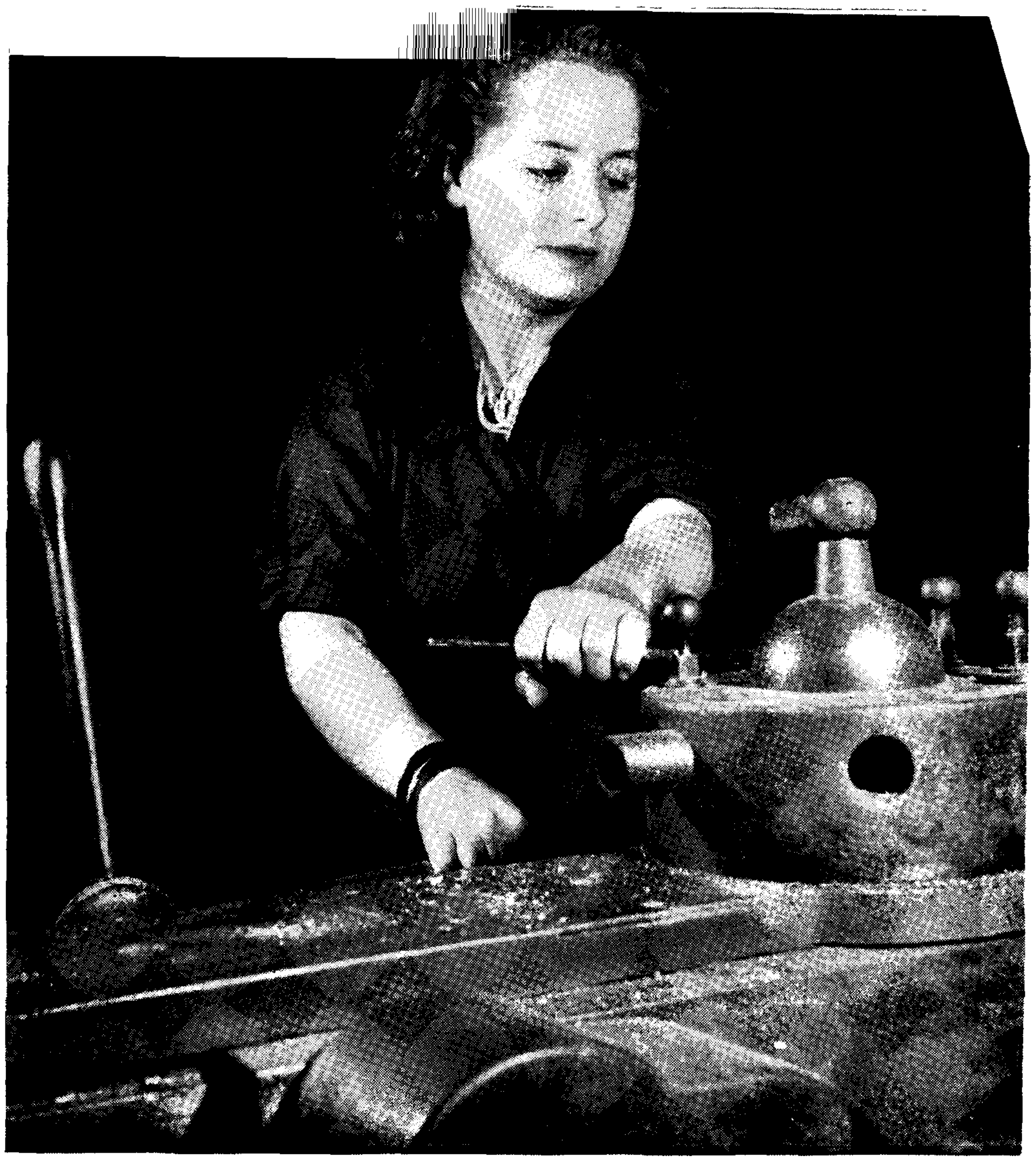
"When this great Kentucky whiskey is so moderately priced, why be satisfied with less than the best!"

★It's a FACT

At one time in Old Crow's history, so widespread was the imitation of Old Crow's label and trademark, that there were 1800 lawsuits in process against whiskey sellers engaged in that practice.



The dirty work of war means, among other things, the sweeping of factory floors; this man, with five sons in the war, is doing what he can



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA

The very young and the very old are in England's factories today. This girl is 17 and an expert at making plane parts. She's been at it since war began

The Little People of Britain

By Robert St. John

NBC CORRESPONDENT

No luxuries for them—only long hours of hard work. They're content because they know what they're fighting for. And they'll be heard from when Europe's lights come on again

FOR weeks I've been leading a Doctor Jekyll-Mr. Hyde life here in London. Each morning I put on a pair of greasy trousers, a blue flannel shirt and oil-stained shoes, and sneak past the liveried doorman in the apartment hotel where I live. I take an underground train, then a trolley-tram, and finally walk a mile to one of the most important munitions factories in suburban London. For the rest of the day I am a private in a great army of war workers.

My shift puts down its tools at seven P. M. It's almost eight before I get home. It takes quite a while to get the grease out of my fingernails and the steel shavings out of my hair, and to obliterate the other signs of my labor. But by nine o'clock I'm generally ready to step out into the Other World—cocktails at the Savoy, dinner at the Hungaria, whisky at ten dollars a bottle, caviar at sixteen dollars a pound, soft gypsy music among the potted palms.

For the first couple of months I was over here, I led that kind of a life altogether myself.

Then one day I got a letter from Chicago. A member of my family was missing in action in the Philippines. The same day, word came over that fantastic grapevine from Eastern Europe that a close friend in Rumania had been executed by order of the Gestapo, and that a girl journalist I knew over there had been sent up to Poland, for the pleasure of Nazi soldiers on leave.

That night I wanted to volunteer in somebody's army or air force. That night I suddenly got disgusted with the soft life which some of us continue to try to lead in this, the most critical year of the most important war in all history.

When I say "us" I mean people in America as well as Britain. But a twinge in my right leg made me realize that the Nazis had already limited my field of activity. The Messerschmitt which shot up a troop train I was on in Greece last year took care of that.

So the next morning I went around to the Ministry of Labor and begged for a job, without compensation, in a munitions factory. I explained that I do all

Robert St. John inspects the output of the hardest worker in the shop. There's a reason for her seemingly tireless efforts. Her son was lost in Crete

my broadcasting to America in the early hours of the morning and that I could gather my news and do the rest of my regular work after I came home from a factory in the evening.

Within a week I was at work in a vast shop full of machines that were grinding out vital instruments of war. I was given a job inspecting the minute parts of a gadget designed to save the lives of British, American, Russian and Chinese pilots when they go off on flights against the enemy. Some of the parts are as delicate as the wheels inside a Swiss wrist watch; they have to be true to a fraction of a thousandth of an inch—an interesting job, and it seemed to me to be an important one. So I joined up with that army of men and women who work eleven or twelve hours a day, sometimes seven days a week, and never get their pictures in the papers or any medals pinned on their chests—that army of unsung heroes who man the factories of Britain.

The first week at the factory left me tired of muscle and mighty weary when the day's work was done but I soon got hardened to the new life.

In addition to this factory work I spend a full eight hours out of every twenty-four gathering news, attending press conferences, pounding a typewriter and talking into a microphone. On Sundays I travel into the country to lecture to British troops in their camps and to wounded airmen in their hospitals, or I go into the tenement districts of London to talk to clubs of Cockney youngsters. I mention these activities to show that I was as busy as the average man with a job before I took on the additional factory work.

Much is written about how Britain and America are now up to sixty or seventy or eighty per cent war production. I've often wondered what that means. What is the one hundred per cent basis for the calculations?

They Shun the Dirty Jobs

In England as well as in America there are millions of men and women in sedentary jobs—lawyers, bankers, stenographers, brokers, newspapermen, clerks, government employees; a vast class of people who work eight hours a day or less with their brains instead of their hands. Many of them over here are in "reserve occupations." That means they are not liable for conscription in the armed services or even into munitions factories. Others are above the military age or they're not physically fit enough for active service at the front. And yet most of them could do at least a part-time shift a few nights a week in war factories.

Only when all the people in that vast class are working as many hours a week as they are physically able can either Britain or America talk about approaching one hundred per cent production.

But there are still many people in our democracies who prefer to knit socks and sell government bonds, and let others do the dirty work of war. The conflict still hasn't come close enough to home, even here in Britain with its bombed buildings, to jar some people into making it a total war from their personal point of view. Yet before these words get across the ocean and into print, the time may have arrived when the survival of our entire way of life will depend on whether enough people have been willing to forego the pleasant paths of normal existence and sacrifice every ounce of their energies to defeat enemies who long ago abandoned business-as-usual.

Excuse the preaching. But after you've felt Nazi bullets and seen Nazi savagery, it's difficult to remain "just a reporter."

Now let me tell you more about this factory where I've been working. Let me tell you what I've found under the "crust" of Britain, which the West End of London typifies. Let me tell you what I've learned about the Little People of Britain from laboring side by side with them for weeks.

One machine in our shop is run by a woman well advanced in years. She seems to be the hardest worker in the place, and I often wondered what drove her on to such seemingly tireless efforts.

A brief notice from Whitehall reported her husband missing in the Far East. Her machine hums faster than ever now, turning out munitions

And then one afternoon I happened to mention to her that this time last year the fruit trees were blooming in Greece and Crete.

"Crete?" she shouted above the thunder of the machines. "You were in Crete? Then tell me . . . please . . . do you think my boy is still alive?"

A Mother's Forlorn Hope

I had to strain to catch her words, as she shouted out the details of her personal tragedy of the war. The story of Crete in May, 1941. A British warship. Stuka dive-bombers. A direct hit. An explosion. Hundreds of sailors floundering in the water, far from land. No rescue ships near enough to save them. Then, a brief little notice from Whitehall: "Your son is missing, believed lost in action."

"Please," she begged, and there were tears in her eyes, "please tell me, is there a chance that maybe he swam to shore? Is there a chance that the Nazis got him? Don't you think that maybe he's a prisoner now, and that maybe when the war's all over I shall hear from him?"

While she asked those questions I pretended to be checking up on her work. I kept busy with my micrometer which would tell whether she was pressing too hard on the big lever and taking away a thousandth of an inch too much brass, or whether she wasn't pressing hard enough and was leaving a thousandth of an inch too much brass.

I couldn't look at her. I was afraid she might read my thoughts . . . see my doubts. Because there was probably only one chance in a million that she would ever see her son again. The Nazis weren't much interested in rescuing British sailors or taking prisoners at Crete. I knew that. But you can't kill a mother's hope. So I lied to that woman, without looking into her eyes, and after the little conversation was over, I noticed that she made her machine hum faster than ever and a strange kind of peace and determination seemed to return to her face.

Now let me tell you about some of the other people in this factory. You'd be struck by how many of them limp, or have only one arm, or hobble around on wooden legs. That's because most Englishmen who are physically fit, by this time have gone off into the army or navy or air force. A lot of the cripples are veterans of the last war. Now they're turning out the munitions for another war.

One of the best inspectors is a gray-haired woman who at lunchtime likes to talk about her grandchildren. She's nearly seventy. She works a full shift of sixty hours a week. Often she appears at her bench in the smart blue uniform of a Civil Defense worker. That's because she must rush right away when the day's work is over at seven P. M. to take up her post in an air-raid shelter. She gets only a couple of hours' sleep the three or four nights a week she has to stand by like that, in case of an air raid, to dress wounds and put out incendiary bombs. She tells me that in her "spare time" she's trying to write a book.

Then there's the little old man with thin gray hair who was chief engineer of a great transatlantic liner during the last war. This time he's too old for the sea but he's doing a vital job anyway.

You'd also be surprised by the number of young people in this factory. Boys and girls can leave school over here when they're fourteen. It's amazing how quickly youngsters of that age, with a flair for things mechanical, can become of value in a munitions shop. Lately I've been watching a boy who's just fifteen on a job which requires strength, skill, mechanical aptitude and thinking in terms of a thousandth of an inch. Yet I doubt whether a grown man could do a better job of it than this child is doing.

In some corners of the factory they have radios tuned all day to the BBC Music While You Work program. It seems to make the people at the benches forget that their backs are tired and their muscles weary.

The Singing Nobody Hears

In my shop you couldn't hear a radio, no matter how loud they turned it on. The machines make too much of a din but there's a constant music anyway. Half a dozen girls in their teens, who operate big roaring machines, sing to themselves most of the time. They shout out the words of songs like Ma, I Miss Your Apple Pie (that's their favorite, although I have yet to see a piece of real apple pie in England) and The Sailor with the Navy Blue Eyes. You can't hear a sound those girls make with their singing unless you go over and put your ear close to their mouths. Yet they sing in unison by watching one another's lips and they appear to get a lift out of this strange kind of community singing.

Several weeks ago the British government staged a campaign to raise money to pay for new British warships. The contributions in our factory went 'way over the goal that had been set but that wasn't enough. Two hundred workers on the day shift volunteered to work a full night of eleven hours over the week end and contribute their wages for that extra work to the war fund. For some of them, it meant working from eight o'clock Saturday night, then taking an hour or two off for dinner and working again until nine o'clock Sunday morning—almost twenty-four hours of constant labor.

When I first went into the factory I was treated with no little suspicion. Some of the workers had never met an American and had never heard an accent quite like mine, so they knew I was a foreigner. Some of them thought I might even be a Nazi! Also, I didn't look like a factory worker, so some of them were afraid I had been sent in to spy on them by the management or the government. But gradually they have come to accept me as one of themselves, and some of them now even take me into their confidence about their personal problems.

Once in the morning and again in the middle of the afternoon, the whole factory stops activity for a few minutes for

(Continued on page 46)

Quiz on JUNK

What to save for the scrap collection campaign . . . how to save it . . . where it goes . . . the importance of what it makes . . .

Your country is calling for JUNK—rusty, old stuff you once kicked out of the way or threw onto a dump. It is now worth its weight in planes, tanks, shells, ships and other fighting materials for our armed forces.

Q. ***What kinds of Junk does our country especially need?***

A. Scrap iron and steel; old rubber; and all scrap metals such as copper, brass, zinc and tin; rags; burlap bags and Manila rope.

Q. ***Why all this need to collect old Junk? Why can't we use all new materials?***

A. We don't have all new materials. The Japs now control the principal sources of rubber and tin. Metals formerly used in automobiles and other converted industries do not fill the gap. Even in peacetime, scrap provided about 50% of the raw material for steel.

Q. ***Will my "little bit" really help?***

A. Yes. That old iron bedstead stuck away under the eaves might steel-jacket enough bullets for a couple of U. S. Marines to mow down a Japanese charge. Even one old flatiron can be used to make 6 hand grenades. One useless old tire provides as much rubber as is used in 12 gas masks.

Q. ***What is old rubber needed for?***

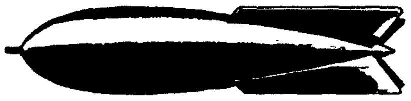
A. Tires for army trucks and jeeps; barrage balloons; pontoon bridges; lifeboat rafts; and supplies for military hospitals.

Q. ***Should I continue to collect waste paper?***

A. Only in cities where it is especially called for. The patriotic response of the American people averted a serious paper shortage. Now the same kind of response is needed on scrap steel, rubber, metals, cooking fats and other materials.

Q. ***Would there be any difference in a bomb made entirely from new metal rather than one made from a mixture of half new metal and half scrap?***

A. No. A Jap wouldn't know what hit him in either case. The so-called "scrap" which is melted with new metal in the form of pig iron, is already refined and produces highest quality steel.



Q. ***What about waste fats?***

A. Vital because of shortage of fats and oils which formerly came from the Far East. Fats make glycerine and certain types of gunpowder. Strain cooking fats, usually wasted, into a large tin can. Sell to your meat dealer, when you get a pound or more.

Q. ***What about tin cans?***

A. Needed only in areas near detinning plants, as announced locally.

Q. ***Where does Junk go when it leaves my house?***

A. It goes to war production factories by way of the Junk dealer.

Q. ***Why should it pass through the hands of Junk dealers?***

A. Scrap must be properly sorted, graded, prepared and packed, and accumulated in lots large enough to ship efficiently, before it can be used by mills. The Junk you collect is bought by industry from scrap dealers at established, government-controlled prices.

Q. ***How can I be sure that the Junk dealer won't hold scrap for higher prices?***

A. He cannot get higher prices by holding, since ceilings have been placed by the government on prices at which he can sell to consuming mills. In case of hoarding, the government has the power of requisitioning.

Q. ***Does the government want gifts of scrap material?***

A. The government prefers that gifts of scrap should be made to local charities, service organizations or Defense Councils. If you wish to help the government directly, sell your scrap to a Junk dealer and buy War Stamps or Bonds with the proceeds.

Q. ***Why don't they clean out the "automobile graveyards"?***

A. Because every day cars are sold to graveyards for junking and it is desirable to keep these graveyards in business as sources of scrap and sellers of second-hand parts. You can't put a whole automobile into a steel furnace. It must be dismantled, cut into pieces and the body compressed. The graveyard operator and the Junk dealer do this. The aim of the War Production Board is to keep this process moving, but to speed it up so that every graveyard will scrap each car it buys within 60 days.

Q. ***How much Junk should I have, before I turn it in?***

A. Use your common sense. It all helps, but the more you have, naturally the more efficiently collectors can operate. If you don't have enough of your own, form a neighborhood pool.

Q. ***How do I turn it in?***

A. Sell it to a Junk dealer. Or give it to a charity. Or take it yourself, in the back of your car, to the nearest collection point.

If you don't know the nearest collection point, call your Local Salvage Committee for information.

If you live on a farm, get in touch with your County War Board or your farm implement dealer.

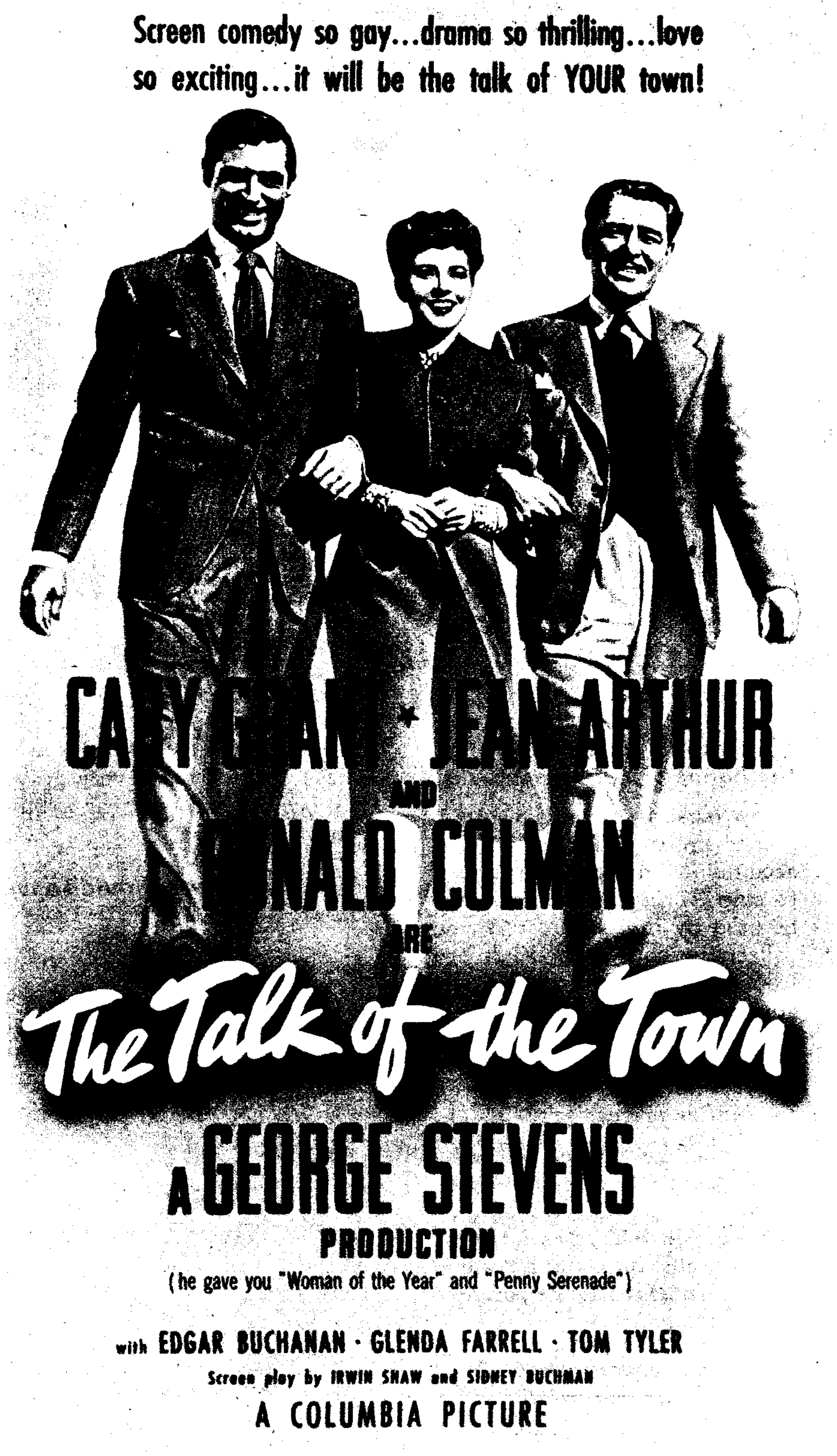
Use your own initiative and get your Junk into action.

Throw YOUR scrap into the fight!

This message approved by Conservation Division

WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

This advertisement paid for by the American Industries Salvage Committee (representing and with funds provided by groups of leading industrial concerns).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ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

Their backs may be tired; they may never get medals pinned on their chests, but here are their faces at the end of a 12-hour day

cups of hot tea. The Englishman's obsession for tea always used to amuse me. But now I've discovered what a pickup you can get from a cup of tea when you're tired.

Every night I walk the mile to the tram line with a girl who's only seventeen, but she's a veteran factory worker because she's been "on the machines" for three years now. What she likes to talk about is Hollywood: Have I ever been there, and what's it like, and have I ever seen a real live movie actress? America to her is a land of fairy-book glamor. To the men workers, America is a land of great machines where nothing is impossible.

I leave the seventeen-year-old girl at the main street and join a young man from the factory who enjoys the chance we have on the trolley-tram together to talk about serious things, such as: What kind of a world will our side create after the war, and is the old era of special privilege and dog-eat-dog economics all over? He is representative of an ever-growing group of factory workers who are just as eager as anyone else to beat the Axis but who also are vitally interested in a new order of things when the lights are turned on again and peace is restored.

Hard Work; Small Pay

The girl who walks to the tram line with me is a typical young British factory worker. She's on piecework. Her pay envelope, which she always shows me, contains an average of about twelve dollars a week. She works doggedly hard for sixty-six hours for that sum—about eighteen cents an hour. Her ankles are often swollen from standing at her machine from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. Her fingernails are worn down to the cuticle. Her hands are not pretty things to look at but she doesn't complain.

The fattest pay envelope I've heard about in this factory where I work is one a skilled mechanic got last week—eight pounds. That's about thirty-two dollars. But he worked more than seventy hours and he's the fastest pieceworker in the place. He's been on the same job for years and is at the peak of his earning power.

The average pay for a man runs about eighteen or nineteen dollars a week. Out of that, he pays three dollars a week income tax if he's single, two dollars if married. From his pay, they also deduct a fee for the laundering of his overalls, and compulsory contributions to social security and sickness-insurance funds. And remember that this worker who's trying to support a family on what's left out of his eighteen or nineteen dollars a week is paying much steeper prices for the essentials of life than you in America are.

My weeks in a munitions factory, close to the workers and their everyday problems, have given me a profound respect for the Little People of Britain. Some of them haven't had a very good deal in the past. Between the two wars, their wages and working conditions were far from what they should have been. Most of the working class just took it during that quarter of a century. But now they're conscious of their right to a share in the future.

At the moment they're working, without complaint, long hours at tough jobs, supplying both the British and the Russians with the machines of war. But they are determined that *this* war shall not have been fought in vain. These Little People I've been working with are going to be heard from when the lights come on again and statesmen gather around the peace tables. And it's right that they should be, because in many ways they are the cream of Britain.

Now perhaps you can understand why in some ways I hate to go back to my comfortable apartment in the West End every night and re-enter that half-world of soft music and pseudo respectability.

As long as I have on my greasy trousers and oil-soaked shoes and am among those hard-working Little People, I feel as if I belonged, as if I were playing a vital role, however small, in something honest and sincere and important. I feel just as I did when I was fleeing down through Yugoslavia and Greece and Crete last year in filthy clothes which I'd slept in for a month, with my hair matted by Adriatic winds and my trousers torn by Nazi bullets. Then I was part of something important too.

Last year when I got to Cairo and put on a white linen suit and sat drinking cool cocktails in Shepheard's bar, I felt I had entered a land of unreality and make-believe. I feel that same way now when I return at night to the West End of London and watch a thin crust, which doesn't really count any more, trying to live as if there was no war and trying to pretend that nothing has changed and that some day things will be just as they always were.

THE END

Yackey in the Air

Continued from page 12

"He kids you, Gran'paw," says the cab driver.

Purty soon the sentry come back f'm telephonin' an' says, "Cadet Yackey is in class, but the Commanding Officer wants ter see yer!"

"I wants ter see him likewise!" I says.

So they taken me closer an' closer to them flyin' machines, right inter a buildin' which was jest acrost the street f'm the wust commotion. My neck was tired f'm duckin' an' my th'oat was so dry I had ter sneak me another leetle nippy of sorghum beer.

To give yer an idee of the extreme peril, son, they had a ambulance parked by the office door. An' guess who was in charge of the hull flyin' school? Well, sir, a young fust lieutenant who didn't look a day older'n twenty-five year. A reckerless young-un f'm the South. His name is secrit information, so I'll jest call him Lieutenant Coulters.

"TELL me the wust, sonny," says I. "Serial cain't hardly make it, can he?"

Lieutenant Coulters frowns.

"Cadet Yackey puzzles us," he says. "He has the makings of a great pilot, but there's somethin' on his mind. He's too tense. He seems apprehensive."

"Ye mean the pore boy is scairt plumb witless, don't yer?" says I. "Dang if'n I can blame him. Brave a man as I am, I never felt in great peril afore like I do this very minute. Y'all better let Serial resign so's I can take him home ter his Gran'paw Cunningham."

Lieutenant Coulters, he looks plumb bewildered.

"Oh, Cadet Yackey ain't a-feared of *flyin'!*" he says. "It's something else. If he'd talk about it, we could help him. As an old fambly friend, maybe you can get him ter tell you, Jedge. I'll send him in."

Serial Yackey was a sight ter behold. They'd sheared off most of his curls an' tried ter give him a good wind burn, but a peakeder, scairter-lookin' young-un I never laid eyes on.

"Jedge!" he busts out, "it ain't Maw or Paw? Tell me the truth!"

"Be you plumb daft, Serial?" I says.

"N-nobuddy dead yet, Jedge?"

Yep. Thet's whut he said. An' he looked like he was aimin' fer to fall over in a faint.

I grabbed him by the arms ter steady him. "Whoa now, Serial," I says. "Don't git confused in the head. Your folks ain't in danger. You're the one thet's in mortal peril."

Serial, he blinked his eyes.

"This flyin' thing?" says he. "Tain't nothin' dang'ous about'n this! I soloed in six hours. I fly by the seat of my pants. I'm a hot pilot. Ask Mr. Lieutenant Coulter if'n I ain't. Once I get inter a ship, I can almost quit worryin' over the fambly—"

Jest then, a phone rings. A young feller they call Flight Surgeon sticks his head in the door.

"Mister Yackey," says he, "you got a sister named Sally Lunn?"

"Y-y-yess . . . whut's happened?"

"Nothin' serious," says the Flight Surgeon, "she fell off'n a bicycle an' bruk her left arm. Whoa, hold on a minute—" He goes back ter the phone an' listens, then sticks his head in the door.

"Is Tommy Yackey Dolan any relation of your'n?"

"My pore leetle fust cousin—"

The Flight Surgeon shaken his head. "Got a bad scalp wound. He was ridin' on the handle bars of thet bike."

Pore Serial Yackey jest went all ter pieces.

"I cain't stand this no longer, Jedge," he says. "Here I set safe an' sound in this air school whilst my pore fambly is exposed to turrible danger. You'll have ter persuade 'em ter go home whur it's safe, or I cain't hardly make it. I'll have ter resign in disgrace!"

Well, son, thet's whut a higher eddication will do ter a Yackey. Pore Serial had got his facks an' figgers all twisted around. But I seed it wasn't no use arguin' with the boy.

"Think ye could make it, if'n I got the folks headed back ter Bushwhacker, Serial?" I says.

Serial jumps up, grinning all over his face. "Easy as pie, Jedge!" says he.

"I'll see whut I can do," I says.

He shaken my hand an' follered me to the door, sayin', "See if'n you cain't make Edie Lou go back, too. Every time I bring my ship in fer a landin' I have the conniption fits thinkin' somethin's happened ter Edie Lou. Civilian life in Californy is jest too danged dang'ous, Jedge!"

Whut say, son? Sound psychology? Don't blatherskite me. I was jest hoomering an eddicated idjit.

Fust Lieutenant Coulter was waitin' by the front entrance. "Think you can straighten Cadet Yackey out, Jedge?" he asks.

I taken a good, hard Pike County look at him.

"Whut the good Lord didn't see fitten ter do twenty year ago, sonny," I says, "no mortal man can accomplish now. But I reckon I can aid an' abet pore Serial's idjutsy so's he'll be a good hand with them flyin' machines—like the rest of yer. Hanh!"

Thet held him, thet held him.

I clumb in my taxicab an' started back ter town. At the front sentry post, I run smack inter Mr. Reb Yackey an' Missus Reb Yackey. They'd parked their old jaloppy on the road.

Mr. Reb Yackey, he was hopping around on one foot whilst the Missus an' some flyin' cadets looked on.

"Howdy, Jedge," says Missus Yackey, right snifty. "We heared you was in town."

"Whut's wrong with Reb?" says I.

Missus Yackey shrugs, unconcerned.

"Run a shingle nail in his foot, I reckon," she says. Then, she looks inter thet sky. "Bad day fer flyin'. Sun's too bright. I shore hope Serial wears them smoked glasses like I told him."

I walks over ter Mr. Reb Yackey. "Nail rusty, Reb?" I says.

MR. REB YACKEY, he spit some terbaccy juice on his foot an' th'owed a ten-penny nail inter the bushes.

"It's them goldang Japs," he says. "They been scatterin' nails on these here Californy roads ter spike a man's tires." Then, he taken a good look at me an' gobbles. "Shore enough, it's the Jedge! I said I wouldn't believe it ontil I seed yer with my own eyes. Whut brings you ter Californy, Jedge?"

I rares back an' lets fly.

"You an' the Missus climb inter thet cab an' I'll tell yer whilst we ride back ter town, Reb. Pore Serial's hull future happiness depends on whut I've got ter say."

Missus Yackey didn't even want ter listen, but Reb made her jine us in the cab. Howsomever, I seed, afore I was halfway th'ough, thet neither of 'em would taken my advice.

"H'mph," says Missus Yackey, interruptin'. "Quit wastin' breath, Jedge. This is jest a spiteful trick of old man Cunningham's. He sent you out here to bamboozle us folks an' persuade us ter leave pore Serial in the lurch. I, fer

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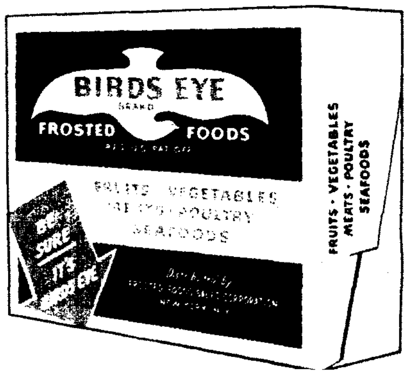

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one, don't leave Californy ontil Serial gradyates."

Mr. Reb Yackey, he taken a swig f'm my jug of sorghum beer. "If'n Serial was worrited about'n a few leetle accidents, he'd tell us, I reckon."

"He's ashamed ter own up ter it, Reb."

"Fiddlesticks," says Missus Reb Yackey. "You an' old man Cunningham is jest tryin' ter make small of Serial. A boy thet's brave enough ter fly one of them machines, ain't worriting over a few piddlin' mishaps."

So sayin', Missus Yackey steps out'n thet taxicab onter the grounds of the tourist camp whur them Yackeys had put up. All of a sudden, she lets out a turrible screech, jumps sideways an' falls over in a dead faint.

Whut say, son? We-ell, they's still a dispute about'n it. The taxi driver says it wasn't nothin' but a gopher snake. Mr. Reb Yackey, he allows it was a rattler. Anyways, Missus Reb Yackey th'owed her hip out'n jint when she fell.

Well, sir, thet tourist camp was the goldangdest uproar ye'd ever want ter expeerience this side of a actual battlefield. Missus Reb Yackey, she was down with her hip out'n jint. Gran'maw Tolliver, she was down with the Jap-pizen. Pore Aunt Libby Martin, she was down with four ribs busted in the blackout. Uncle Heber Yackey Dolan, he could jest barely sit up with his bruk collarbone. Mr. Reb Yackey, he was soon a-limpin' f'm the mortification of thet nail. Then, on top of thet, in come Edie Lou f'm the emergency hospital with Sally Lunn Yackey an' Tommy Yackey Dolan.

The gal rushes over ter me.

"Serial . . . is—is he still all right?" she quavers.

I taken a look inter thet Californy sky, an' about'n thutty of them blue an' yaller contraptions was high-tailin' it toward thet ocean. I was still a-scairt of them things, mind ye, but not so downright plumb terrified as at fust.

"Well, Edie Lou," says I, "they's one thing ter be said fer 'em. Serial ain't apt ter step on any rusty nails."

"Be ye daft, Jedge Sam'l?"

THE time had come ter talk plumb serious an' straight f'm the shoulder. I taken Edie Lou ter one side, whur it looked reasonably safe, an' I told her everything I had larned consarnin' Serial Yackey's mental sitchyation. Fer once, Edie Lou had a good grip on thet tongue of her'n.

"W-why, Jedge—" she says, finally, "you mean thet Serial ain't a coward fer hisself but only on account of the folks?"

"Yep. Thet's his mental sitchyation to a T."

"If'n they'd go home, he'd stand a chance?"

"Yep. A dern good chance."

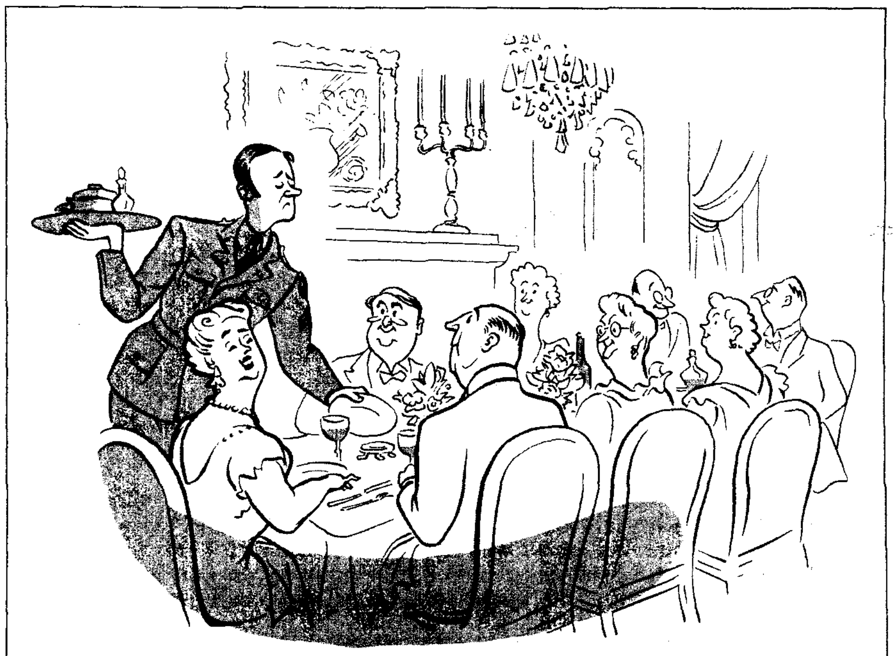
Pore Edie Lou's lips begun a-tremblin'. "But how can we make 'em go home, Jedge?"

I jest looked mysteerious an' patted her fatherly. "I'm a-studyin' on it, gal," says I.

Says which? Did I have a plan thought up? Yep, son, I did. A simple plan fer a complicated sitchyation. Remember how I remarked thet I toted along a twenty-five-gallon keg of sorghum beer? They's no sitchyation in this vale of tears thet's so complicated but whut sorghum beer can be a big help in solvin' it.

Thet very evenin', son, as soon as Serial's Cousin Lafe Yackey an' his Uncle Dockery Yackey Dolan come back f'm watchin' fer Jap submarines down ter Port Hueneme, I rolled out my keg of sorghum beer.

I set her up in front of them cabins the folks had rented at thet tourist camp.



"Now that Wadley is in the Army I insist that he make this his home during leave!"

ERIC PETERS

"Sorghum beer fer one an' all!" says I, reel loud. "The genuwine Bushwhacker produck, smooth as a maiden's cheek, sweet as young love an' the soberest prohibition drink thet ever rolled down God's green footstool. Come one, come all. She's free!"

Well, Lafe Yackey an' Uncle Dockery Dolan an' Mr. Reb Yackey, they didn't hang back none. The menfolks f'm them neighborin' cabins acted right bashful, at fust, but Mr. Reb Yackey, he yells:

"Step up here, y'all ignerant Californyans, an' git yerselves eddicated in two swallers, by Joe!"

A lean hongry feller f'm Long Beach, Californy, he said, "I'll risk two swallers of anything, neighbor!"

He taken hisself two swallers, give a foolish blink like a goldang hoot owl, an' taken two swallers more.

"Yayyy, man!" yells the feller f'm Long Beach. "It ain't beer an' it ain't whisky an' it ain't champagne an' it ain't intoxicatin'! It's a goldang murrical!"

Purty soon a feller f'm Oregon an' a feller f'm Texas an' two more fellers f'm Oxnard, Californy, thet was jest passin' by is swiggin' thet sorghum beer of mine. Purty soon, Cousin Lafe Yackey, he rares back an' lets 'er go:

"My name's Lafe Yackey, f'm Bushwhacker, Missoury! Ol' Bushwhacker grows the best red hawgs an' the best sorghum beer in the hull goldang nation, by Joe!"

The feller f'm Texas shaken his head.

"I dunno about yore hawgs, pardner," says he, "but I grants y'all boys the sorghum beer repertation."

Then, Uncle Dockery Dolan, he rares back an' lets 'er go:

"Sorghum beer an' red hawgs ain't the half of whut ol' Bushwhacker grows best'n. She grows the finest pig nubbins, the purtiest gals an' the biggest oranges in the hull dern nation!"

The feller f'm Long Beach, he shaken his head. "Excuse me, neighbor," he says, "but y'all cain't grow oranges in Missouri!"

Then, Mr. Reb Yackey, he rares back an' lets 'er go:

"Oranges bigger'n yer head, Californy!" yells Mr. Reb Yackey. "Grapefruit bigger'n punkins. An' whut's more, Californy, ol' Bushwhacker, she's got the bluest skies an' the best climate of any place in the hull dang nation, by Joe!"

The feller f'm Long Beach taken a five-breath swig an' shaken his head.

"Reckon yo're braggin' now, neighbor," says Long Beach. "I'll grant yer the sorghum beer, I'll grant yer the oranges an' grapefruit—but any idjit knows thet Long Beach has the best climate in the hull goldang creation. An' thet's a modest estermit!"

Cousin Lafe Yackey an' Uncle Dockery Dolan let out'n a roar like panthercats.

"Why, dang yore ignerant soul!" yells Mr. Reb Yackey, "Long Beach ain't even got the best climate in Californy. Floridy's got the best climate in Californy. An' all the lung cases f'm Floridy come ter old Bushwhacker ter git healed, by Joe!"

WELL, son, I draws the veil of tolerance an' Christian charity over whut follered. I reserves my scorn an' contempt fer a Oxnard jedge by the name of Hurley McWilliams.

Natchelly, I repersented all them Bushwhacker defendants at the trial. It was part an' parcel of my plan ter git Mr. Reb Yackey, Uncle Dockery Dolan an' Cousin Lafe Yackey banished f'm the state. But the said Jedge Hurley McWilliams outdone his constertutional perog'tives in renderin' sentence f'm the bench.

"The State of Californy," says Jedge Hurley McWilliams, "is too busy fightin' this war ter be bothered with you *Okies*. I gives the lot of yer jest three days ter git acrosst the state line."

"Whut's a Okie?" says I.

"A indigent resident of Oklahomy," says he.

"Whut's wrong with Oklahomy?" says I. "They grow brave people in Oklahomy—folks thet don't shiver in their boots every time the Army cuts loose at imaginary Jap flyin' machines!"

"Contempt of court!" says thet Jedge McWilliams, "but I won't th'ow yore pants in jail on account of advanced age. Court adjourned!"

DOC FRASER tipped my sorghum beer jug to get a last trickle.

"But, Doc," I said, "what happened to your foot? How did you—"

"Hesh up!" snapped the sage of Bushwhacker. "If'n ye must know, Serial Yackey an' Edie Lou Martin invited me ter take a close look at one of them flyin' machines. In fack, they was a-goin' ter treat me ter a ride in a commercial airliner ter Phoenix, Arizony. But whilst we was on our way ter the airport—an' me a-shakin' and a-wonderin' if I was brave enough—one of them goldang Californy state guardsmen taken a shot at our car. The idjit drilled me right th'ough my ankle."

THE END

Bright People's Ailment

Continued from page 21

better right away. What's more, if after the treatment the patient was given a lot of salty water he got worse again.

It was a new lead. It looked, and looks now after still more work, as if possibly it is the sodium that may be a clue to the cause of allergy more than the potassium. Nobody knows yet, but they're going after it hotfoot.

Meanwhile, another group of scientists is working on an entirely different angle and you can take your choice. I won't guarantee personally that either of them will be the final solution, and I doubt if any sound allergist will, either. It is a fact, however, that closed up inside a good many of the body cells is a substance called histamine, which is harmless as long as it is closed up inside the cells, but which when it gets out into the tissues causes swelling and irritation. And it is a fact that this histamine is most concentrated in the tissues where allergic reactions are likely to occur, the lungs, for instance.

The Point of Sensitivity

It is also a fact that if histamine is injected into the skin of a nonallergic person it causes a swelling exactly like a hive. So the most generally accepted theory today is that allergic reactions are caused by the allergen, be it ragweed or feathers, cats or cabbage, irritating the cells at the point where they are sensitive, so that the cells break down and release this histamine, or H-substance as cautious scientists are calling it. And the histamine is what produces the swelling or itching or sneezing or wheezing.

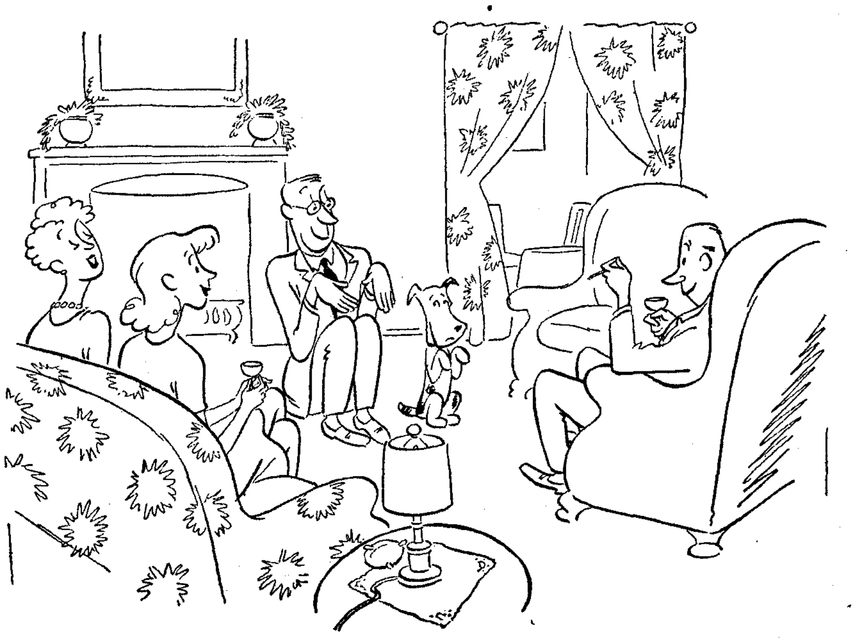
The only trouble with this theory is that there is a perfectly good antidote for histamine, an enzyme called histaminase which was discovered about ten years ago, long before histamine was tied up with allergy at all. And if histamine is the whole cause of allergic reactions, why, histaminase ought to be a cure-all—and it isn't. Allergists have tried it, naturally, on every possible allergic condition, and there are plenty of them besides the well-known hives and hay fever and asthma. There is allergic gastritis, and even allergic arthritis, though this is rare. There is allergic sensitivity to various serums and animal extracts, particularly the horse serum from which tetanus and diphtheria antitoxins are made. And there is allergy to cold and heat, which can do anything from making you swell up to making you collapse in a state of shock, from as simple a thing as taking a bath or going out on a winter day.

It is these last two groups that histaminase seems to have helped the most. People who might have died because they didn't dare take pneumonia serum or tetanus antitoxin, diabetics who got terrific hives from insulin, have found that if they take histaminase along with the injection they don't get serum sickness. People with cold allergy have found that taking histaminase makes them able to go about their brisk walks or cold plunges normally.

One of the things that make life so hard for allergists is that sensitive souls are so sensitive. Sometimes they're entirely too sensitive, entirely too responsive, like all those patients who politely responded to calcium and hydrochloric acid and gave their doctors a lot of false hopes.

Most allergic people don't like to admit this, for they think it makes them sound neurotic, which isn't, generally speaking, true, but all the same there isn't much doubt that there is a big mental and emotional factor in all allergic conditions—the psychic factor, doctors call it. This doesn't mean for a moment that asthma or hay fever or hives or even migraine is in any way imaginary, but it does mean that in some way the little nerve ends in your bronchial tubes and your nose and wherever you get your allergic reactions are somehow mysteriously affected by the state of your mind and even more by the state of your emotions. The classic story, for instance, of showing a rose-cold patient an artificial rose and making him begin to sneeze doesn't mean that he was imagining the rose pollen. It means that the sight of the rose set up a whole train of nervous reactions inside him that started his nasal mucosa to swelling and weeping.

There are dozens of stories to prove this physical psychological tie-up, true stories that come from the case histories of prominent allergists. There was the woman with asthma who was in an automobile accident with her husband. For a long time afterward, whenever he put on the brakes suddenly, she choked right up and began to wheeze. There was the man who developed angioneurotic edema—a sort of giant hive that can get as big as a dinner plate—whenever he was losing at poker, but not when he was winning. There was the woman who had been allergic to chocolate and shrimp but for a long time had been able to eat them without any trouble. When she suddenly had to rush to the bedside of her ailing mother she immediately began to get hives from chocolate and shrimp again.



"Bert always has to do it with him, or he gets embarrassed in front of company"

CLAUDE SMITH

Some psychiatrists go so far as to say that allergy is entirely the result of a conflict between the patient and the life he is leading. Others who didn't go that far are pretty sure that allergic patients can be made almost symptom-free by psychotherapy, especially psychoanalysis, which releases all their hidden conflicts and repressions. Some hardheaded allergists, on the other hand, completely pooh-pooh any emotional tie-up. But most allergists are willing to admit that allergy rarely occurs in a person who is entirely at peace with the world.

And the more at peace with the world a person gets, the less violent his allergic reactions are apt to be to exactly the same things that used to make his life miserable. I know a young married woman who wanted children badly, but she put off having them because of budget trouble. She had terrific asthma, eczema and hives. The latter so bad that she couldn't sit on a horsehair-stuffed sofa, horsehair being one of her allergens. After she had a couple of blessed events she could sit just about anywhere she pleased and her asthma turned into a minor rather than a major ailment.

A Disease of Civilization

One of the troubles with these psychic factors in allergy is that while allergy itself has become respectable almost to the point of being fashionable, psychiatry hasn't. People can't bear to admit that their bodies can be affected by their minds, which is pretty silly of them, particularly silly of allergic people. Because if allergic people find life hard to take, it's probably because as a group they're generally more intelligent and responsive and dynamic than the run-of-the-mill human. Allergists are pretty well agreed on that by now, and it makes sense. Nobody could call it a sign of intelligence to find the world as it is today entirely acceptable.

If a bad attack of asthma or hay fever does catch up with us now, we're a lot better off than we would have been twenty years ago, or even five years ago. There's an adrenalin ten times as strong as the regular variety that we can spray right into our lungs. There is a new adrenalin in oil—peanut oil, by the way—which, when injected, does good for some twelve hours instead of the half-hour of the old type. And then there's that Chinese herb ephedrine which, while not so potent as adrenalin, lasts longer and can be taken by mouth. And if even these fail, we can get inside an oxygen tent and have a little helium with our oxygen. The molecules of helium are so small they can get into swollen air passages where oxygen can't. And, of course, there's air conditioning. I know a man who in the hay-fever season can only sleep after a pleasant evening with Hedy Lamarr or Joan Bennett. And if you don't like brunettes there are always the air-conditioned bars, and allergists say that some people find alcohol of definite therapeutic value.

THE END

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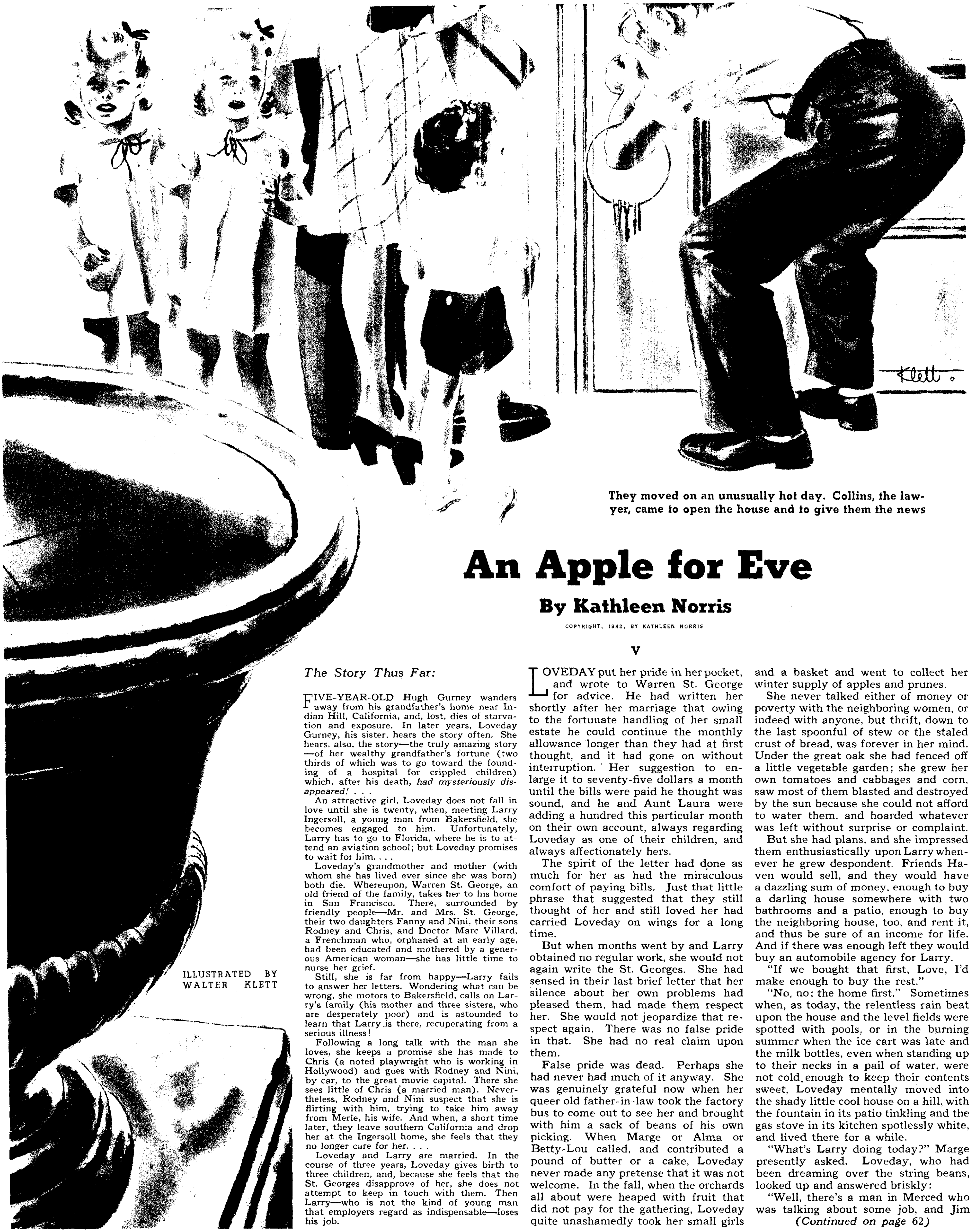

They moved on an unusually hot day. Collins, the lawyer, came to open the house and to give them the news

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER KLETT

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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V

The Story Thus Far:

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Hugh Gurney wanders away from his grandfather's home near Indian Hill, California, and, lost, dies of starvation and exposure. In later years, Loveday Gurney, his sister, hears the story often. She hears, also, the story—the truly amazing story—of her wealthy grandfather's fortune (two thirds of which was to go toward the founding of a hospital for crippled children) which, after his death, *had mysteriously disappeared!* . . .

An attractive girl, Loveday does not fall in love until she is twenty, when, meeting Larry Ingersoll, a young man from Bakersfield, she becomes engaged to him. Unfortunately, Larry has to go to Florida, where he is to attend an aviation school; but Loveday promises to wait for him. . . .

Loveday's grandmother and mother (with whom she has lived ever since she was born) both die. Whereupon, Warren St. George, an old friend of the family, takes her to his home in San Francisco. There, surrounded by friendly people—Mr. and Mrs. St. George, their two daughters Fanny and Nini, their sons Rodney and Chris, and Doctor Marc Villard, a Frenchman who, orphaned at an early age, had been educated and mothered by a generous American woman—she has little time to nurse her grief.

Still, she is far from happy—Larry fails to answer her letters. Wondering what can be wrong, she motors to Bakersfield, calls on Larry's family (his mother and three sisters, who are desperately poor) and is astounded to learn that Larry is there, recuperating from a serious illness!

Following a long talk with the man she loves, she keeps a promise she has made to Chris (a noted playwright who is working in Hollywood) and goes with Rodney and Nini, by car, to the great movie capital. There she sees little of Chris (a married man). Nevertheless, Rodney and Nini suspect that she is flirting with him, trying to take him away from Merle, his wife. And when, a short time later, they leave southern California and drop her at the Ingersoll home, she feels that they no longer care for her. . . .

Loveday and Larry are married. In the course of three years, Loveday gives birth to three children, and, because she feels that the St. Georges disapprove of her, she does not attempt to keep in touch with them. Then Larry—who is not the kind of young man that employers regard as indispensable—loses his job.

LOVEDAY put her pride in her pocket, and wrote to Warren St. George for advice. He had written her shortly after her marriage that owing to the fortunate handling of her small estate he could continue the monthly allowance longer than they had at first thought, and it had gone on without interruption. Her suggestion to enlarge it to seventy-five dollars a month until the bills were paid he thought was sound, and he and Aunt Laura were adding a hundred this particular month on their own account, always regarding Loveday as one of their children, and always affectionately hers.

The spirit of the letter had done as much for her as had the miraculous comfort of paying bills. Just that little phrase that suggested that they still thought of her and still loved her had carried Loveday on wings for a long time.

But when months went by and Larry obtained no regular work, she would not again write the St. Georges. She had sensed in their last brief letter that her silence about her own problems had pleased them, had made them respect her. She would not jeopardize that respect again. There was no false pride in that. She had no real claim upon them.

False pride was dead. Perhaps she had never had much of it anyway. She was genuinely grateful now when her queer old father-in-law took the factory bus to come out to see her and brought with him a sack of beans of his own picking. When Marge or Alma or Betty-Lou called, and contributed a pound of butter or a cake, Loveday never made any pretense that it was not welcome. In the fall, when the orchards all about were heaped with fruit that did not pay for the gathering, Loveday quite unashamedly took her small girls and a basket and went to collect her winter supply of apples and prunes.

She never talked either of money or poverty with the neighboring women, or indeed with anyone, but thrift, down to the last spoonful of stew or the staled crust of bread, was forever in her mind. Under the great oak she had fenced off a little vegetable garden; she grew her own tomatoes and cabbages and corn, saw most of them blasted and destroyed by the sun because she could not afford to water them, and hoarded whatever was left without surprise or complaint.

But she had plans, and she impressed them enthusiastically upon Larry whenever he grew despondent. Friends Haven would sell, and they would have a dazzling sum of money, enough to buy a darling house somewhere with two bathrooms and a patio, enough to buy the neighboring house, too, and rent it, and thus be sure of an income for life. And if there was enough left they would buy an automobile agency for Larry.

"If we bought that first, Love, I'd make enough to buy the rest."

"No, no; the home first." Sometimes when, as today, the relentless rain beat upon the house and the level fields were spotted with pools, or in the burning summer when the ice cart was late and the milk bottles, even when standing up to their necks in a pail of water, were not cold enough to keep their contents sweet, Loveday mentally moved into the shady little cool house on a hill, with the fountain in its patio tinkling and the gas stove in its kitchen spotlessly white, and lived there for a while.

"What's Larry doing today?" Marge presently asked. Loveday, who had been dreaming over the string beans, looked up and answered briskly:

"Well, there's a man in Merced who was talking about some job, and Jim

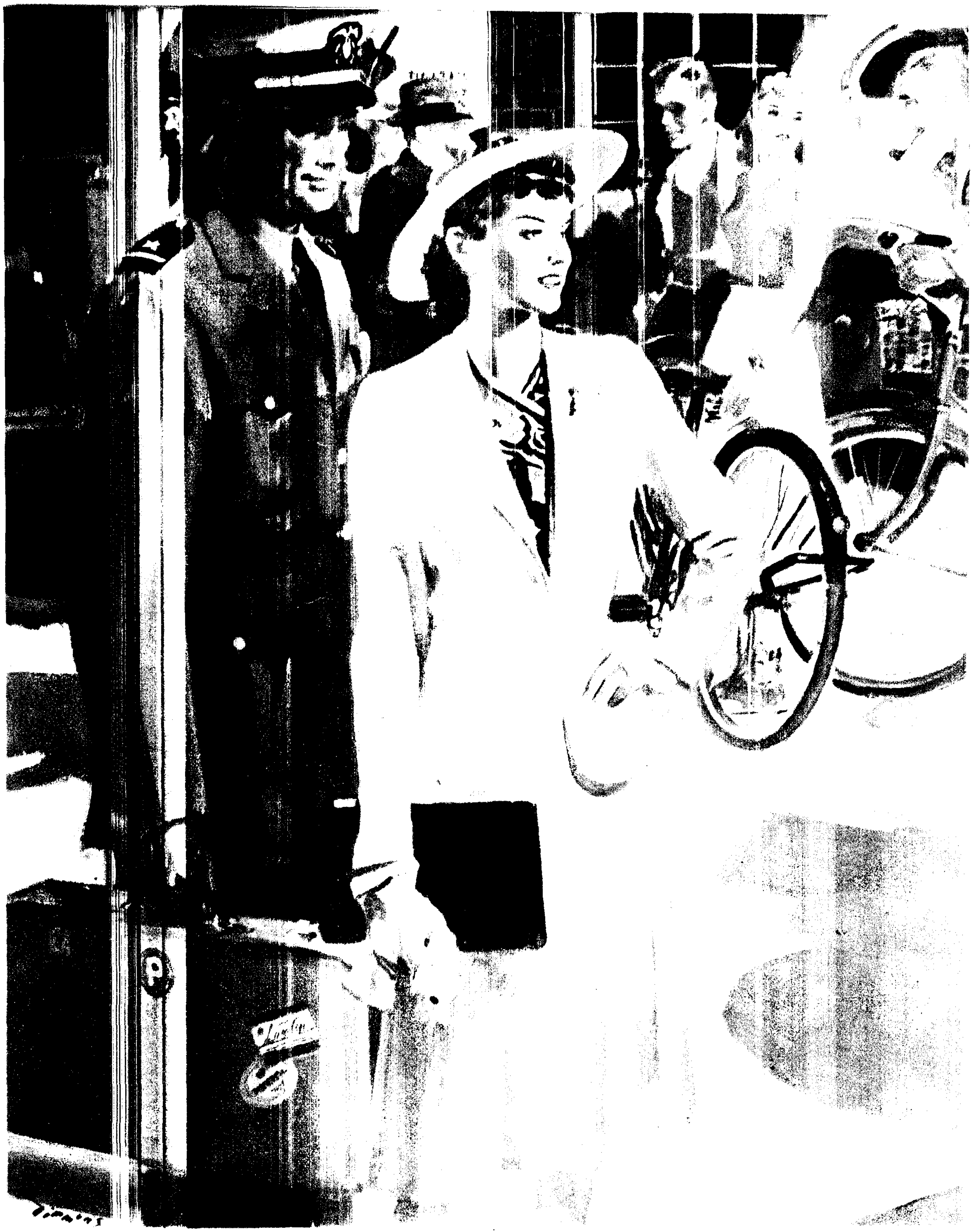
(Continued on page 62)

LOVE IN EXILE

By Hamlen Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The story of a woman who loved once, but was twice doubtful of love



The train stopped at a little station that made Tam's heart turn over, it was so like a village stop in England, even to people meeting the train on bicycles

THE glass doors closed off Sue's cocktail party behind them, and Tamsin Potter was alone with Briss Tait; they might have stepped into a cloud or been standing on a mountaintop, for the fog had made the New York streets vanish and all they could see was a black stretch of East River.

Tam said, "I've missed you being about for the past few weeks."

He said, "I've been laying mines somewhere along the Atlantic coast. Now I've got a few months of New York harbor-patrol duty."

He had his arm around her in a warm, friendly way she couldn't object to and now his hold tightened and he suddenly kissed her.

"That's been hovering over you all afternoon," he said. "Like a hawk."

Tamsin said, "I rather feel as if I'd behaved like a fascinated rabbit, watching that hawk. And now, if you'd let me have a cigarette—"

He reached for his case and Tamsin stared out at the landscape of fog and clouds, making her face blank and cool. If only, when you had suddenly to go and live in a new world, you could leave an old love packed away with all the other things a refugee could not take along! If only, in these two lonely years, the longing for Keith had been cut down a little; if only it would stop springing up again, fresher and greener, as it had done just now when Briss kissed her! If only she could satisfy her loneliness with someone else, as Keith could do.

"Has done," she corrected herself, absently taking a cigarette. "I think that's plain from this last letter. I'm not blaming him in the least—it isn't that. He never could stand loneliness and I suppose he was bound to find someone, in time, if I weren't there when he needed me. We faced that when I left England. Only, when it happens, it hurts so much. Because when two people love each other as closely as Keith and I did, there's no room for passing love affairs; if Keith is in love again, again it's the real thing, and the other very real thing that we had between us is dead or gone or, at any rate, lost forever."

Putting it like that to herself, she almost believed it. She knew Keith well. He was already at the Maudsley Hospital when she met him, just learning that his own attractiveness could keep people near him, but still full of distrust. He told her once that loneliness was his nightmare. "I grew up in a family that hadn't had its money long," he said. "And they lost it while I was away at school. They'd been social climbers and now, suddenly poor again, they were deserted by most of their friends and we were stranded in a huge stone monstrosity of a house in Mayfair.

"God knows how many times I sneaked in the servants' entrance to that house, so people wouldn't know I lived there, when they already knew I had my shoes soled not once but twice and never had money for books or beer. When I finally won a scholarship to Oxford, it made me decide to be very much on my own, in every respect. You're more independent and less likely to be lonely if you spread your affections and interests, instead of concentrating them."

But he had fallen in love with her, and married her, and for years they had been so happy that everything that had happened since seemed unreal. They had had Michael, who was the reason Tam was in America for the duration. And now Keith was in love with someone else.

Briss reached back, opened the door, beckoned to a maid walking by with a trayful of fresh cocktails, removed the tray from her hands, closed the door again with one elbow, and set the tray down on the balcony railing. He handed a drink to Tamsin and took one himself.

"Here's to us and our future!" he said. "I like its looks."

"Here's to crime!" she said, still lightly. Perhaps, in England, Keith and his Mary were touching glasses; why shouldn't she and the most attractive American she knew do the same?

"I don't like that one, lady," Briss said suddenly, and tossed both cocktails, glasses and all, down into the street, perhaps causing a sightseer from out of town to go home and report that in New York it rained Martinis. Briss took two more drinks from the tray.

He said, "I like you and I think good things are going to come of that in time, so we'll drink to us, the way I suggested at the beginning. Okay? Have you got it straight?"

It made her pay full attention to him, which was what he wanted.

She laughed a little and said, "I tell you, you're *just* the way Texas has been described to me! I've met British pilots who had their air training there—so I'm a bit prepared for you. But not quite!" She backed away from him a little. The damp air had made her short dark hair go into half-curls, like commas, all over her head and had brought a shrimp-pink color to her cheeks. "You're so different from my husband," she said, reminding him she still had one. Then, remembering that this was no longer quite so, she looked again at Briss.

He had reddish hair and a long nose and a wide, close-meeting mouth. He was very tall but gave the impression of solidity and strength, rather than of slenderness. He was not a boy—he was, in his thirties, a competent, blunt, honest adult. Before the war, he had run a boys' ranch school outside of San Antonio.

"You'd better tell me about him and get it off your mind," Briss said, slowly. "We don't begin until after that."

"He's in the war, of course," she said, trying to sound blank, as well as to look undisturbed, trying, with words, to loosen the tight grip of longing still around her heart. "He's doing research in aviation medicine, with the R.A.F. Not in a lab in London; right in the air over Libya and Malta and anywhere else. He's a grand person—you'd like him immensely."

Briss said, still slowly, but laughing at her a little, "You know darned well I wouldn't like your husband. But it doesn't matter so much because I can tell that, since I last saw you, something's happened to hurt you but also to make you more—let's say, free. Suddenly I have a chance, and that means a lot if you're crazy about a girl."

"Something has happened," Tam said. Again, to make it real. To make herself know that her marriage had ended. A long time ago, the night before she and Michael sailed for the States, Keith had said, "We're casualties of war now, even if a bomb never hits anywhere near us again. Separation's deadly for love."

She said to Briss, "Let's go back to the party. We should, you know."

"Just long enough to leave it," Briss told her firmly. "You're having dinner with me. We're rationed on time these days, lady, and I'm not wasting hours with you at one of Sue's perpetual parties."

"They *are* a bit perpetual, aren't they?" Tamsin admitted, feeling a little disloyal. Sue King had been kindness itself. Young Michael, now almost seven, was in school with Sue's assorted children, and Tamsin had a home for the duration in Sue's fabulous apartment that was all done in glass brick, with inlays of ebony and cinnabar, and it was only against Sue's loud protests that Tamsin went to work every day in one of the medical labs at Bellevue.

"You're my guest for the duration!" Sue cried. "Why don't you just relax, darling?"

Tam laughed. "It would be wicked to waste my training as a chemist in these times," she said. "And besides, I need both the work and the money. I don't want to be an idle refugee—I don't want to be mistaken for royalty!"

THE Potters had never been rich, and the war had made them much poorer. Compared with Sue, they had lived a very simple, unspectacular life in London, Keith as a doctor, Tam as a chemist who worked part-time, even after Michael, because she loved to.

Sue was rich and terribly social. She was now on her fifth husband and since she apparently dreaded being alone with him, there was usually a party going on in the enormous sunken living room, and Sue saw to it that there were plenty of attractive men for Tam. She persisted in considering Tam as an eligible young girl, bound to marry sooner or later, and meantime bound to entertain and allure as many men as possible.

"Take what offers, darling!" she said cynically when Tam protested that she was neither a girl, nor unattached. "You're young and beautiful, and even if you love your husband, you're lonely. This war may go on for a long time and, besides, what do you suppose Keith is doing with his evenings off?"

"Working," said Tam hardily.

"Keith won't let all work make *him* into a dull boy!" said Sue.

It seemed that Sue knew men better than Tam did. Keith was working hard, even when he was back, briefly, in London, but he seemed to need to mention Mary Almond at least once a letter. In the old days, he would not have known Lady Mary Almond, as the Strand and Tatler called her, but the war was mixing up the social strata in England. Mary was a volunteer secretary for the medical commission to which Keith was attached and she had helped type and edit his last reports. As Tam would have done if she had been there. But she wasn't there, and so it was with Mary Almond that Keith lunched and dined and worked when he was back in London.

Tam hadn't known how far things had gone until Keith's letter today. It was hard to say how she knew now, except that Keith wrote more about his work and plans and less about his loneliness. He had, it seemed, become adjusted to the unnatural life of wartime and Lady Mary was his adjustment. "Mary and I ran down to look at our house. It's packed with little London toughs and the lawn is done over in potatoes, but the house is as stout as ever, and we picnicked by the canal, as you and I used to do. It was almost like peace again."

SHE had been dressing for Sue's party today when the letter came and as she opened it, she thought, "It's not only that I miss Keith so terribly—it's that we were so good together!" She laughed. "Everyone said we were a lovely couple!"

Friends had wondered at, then rather wistfully admired, the unlikely combination of Keith, tall, older and quite serious, except for a sharp sense of humor he kept for his intimates—he was a subtle, original person—and of Tamsin, young and pretty and fond of dancing and light wines, which she explained by references to her French mother. Keith had loved her for her light touch and for her warmth which had wrapped around him, who had grown from a lonely, neglected child to a sharp-minded, charming, and still lonely man.

Cold with shock after reading his letter, Tamsin combed her hair and thought, slowly, as if the cold had numbed her brain:

"How people do go on being the way they are! Keith can't endure loneliness and I celebrate the news that my marriage has ended by going to a cocktail party!" She added in a quoting voice, "Tamsin's so gay!"

She was, too. She made a point of it. It was bad enough to be indebted for everything to Sue without constantly reminding her that under her roof was a homesick, lonely refugee. She had tried to be a pleasant, amenable guest. And she had set an example to Michael, put down, at four years of age, in a totally new world. But that was when she had still had Keith to count on. Keith, who was risking his life every day to test a pilot's reflexes at ten thousand feet, at twenty, at thirty, to gain a little more knowledge that would still be valuable when the war was over and planes flew without bombs.

She knew just how it had happened, really. Keith, finding London unbearable alone. Asking Mary if she could make anything out of that last batch of notes—"Just a few lines written in an air pocket"—making her laugh when she looked up at him. Would she have tea with him? Dinner? They said there was an amusing revue at the Palace—

"And being a little flattered because she accepted, at first," Tamsin thought, sick with misery. "We don't outgrow snobbery overnight, and perhaps he remembered his mended shoes and the servants' entrance."

Before she went downstairs to the party, Tam picked up one of the English magazines Sue subscribed to, and looked again at a picture of Lady Mary Almond. Lady Almond was thinned

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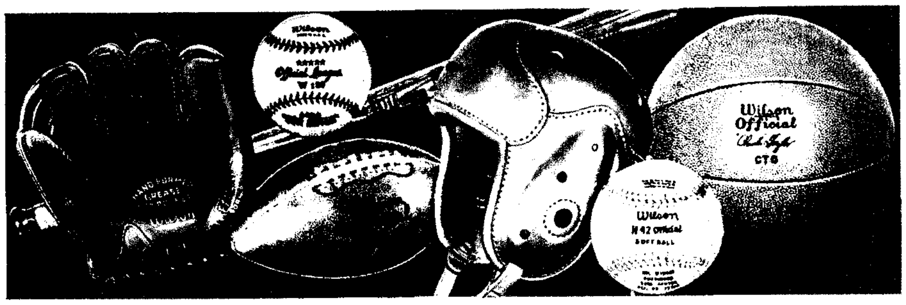

and smoothed and fined by hundreds of years of careful breeding; she had skin like porcelain and brushed, soft brown hair and if she had curves under her uniform, they were shallow and delicate ones.

Tam remembered the last night she and Keith had been together, in their country house that was only an hour from London but it might have been a dozen hours and a century away. Outside, there were only the small sounds of slow-moving water in the canal.

"We may not see each other for years," Keith said miserably. He walked back and forth, stooping a little because the rafters of the ceiling hung so low. "You know how I've hated loneliness."

Tamsin said, "Michael and I needn't go. I've never wanted to."

A month before, their small Georgian brick house near the British Museum had been bombed and Michael, not quite four, had taken to screaming in his sleep.

PRIZE CUP

Pvt. William Zimmerman didn't think he was being done right by at Camp Roberts, Cal., when the Army tried to give him a canteen cup with "Earl Bowles, Glidden, Ia." scratched on it. "I want a new one," he said. "All right," said the Army. Later, for something to do, Pvt. Zimmerman wrote to Mr. Bowles and asked him how long it had been since he had visited Camp Roberts. Came the answer: "I've never been there. I picked up that cup on the St. Mihiel battlefield in 1918, carried it over the top with me half a dozen times, and came out okay." Pvt. Zimmerman hurried back to the supply office. "I'll turn in this new cup for that old one, if it's still here," he panted.

"You must go," Keith said, restlessly. "That's been decided. It's all been arranged. What I'm trying to say is, no one can predict what will happen to us, as people, when we're separated."

Tamsin said, "What could stop our loving each other?"

"Only not being with each other," Keith said grimly. "But that may be enough."

HE LOOKED at her and she saw, without amazement, that there were tears in his eyes, even though he was trying to be dispassionate and reasonable. He was already lonely. He was already talking against the silence there would be in his house and in his heart tomorrow.

"We'll do the best we can, darling," she said. Then she got up and walked into his arms and, for that night, at least, there were no problems.

But that was two years ago.

Tam had tried the girlhood Sue had urged on her—the dates, the parties—and been glad to go back to work and her longing for Keith. But if there was no more Keith, she would have to love someone else. Someone who belonged in the new world where she now lived.

When she got downstairs, Sue said:

"You look as though you wanted a bridge to burn, darling—and it's terribly becoming. And a bridge named Bristol Tait has been looking for you. I always told you he was crazy about you, didn't I?"

"Did you?" said Tam. Then Briss came toward her, with her coat already over his arm, and said:

"We're going outside in the fog, so we can talk in peace. Sue, don't let anybody bother us!"

"I hope you can persuade her she shouldn't retire to a nunnery, at her age, and with her looks!" said Sue.

"I'd love to go to dinner," Tamsin told Briss now, as he pushed open the glass doors and the party noises surged out at them.

"Dinner's just the beginning," Briss said.

AFTER that, it wasn't just that they went out to dinner whenever Briss was off duty, and that they went to the theater and to parties together and came home to talk the party over afterward. It was the way Briss would pick her up after she'd had her hair done, the way they'd read the same book the same day, the way they grew used to each other's voices on the telephone and the way Tamsin grew to think, quite naturally, "Tomorrow is Briss' Sunday off. What shall we do with the whole, long lovely day?"

Michael liked Briss too, which was important. When he had a week end off from school, they all went to the zoo, or rode the ferries, and Briss had endless patience for the youngster's questions. Of course, Tam remembered, he was used to boys.

"Uncle Briss is a swell guy," Michael told her, making her wince a little. "Are we going to Texas to visit him, after the war?"

"Perhaps," she said uneasily.

Once Briss said idly, holding her hand, "I'm going to enjoy showing you Texas. We know how to live, where I come from, and you'll have fun."

Who knew what might not happen after the war? Keith's letters came so seldom now. This might mean he was in Australia or somewhere else, and busy; it might mean he was sick or wounded and unable to write—but someone would probably inform her if this were so; and it might simply mean that he saw Mary in his free time and didn't need to write letters to Tamsin any longer.

"Perhaps we were too much alike, in some ways," Tam thought, talking down the good past so it wouldn't haunt her. "Too equal. It probably didn't have the spice of sharp difference in background and outlook. No, Keith must be enjoying all the new things a new girl can give him. As I'm enjoying Briss because he seemed to integrate me with America. I have a place, when I'm with him. I'm no longer an exile."

Once or twice Briss reminded her that he was in love with her and that, as he was a grown man, this had its physical aspects. But he never hurried her. He was obviously waiting for her signals.

"The time will come," he said. "I can wait, if you can. But not too long, lady, not too long!"

Tamsin said, "Just a little longer, please, darling! You see, this particular situation has never happened to me before—"

No, it was not every day a good marriage disintegrated.

"I suppose you think it has to me," Briss said. "I'm not a kid, in love one

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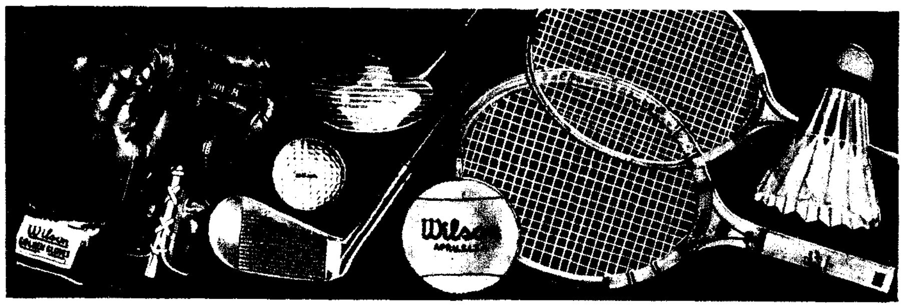


day and out the next. It's happened to me, that's all. You're it."

They both knew the time was coming nearer.

For the thing that she and Keith, talking over the problem of a divided love beforehand had forgotten, it seemed, was that love, like any living thing, is a moving and changing emotion: not static, not unalterable. In England, she loved Keith but, in America, wasn't she in love with Briss? Hadn't she been, even before Keith's letter about Mary? Didn't she believe in being honest and facing facts? And yet—and yet she could not, for a long time, let it go further than that, not even in her own mind, until she remembered, painfully, that Keith had been able to.

She and Briss knew the time had come. For weeks they had been restless, a little ill at ease when they were alone together, and then, one warm, spring Saturday, with Michael on a school hiking trip, Briss phoned her and said, "This is no day to stay in town, and I know a place on Long Island."

"A nice place?" said Tam, and felt her hand shake as she hung up the receiver. Running to the window to see how warm it was and what she should wear, she saw that, overnight, spring had arrived. The very stones and spires of New York had a soft, budding look against the delicate sky, and the few trees were very green.

THERE was a knock at the door and the elevator boy said, "Mrs. Potter, there's a letter for you! An English letter!"

As if that were the best news in the world.

"Darn it!" Tamsin thought, with a little drop in her spirits. Briss would arrive in half an hour. She put the unopened letter into her top bureau drawer and got under the shower.

It was wonderful, suddenly, to put on powder that smelled of honeysuckle and sunlight, to hear tissue paper rustling and to put on everything new, from the skin out. She hadn't had new clothes for a long time; yesterday she had splurged and bought these.

"Maybe I'm in love and maybe I like it," Tamsin thought.

She looked into the mirror and saw herself, thinner than she had been the day Briss first kissed her, but the face had a softer look now. She had on a pale yellow suit and a small straw hat. " 'Thoughts on leaving an old planet for a shiny new one,' " she said softly. "I wonder if I'll ever come back?" And a cold fear touched her that vanished only when she reminded herself, "But it's Briss! Not a stranger you don't care about!"

Briss came at last with a bunch of yellow violets in his hand. He kissed her and opened a small bottle of cold white wine which he had thoughtfully brought with him.

"A toast to the future!" he said.

"Goodby to the past, too," she said soberly, looking at him. He would know what she meant.

As they rode out on the rocking, plush-lined train that even had lanterns hanging from the roof, Tam watched Briss and thought about him. "He's not shy, as Keith used to be," she thought, and tried to turn her thoughts aside. Keith had no business in her mind today. "He's more at ease than I am."

Or, later, "I needn't be ashamed of my taste in men. Even Keith would like him, later, if that were at all possible."

The train stopped at a rustic little station that made Tam's heart turn over, it was so like a village stop in England, even down to people meeting the train on bicycles, and a little cluster of stores the other side of a green. If this were a Saturday in England, if this were Keith—"But it's not," she reminded herself. "And you can't live on 'ifs' indefinitely, as Keith was the first to discover."

Briss said, trying to bring her back beside him again, holding her arm tightly, "We're going to buy a few things for a picnic. Then we'll drive off in that station wagon—it's waiting for us. I telephoned ahead." As they walked across the green, he said, "We even have a house of our own, attached to the inn—in case we want to stay. If we do, I'm on leave and no one will wonder about us, so you needn't have that on your mind. This is outside the usual world."

Tam said, "You're very sweet and considerate."

THE only thing was, he wasn't very real at that moment. She shook herself awake again and they bought beer and cold meat and eggs and salad makings and a ghastly chocolate-peppermint cake. "Strictly for the seagulls," said Briss. They got into the station wagon marked "Lost End Inn" and drove until they reached a little house that was quite perfect, Tam could see at a glance. It was set by itself, with the ocean almost under its windows, and she took off her hat and sat on the window seat while Briss made them a cocktail before lunch.

"Sit beside me on the sofa," he told her and she moved over to be beside him, quite casually. She was prepared for his kiss, but not for the way it went on, taking her with it, until she was a long way from everything familiar, and only Briss and herself were left.

Briss said, "Darling Tamsin—"

And she thought, "He shouldn't have said my name!" Far back in her mind she thought, desolately, "I didn't want to be Tamsin. I wanted to be someone else, so I could stay here and be happy!"

She pulled away from Briss just a little and when he kissed her she sat upright.

"I thought I could stay with you, but I can't," she said, her whisper sounding loud in the stillness. "I'm going back to town."

"Don't talk so much," he said gently. "Everything's different where we are—don't compare it with what went on in the old world, before we knew each other."

"That's exactly the trouble," Tam cried. She was shivering so that Briss took off his coat, warm from his body, and put it over her shoulders. She looked down at her hands, one bare, one with a plain gold wedding ring. "I might not be able to get back into the old world," she said. "And I must. It seems I belong there, even if I'm not wanted."

Briss said, his voice slowed down and hard, "You're not just frightened?"

She looked at him. "Yes," she said. "I'm sick with fear. I knew I was falling in love with you, but I didn't realize quite how far things had gone, until today—"

He said angrily, "But not quite far enough, is that it? You don't think I'd have wanted you if you weren't in love, do you? This is the real thing for me—I've thought ahead as far as Texas, and you and Michael being there with me."

She said, "All the more reason why I must go straight away, now. I'm not willing to be enough in love with you, Briss—that's all there is to it. I'm still in love with my husband, I suppose."

"That's honest, at least," said Briss, but Tam knew how shaken he was. "I could make you stay," he said. "As you know. Perhaps, afterward, we'd both be glad."

"The thing is," she said, "you won't make me stay."

He laughed shortly. "I like them willing," he said. He took back his coat and put it on and took hers from the window seat where she had dropped it.

"Let's go," he said. He locked the door of the little house that might have been theirs, left the key in the mailbox, and started the station wagon.

They didn't talk on the way back to town. Briss sat in his corner with his head bent back and his eyes closed, and Tam stared out of the window. When he left her at the apartment, Tam, watching him vanish from sight in the elevator, thought, "I suppose starving men find it hard to remember their manners. He didn't say goodby."

But he did. He got off the next "Up" elevator and said:

"I won't be back, Tamsin. I'm the original believer in the clean break."

And on the next "Down" elevator, he was gone.

That was Briss, Tam thought. The kind of person who was more than ordinarily given to being the way he was.

SHE hardly realized she was crying, and when she did, she went to the bureau for a handkerchief and found Keith's unopened letter. She might as well open it. Nothing else bad could happen to her or to Keith that he could tell her about in his own writing.

But it was hard for her at first to discover what he was trying to tell her. The ends of sentences kept drifting off the page, so that she wanted to reach out after them, to make sure she knew what he was talking about.

"My darling Tam," Keith wrote. "I'm at the club, which is still dusty, musty and lobster-paced, but the personnel has changed, to remind me that times have ditto. Not only the staff, which has turned female, mostly elderly female, but still I can remember the days when my own wife wasn't allowed in here. But the chairs are inhabited by newcomers, from the slums of Sydney and Manchester and Cork, some like myself, and there are a few noble lords, who no longer have castles to live in but must be satisfied with bed-and-breakfast at the club. Like myself.

"I have been meaning to write this very important letter all during the past crowded months when there has hardly been time to write a postcard. I have a feeling that it is more necessary than usual to talk to you, since I can't touch you and tell you, simply and without words, how much I love you. Perhaps it is sensing that you have withdrawn a little yourself, lately, or turned your back on me. Turn back again, my darling. That much I do need—to know that your face is turned my way.

"Mary Almond taught me something you should know about your husband."

Tam felt the paper seem warm in her fingers, as her fingers turned cold and brittle and she thought, "Here it comes!"

"The Almond, as we chiefly seem to call her, is a grand girl, and she's a wonderful secretary and assistant—she's worked hard over my stuff and I shouldn't have turned out nearly as much or done it half so well without her. That much I must grant her, and so must you. I've enjoyed taking her out once or twice, but it's an unsatisfactory business, when you love someone else. I could only think she'd been bred a little too fine and nervy for me—she's not warm and alive, as you are. Let's hope her lover is equally cool and refined—she's being married next month.

"What Mary taught me is that I'm no longer lonely, in the old way. She taught me I didn't need a girl, if I couldn't have you. It's not that I don't miss you. It's that I've learned I still have you—that you are close enough, dear enough, to be all I need until the war's over.

"Once that wouldn't have been true. Now it is.

"Perhaps I miss you less because there's so much to do. It's good to feel one's own bit of research isn't being done in a bomb-proof lab somewhere. It's being done thirty thousand feet up, where oxygen is scarce and odd things happen to the senses and to the motor of a plane. I'm busy in a wholehearted way the young and new-at-love can't achieve—my whole energy is in what I'm doing at the moment, because I'm sure of my love, quietly, out of sight, even out of mind. But not out of heart. The hand, the eye, the ear, the brain, are busy with charts and testing materials, and the heart quietly goes on beating, living its own secret life.

"Darling, when I say I'm no longer lonely, it may sound alarming, as if I no longer needed you near me, which isn't true. I do. I always will. It's only that I've found that even if this war goes on for years and even if there is an ocean between us, we are together. Love's driven out all the fear and loneliness that used to cower in my heart—now there is only room for you.

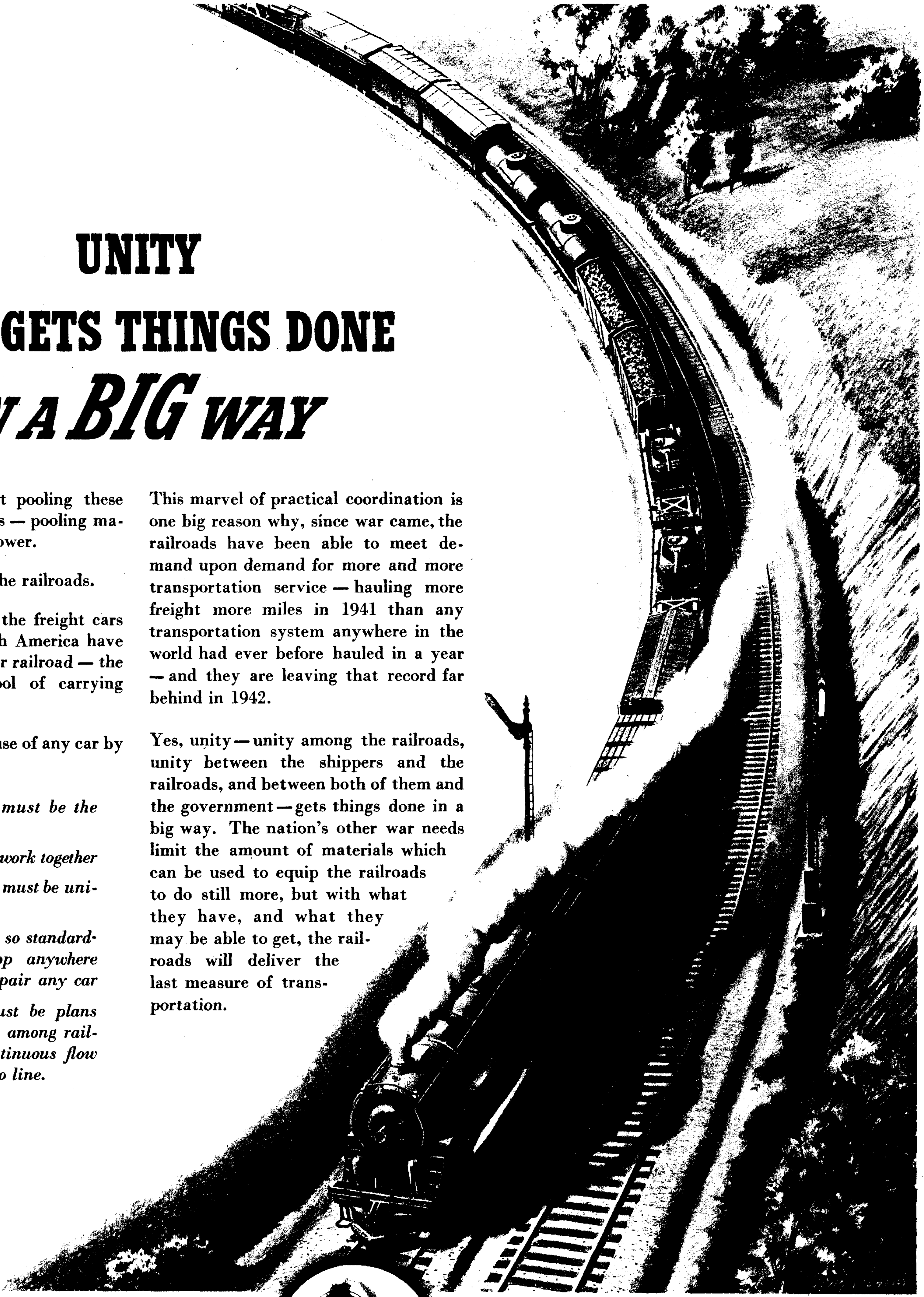
"Look at me, Tam, across the width of the world. Talk to me. Tell me you're still sure and quiet and gay. Tell me what I need to hear—that you still love me."

Out of the window was the East River. The East River led to the harbor, the harbor opened out into the sea. And across the sea was England.

She turned her face in that direction, as if she called, "Keith? Keith? Can you hear me?"

THE END

UNITY
THAT GETS THINGS DONE
IN A BIG WAY



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This marvel of practical coordination is one big reason why, since war came, the railroads have been able to meet demand upon demand for more and more transportation service — hauling more freight more miles in 1941 than any transportation system anywhere in the world had ever before hauled in a year — and they are leaving that record far behind in 1942.

Yes, unity — unity among the railroads, unity between the shippers and the railroads, and between both of them and the government — gets things done in a big way. The nation's other war needs limit the amount of materials which can be used to equip the railroads to do still more, but with what they have, and what they may be able to get, the railroads will deliver the last measure of transportation.

ASSOCIATION OF
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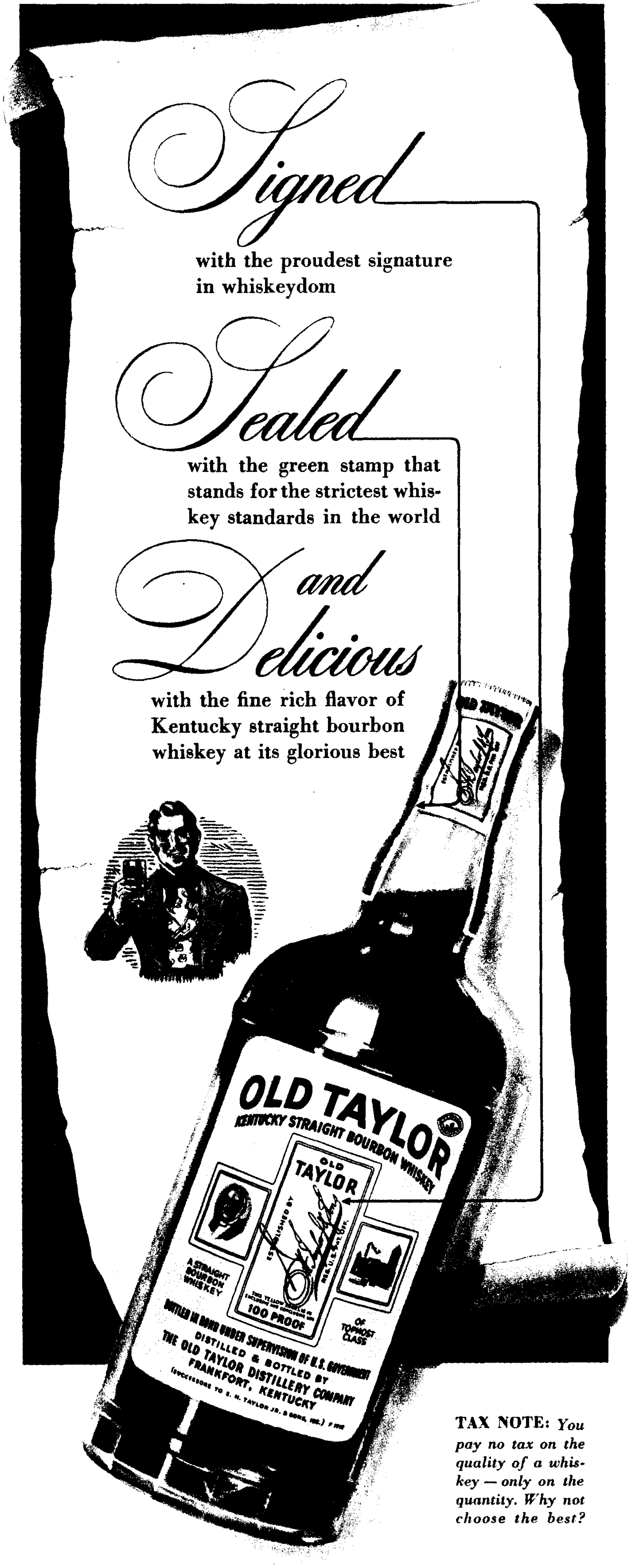
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Hot Weather Opera

Continued from page 13

"Just multiply everything by six," says Mr. Barratt sourly.

But this is not strictly accurate because the stage is so roomy, 255 by 256 feet, that extraordinary effects can be managed. In addition, there is a ramp at the rear running down to the rehearsal stage that can be used spectacularly. By utilizing lighting and the illusion of depth, columns of marching men can be started on that ramp in a way to startle the natives.

"Looks as if they're coming eight miles away," they say.

The opera started with nothing but the grant of the land from the city, and everything has been paid out of earnings. The guarantors are not permitted profits, and the gravy goes back into the institution. At each performance there are 1,700 free seats for the public. They start coming as early as five o'clock in the afternoon for them, bringing their lunches and parasols and defying the summer sun. There are another 1,500 seats at 28 cents and from there they range to box seats at $2.20. Shows can gross around $50,000 a week with capacity, and eighty per cent of capacity is needed to meet expenses.

The most money ever paid an actor went to W. C. Fields who played Captain Andy in Show Boat with modifications of his own. Some of his interpolations were a bit too ribald for the Muny crowd, and the director went backstage and told him to stick to his lines. He was getting $4,000 a week for two weeks' work, and the local people felt they had a right to hear the words of the opera. Fields had an answer for everything.

"Nobody tells W. C. Fields not to say something, especially after he has said it," pronounced old Bill huffily.

Recently when the Hollywood Victory Caravan appeared in St. Louis, Cary Grant jumped off the train, hopped into a cab and hurried out to the Muny Opera, trampling members of the official welcoming committee en route. This was testimony to the fact that Grant got his theatrical start when playing at the Forest Park institution as Archie Leach.

A Developer of New Talent

The Muny is proud of its discoveries, among whom are included such as Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Cass Daley, Annamary Dickey, June Havoc, Irene Manning, Red Skelton and Evelyn Wyckoff, the latest Cinderella girl. She had been a chorus girl and was rushed into action in Irene by Mr. Berger when a star was unobtainable. She was a sensation. Later, in New York, she replaced Jessie Matthews overnight, learned the entire role in five days and opened on Broadway in The Lady Comes Across, without rehearsal. It was a personal triumph for her.

"Keep your eye on a comedian named Willie Shore from this year's show," says Mr. Berger.

The worst trouble the opera has is in getting good scripts and modernizing them. Last winter Mr. Berger had Frank Gabrielson bringing up to date this summer's productions. There are endless complications about getting rights and releases to old successes. To get around that, composers have been commisioned to do new operas for the organization. The best of them were Sunny River, by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II, and Gentlemen Unafraid, by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II. Sunny River was liked well enough by the Muny audiences to give Max Gordon the suspicion that it might be a national hit. He discovered otherwise after a tryout in New Haven and a brief run in New York.

"Eighty-five G's worth of education," says Berger glumly, because he had a piece of it. "It proved that what is popular in one part of America is often poison oak somewhere else."

The Muny opera has been such a regional success that it is almost impossible to get through St. Louis without seeing it. All railroads in the territory sell tickets with stopover privileges and a ticket for the Muny attached. It is estimated that a quarter of each night's audience come from out of town. In the parking lot that handles five thousand cars a night, licenses from all forty-eight states have often been seen at one performance.

When the Liner Got Stuck

"They go away loving our little city," say the St. Louis boosters flatly.

The Muny has one of the largest revolving stages in captivity but it is used very little because the management has found that even the largest sets, when built on rollers, can be moved more rapidly. The stage has no curtain. When there are scenes to be changed, the stage is darkened and strong lights are flashed into the audience to blind the spectators.

Even with that, the spectators can see the stagehands scurrying about pushing scenery into place, but that seems to do nothing in the way of disillusioning the paying guests. When, in Glamorous Night, the huge ocean-going liner with three decks couldn't be moved off the stage because of a broken roller, Mr. Berger came to the front of the stage and said simply, "It's stuck," and everybody took it gracefully, ignoring the hulk in later scenes where it didn't belong.

The Muny people are proud of their choruses, both the singers and dancers, but toss hosannahs particularly about the latter, inasmuch as the same girls do both ballet and hoofing. The boast that the work at St. Louis was as good as anything at the Radio City Music Hall in New York brought disaster.

"They came out and agreed with us," says Berger bitterly. "Signed four of our best girls."

As with all stock companies, the cast and choruses are working on the next show while doing the current one. They rehearse every day from ten to noon and again from two to five; then they do the regular show at night. On Saturday night, at midnight, there is a dress rehearsal for the next week's show.

The Muny is unique in that it is in direct charge of its board of directors of fifty-one members, elected from the nine hundred guarantors. They meet every Wednesday noon at luncheon, and attendance is mandatory. For twenty-four years these business big shots have held that magic hour sacred.

The result is a civic enterprise that has public support in an almost alarming degree. In a recent performance when Norma Terris was interrupted in her impersonation of Ethel Barrymore by a sudden deluge of rain, she halted and started trilling:

"Oh, I'm sing-ing in the rain; I'm sing-ing in the rain . . ."

The audience, which had been hurriedly raising umbrellas and ducking under newspapers, also halted and joined merrily in the chorus.

There was no refund that night.

THE END

Don't Marry a Ballplayer

Continued from page 14

explained to me that a pitcher rests four or five days between starts.

That year, '32, Lefty and the Yanks rode triumphantly from victory to victory. Twenty-four times he humbled his opponents; in only four games was he defeated. He led the league in games won, shutouts, earned runs, strike-outs. I saw many of his finest performances. During my own matinees, I would bolt down the backstage stairs to listen to accounts of his game on the radio. My baseball education was progressing.

With October came a new thrill—the World Series, Lefty's first; and he easily defeated the Chicago Cubs' ace, Lon Warneke. I sat there in the crowded stadium as tens of thousands watched. Other millions were listening to the game on their radios, newspapers featured Lefty's name on their front pages. I forgot that I was June O'Dea. I preferred to be known as Lefty's girl, June.

In a few days, the baseball season was ending, the theatrical season opening. That autumn, George S. Kaufman offered me an important role in the musical comedy he was doing with George Gershwin. I read the script; it would be an enormous success. The name of that show was Of Thee I Sing, the only musical comedy to win the Pulitzer Prize.

I plunged into the strenuous business of preparing myself for my role.

Honeymoon in a Hurry

It was winter now. Baseball no longer dominated the news pages. Lefty's name no longer was on everyone's lips. Soon the show opened on the road; notices were overwhelmingly enthusiastic. My star was rising.

One frosty evening, Lefty stood at the stage door. He was troubled as he explained that he would soon be leaving for the Yankees' spring-training camp. "It's now or never!" he exclaimed.

That Sunday we married—at the Blessed Sacrament Church on West 71st Street. No dawdling over wedding breakfast for us. We were on our way to Atlantic City within the hour. Late Monday afternoon I sped to Philadelphia and the theater where Of Thee I Sing was playing. Lefty raced to New York to catch the Yankee special for St. Petersburg and Florida.

My company smothered me with congratulations. Billy Gaxton interpolated into our scenes impromptu gags about a southpaw hurler and his dancing wife. And then I dressed for the street, quit the theater and walked to my hotel. I closed the door of my room. I was alone. Nothing had changed. I glanced at the wedding ring on my finger. Married? Yes, I was married—married to a ballplayer. A rival—baseball—had stolen him away.

The phone rang. It was Lefty, calling from a station on his way South. All that February, all that March and during the first weeks of April my phone continued to ring. That spring the telephone was a blessed invention which linked me with my love. He was in Florida, in Alabama, now in Georgia. He was advancing north with the tides of spring. He was in Virginia one night, and I heard him say that he would be home the following Friday to pitch in the opening exhibition game with the Dodgers.

"I've reserved a bridal suite for us on the 39th floor," he told me, mentioning the name of a midtown hotel. "You check in there, and I'll meet you Friday after the show."

I was waiting in the bridal suite on Friday at the bewitching hour of midnight. The phone rang, and I heard my husband say, "I'm down in the lobby. Meet me at the door." Trembling with eagerness, I hurried from the phone.

A lifetime passed—and then the clanging of the elevator. Down the corridor hurried a tall, blond young man. He was hatless and, as he drew nearer, I stared at him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Your hair!" I exclaimed.

"What's wrong with my hair?"

"You look like a convict."

"Darn those small-town barbers," Lefty muttered. From ear to ear his locks had been clipped in a ring one inch above his ears.

"Honest," he assured me, "I'm really the fellow you married." And, in truth, I was a ballplayer's wife at last. The baseball season was on. Gomez was a champion—a pitcher of pitchers. The fans adored him—and they soon told me so. My very best friends stopped worrying about me. They now asked questions about Lefty's weight, hours of sleep, diet. It was my wifely duty to see that he was forever in the bloom of physical perfection. Was he happy? Contented with married life? If not, it was my wifely duty to smooth his mental wrinkles, to abolish care.

Was he pitching? On days when he started, I felt the tortures of anxiety. Mrs. Herb Pennock, whose husband was the star southpaw of the Red Sox and the Yankees for 21 seasons, told me that she worried herself sick every time he pitched. Every victory is a reprieve, every defeat spells impending doom to the ballplayer's wife.

"For your sake, June," says Lefty, "I wish I were an outfielder."

Two Separate Careers

Wherever I went, my rival stalked me. The season began. Lefty went on innumerable road trips. At first I tried to make a few overnight journeys to near-by cities with him. But ballplayers—even the aristocratic Yankees—like to pretend that they are rough, boisterous and manly fellows. They travel in a private car, and heaven help the woman who dares invade their shirtless privacy. I soon learned to wait impatiently at home.

Now I had time to consider what our union really meant. Each of us was embarked on a career in the public eye. Only in that world where the theater and sports meet were our interests parallel. And these points of contact were few. I realized, too, that we were essentially dissimilar individuals.

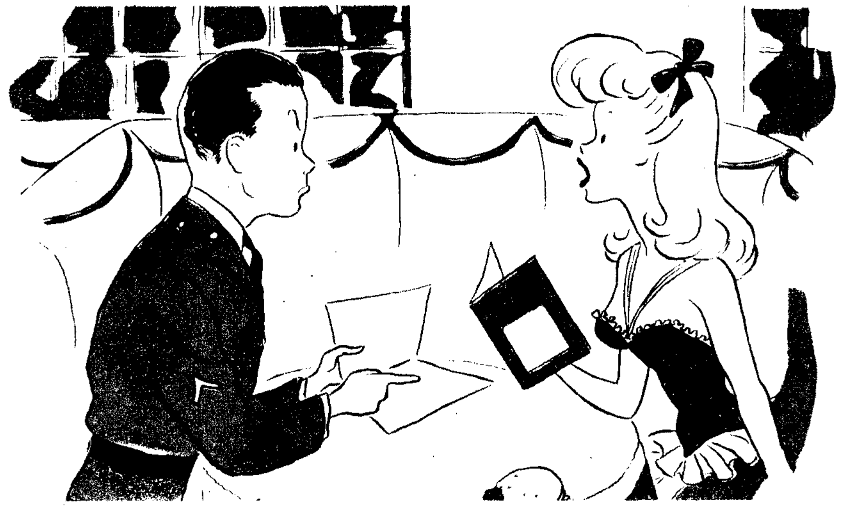
Lefty hails from Rodeo, in the wide-open ranchlands of central California. I'm a New Englander, from the ancient cradle of Colonial liberty, Lexington, in Massachusetts. I'm Irish. His dad was descended from a long line of Spanish Californians; the Gomez family owned a land grant before the '49 gold rush and can trace their ancestry back to the owners of a castle near Madrid.

I'm small and dark, and dancing has made me quick. He's lean, light and languid. I crave Prokofieff, Hindemith and the opera. Lefty's hot for jive; he turns on the radio at dawn and it's still blasting at dusk. I'm no highbrow, but prefer a diet of nonfiction. Lefty consumes endless reams of pulp tales about cowboys, gangsters and left-handed pitchers.

Lefty has punched cows, broken broncos, and can ride with the wind. I feel safer in a comfortable basket behind a Shetland pony. Airplanes? I'm not afraid of them, but choose to keep my feet on the ground. He's soloed for two hundred hours, and the sight of a plane goes to his head. During the second game of the '36 World Series against the Giants, he had two strikes on Mel Ott when a transport plane crossed the horizon. Lefty heard the hum of the motor as Bill Dickey flashed him the sign for a curve. He held up his hand to call time and then calmly strolled out of the box to stand gawking at the sky

NEW HOLIDAY

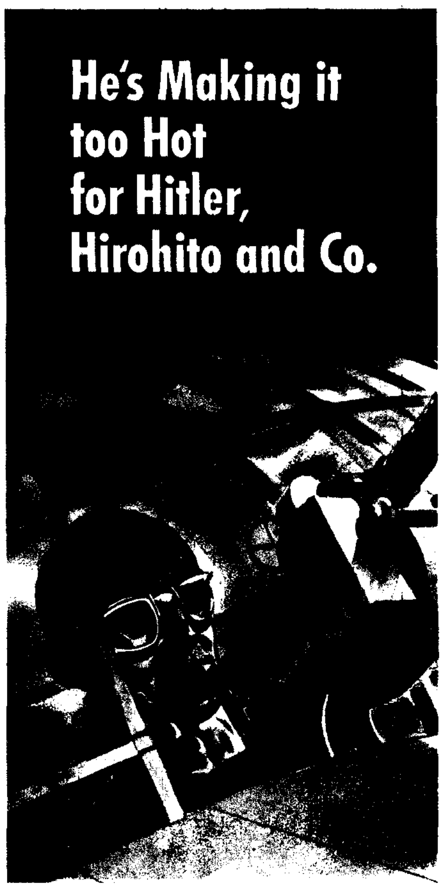
Sent to the commissary to get some cigarettes, a Pennsylvania soldier at Camp Livingston (La.) found the place closed and so he pounded on the door. From inside, someone shouted, "Closed up. Inventory." Back in his tent the baffled soldier told his pals he couldn't get used to the South. "The commissary is closed, observing Inventory," he said. "Now what kind of a holiday is that?"



"Oh, I couldn't think of drinking anything stronger than champagne!"

MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

Thanks to You...


He's Making it too Hot for Hitler, Hirohito and Co.

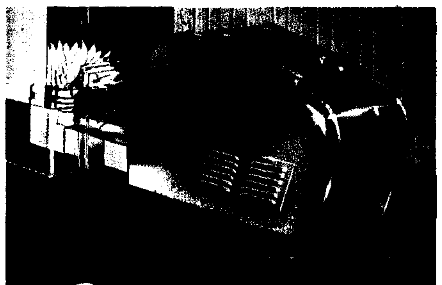
Today, Production for Victory is Combustioneer's one big job, and to that end we are dedicating our entire facilities to the precision-production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American warplanes.

And while there are still a few Combustioneer Stokers in the hands of dealers, it is possible that you may not be fortunate enough to get one. But if you do miss the uniform warmth of Combustioneer Automatic Heat this winter, remember that you've helped one more flying American gunner make it *too hot* for Hitler and Hirohito.

That's one hand-firing job that you (and we) can be proud to help with . . . until this war is finished. After that you can count on us to build you an even finer Combustioneer.

COMBUSTIONEER USERS

If you own a Combustioneer Stoker, take care of it. Let your dealer inspect and service it so that you may enjoy, to the utmost, the coal-saving efficiency of economical Automatic Coal Firing.



Combustioneer

AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER

FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

DIVISION, THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Keep on making it hot for the Axis—
Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps

until the big ship disappeared. Yes, the Yanks and Lefty won that one, 18 to 4.

The day was inevitably approaching when I would be forced to choose between my career and my famous husband. The '34 season had ended when Lefty informed me that he had been invited to join the world tour of an all-star baseball team. Glowingly he described how we would spend a belated honeymoon, lolling in the deck chairs of a luxury liner as it plowed the Seven Seas. In the peace and beauty of strange Oriental lands, we would find that harmony which would insure our future together.

On a gray and stormy winter's day we sailed. I had looked forward to dreamy nights on the bosom of the blue Pacific, but Lefty, it seems, is as allergic to the ocean as I am partial to it. He was seasick throughout the twenty-day trip. I tended him, nursed him through each attack. I learned that romance and seasickness do not mix.

A postponed honeymoon with a baseball team is, to say the least, unique. One dawn we gently nudged the quay at Manila. "Thank heaven for good old terra firma!" Lefty breathed.

Baseball Before Breakfast

We rushed to the hotel. There a delegation awaited us. They thrust us into a bus and at seven we found ourselves staggering into a baseball park. Our hosts had scheduled a game with a local club at nine in the morning. Lefty pitched and won, which made him feel somewhat better.

Our Manila hotel was high-ceilinged and white, with wide windows overlooking a busy thoroughfare. Above the deep bed was a tent of netting draped about a cross bar. Lefty called the desk and asked what for. "Mosquitoes, sir," politely explained the clerk. "I see," said Lefty.

A few minutes later, we heard something plop down on the net. I lay quiet and listened. "Chirrup . . . chrrrpp," it said. Lefty leaped up. A purple and yellow lizard was crawling above my head. Lefty grabbed it gingerly and hurled it through the window. I stared up. Five, no, ten little reptiles clung to the fluted panels. Lefty seized a window pole and waved it aloft in a daring maneuver. Lizards dropped like strange rain from an unearthly sky. As each crawling thing fell, he flung it into the street.

And then the phone rang. It was the polite clerk. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Gomez, sir, but we have complaints. What are you throwing into the street?"

"Lizards! The place is full of them!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but they are very useful, sir. They eat mosquitoes, sir. The management puts them in each room for the guests' comfort."

After Lefty had struck out twenty Japanese all-stars, the fans of Tokyo tried to tear our clothes off in their enthusiasm. We nearly choked at the banquet Prince Kirashirakawa gave us at the Maple Club, where we were served raw fish and fried seaweed. Later, we ate American baked apples in the seclusion of our hotel room.

It was in Bali that we left baseball, my keen rival for Lefty's affections, behind us. The natives knew nothing about the American national game; nor did the natives of other countries we visited as we made our way to Europe, and back across the Atlantic to America. But when the Statue of Liberty reminded us that we were about to touch American soil again, I realized that our own liberties were at an end. In America, everyone knew that Lefty had been underweight when he first became a Yankee, and everyone knew that he had had his tonsils and most of his teeth removed at that time. In America, little children could recite Lefty's diet: fruit juices for breakfast, no lunch, salads for dinner. I made it my diet, too—so that Lefty would feel happy. Lefty's practical jokes, Lefty's bons mots, Lefty's ex-Follies Girl wife—me—his clothes, car, place of residence—and mine—our intimate conversations, our spats, every detail of our lives was public property.

And then the small but important matter of my career came between us. A star dancer must devote her entire life to her art, just as a baseball star must devote himself completely to his sport. It wasn't easy to come to a decision. Four years were to elapse before that day in the October of 1938 when Lefty again mastered the Chicago Cubs. That was the famous game in which his opponent was Dizzy Dean, who hurled magnificently until the eighth inning, when Frankie Crosetti broke up the contest with a rocket shot against the fence in Wrigley Field. The razzle-dazzle of the championship classic was all about us. The special trains, the fans lining the streets as we rode into town, the full-throated cheers of the crowds. . . .

For me the old thrill was gone. This miracle of American life, the never-ending fascination which baseball exerts over our people, moved me no longer. If I had been asked the question on that tragic day, I would have said, "Don't marry a ballplayer!"

Lefty decided to return to his old California home after that series. I remained in the East. In the painful months which followed, I learned something about myself. When spring arrived, I realized that I had changed my opinions. If I had been asked the question on the day the 1939 season opened, I would have said: "'Don't marry a ballplayer—but I love Lefty."

And so our marriage began again, and on a stronger, sounder foundation. The Lefty who could not hit, who bet the Babe 1 to 10 each spring that he would make more than 10 hits a season, and who always lost—I loved that Lefty.

The days of Lefty's life became mine. We fell off diets together each Christmas on New England goose and plum pudding. We celebrated his singles together, with a French lamb chop on toast, and his rare doubles with a plate of ice cream, and the breaking of the rule that Lefty must go to bed at 11 P. M. each night. Now I forego my visits to the theater, my bridge games with friends, for Lefty's sake.

Lefty the Comedian

I laughed now at the stories he told—how, one stormy afternoon in Cleveland, with Bob Feller his opponent, he had strolled to the plate. Black clouds were rising, a wind swept the field—and the Yankees were ahead.

As Lefty dragged reluctant feet toward the batter's box, Umpire Bill Summers scanned the heavens, then cried: "Play ball!"

On the mound, Feller was pawing the dirt, ready to cut loose with his fireball. "Come on there, Gomez. Get up and hit!" the umpire growled. Lefty drew a long wooden match from his pocket, struck it against his trousers. The flame flared in the gloom; the fans howled.

"What's that for?" Summers snapped.

"I just want Feller to know where I am," my husband quipped, and the quip went around the baseball world.

These and other shafts of Lefty's wit brightened the days as his speed slackened, and it became more and more obvious that the end of the baseball road was not far over the horizon. In '41, Lefty staged a comeback; he won fifteen and lost four games, thanks to the relief pitching of Fordham Johnnie Murphy, who usually replaced him in the sixth inning of winning games.

"What'll we do when I retire?" Lefty asked me one evening.

"Well," I said, "since you were named after Vernon Castle, the dancer, how about my teaching you some ballroom steps? We could form the team of Gomez and O'Dea."

"It'll have to be Murphy and O'Dea after the fifth dance," Lefty jested. "My legs are probably as weak as my arm."

In that spring of 1940, when Lefty was worrying about the future, our baby was born. He wanted a boy, but the little girl who came into our lives caused us no regrets, other than that Lefty couldn't find a suitable name for her. "What," he puzzled, "is the feminine for Vernon?" There isn't any, so she eventually became Vernona.

In Chicago last summer, Lefty was out one evening when I dropped down to the corner stationer's to buy a newspaper. While I was away, he phoned. When he discovered that I had been out of earshot of the buzzing bell, he ordered the hall boy to smash down our apartment door. Had I been murdered? Was the baby kidnaped? It took five minutes to solve the mystery, another ten for explanations. Yes, Vernona was safe in her crib, I was all in one piece. The bill was $28.50; but it was worth it. For I was no longer just a ballplayer's wife, I was no longer a Broadway dancer. I was a mother, and the beloved companion of a man I loved.

Lefty was in St. Louis on an important day in Vernona's life. "It's happened," I proudly told him over the thousand miles of telephone wire. "Vernona's just cut her first tooth!"

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Of course, I'm sure."

"She may be fooling you. You'd better look in my dresser drawer, and see if she hasn't taken a tooth out of my old bridge."

Lefty at home . . . pushing the baby carriage . . . Lefty walking the dog on Riverside Drive . . . Lefty my husband. I know at last that you can't marry a ballplayer and also star on Broadway. That immortal World Series of last October was the first in which Lefty was not called upon to pitch since he became a member of the superchampion Yanks. He simply was not in shape and he felt blue. After the last game, in the midst of the noisy Yankee victory celebration at a New York hotel, I told my husband that another Gomez was coming.

His face brightened. "Swell!" he cried. "Let's go over to Joe McCarthy's table, and tell him we'll give the Yankees an option on the kid when he grows up. The Yanks can't get along without a Gomez."

"That is, if it's a boy," I reminded him.

"It'll be a boy," Lefty assured me.

It was. Our baby boy was born on the Fourth of July . . . born to be a Yankee!

THE END

Navy wives who repair planes are content when their tots are in nurseries like this

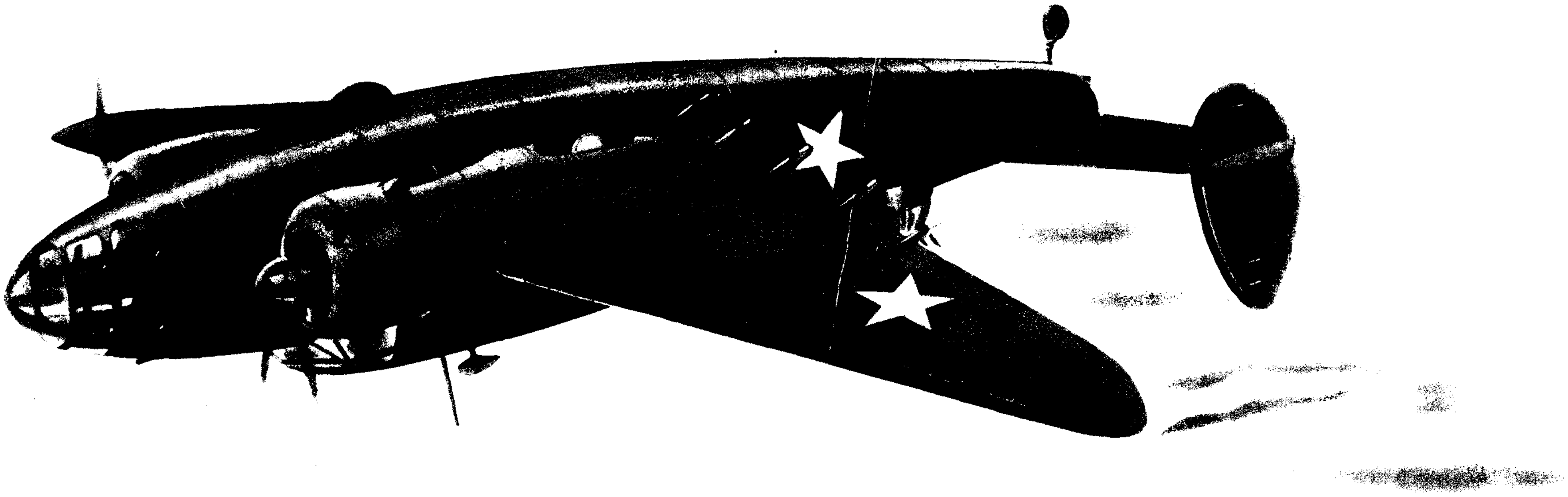
NAVY wives are among the best workers the Navy has in its yards, bases and stations—but a contented Navy wife is tops. So the Navy is operating nurseries now, to look after the children of its Work-and-Fight man-and-wife teams, to relieve them of worry and increase fighting spirit and production.

First of its kind on the Pacific Coast is the Child Development School attached to the Naval Air Station at Alameda on San Francisco Bay. It owes its existence to two Work-and-Fight teams—Captain and Mrs. Frank McCrary, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Alvin Henderson. Captain McCrary is commanding officer at the station; Lieutenant Henderson is ships' stores officer. Both Mrs. McCrary and Mrs. Henderson give unlimited time to the project.

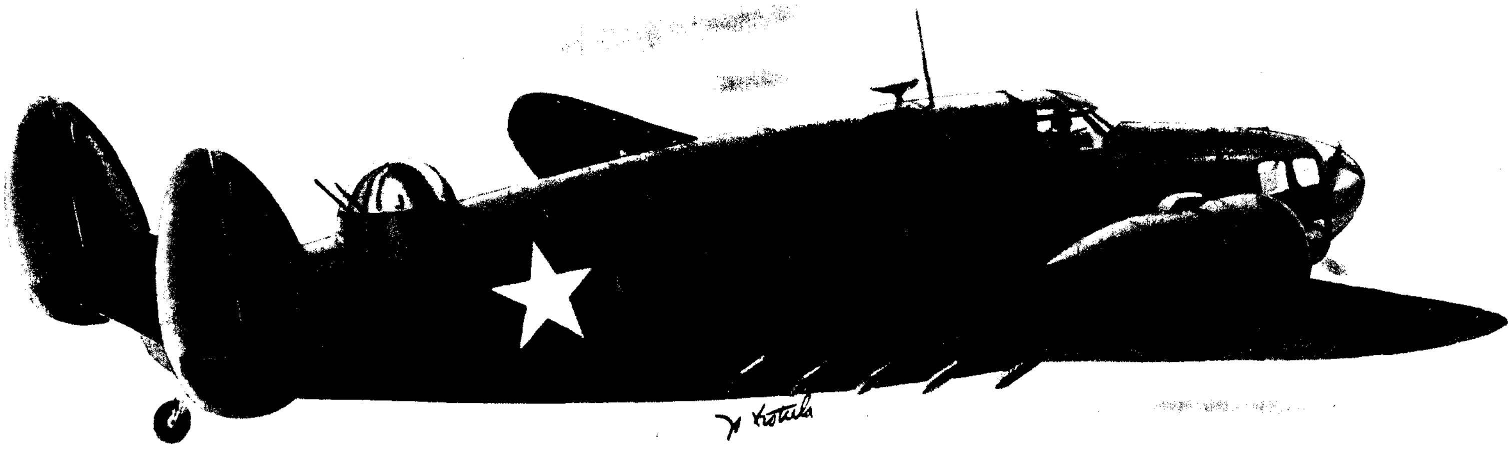
Four hundred women work at the station, repairing and reconditioning fighting planes. About forty are mothers; many are colored. There's no color line among the forty-five kids in the first unit of the nursery school, located on Navy-owned land in a low-cost housing project near the station. Supervision is given free by Mrs. Henderson, who spent five years at Hull House, and took postgraduate work at the National Kindergarten College at Evanston, Illinois.

The school runs from seven each morning until five in the evening. The kids get regular feedings, orange juice, cod-liver oil, milk—and naps. They play with donated toys, doll furniture and games; they are taught elementary handicrafts and housekeeping. Mothers pay $1 a week for each child; the rest of the cost comes out of Navy Welfare funds. Frequently, the mothers meet for lectures by doctors, psychologists and nutrition experts on child health and behavior.

Navy wives make better workers on Naval equipment because they have an impelling incentive, Captain McCrary says. Their only worry is the welfare of their youngsters. Or was. Now that the Navy's taken over the job of nursemaid, fighting husbands at sea and working wives in shops, both are topnotch at their wartime jobs.



Upside down or right side up . . .



at 20° below or 100° above

Without electricity, no modern bomber could ever leave the ground.

Electricity starts the motors, retracts the landing gear, changes the propeller pitch, works the wing flaps, opens the bomb doors, powers the radio and inter-communication system, operates the instruments, gives light for the crew to work by.

No ordinary electrical apparatus can handle these jobs in a bomber. The whole complicated system must work as well upside down as right side up. It must function in a tropical thunderstorm and in 20° below zero altitudes. And, finally, it must be designed to save every precious fraction of an ounce, every precious fraction of an inch.

Developing electrical equipment for bombers —and producing that equipment in quantity—is a job that's made to order for Westinghouse "know how."

Here are some of the Westinghouse products that are going into American bombers today:

INSTRUMENTS that are designed so one instrument does the work of two, without any increase in size or weight.

RADIO EQUIPMENT and special blind-flying devices that enable a bomber to fly and navigate under the worst possible weather conditions.

ELECTRIC MOTORS that develop more horsepower per pound than any other motors ever built.

INSTRUMENT LIGHTING that casts invisible rays on dial markings. These rays make the dials glow so softly they don't hinder the pilot's vision as he glances back and forth from the instrument panel to the dark sky.

ELECTRIC GENERATORS each of which weighs only 42 pounds, yet produces as much electricity as 35 standard automobile generators weighing 23 pounds each.

In making these things, as in all phases of Westinghouse wartime activity, the long-range work of our Research and Engineering Laboratories has played a significant part. Discoveries in many fields—in electronics, physics, chemistry, mechanical and electrical engineering—are now bearing fruit in the production of better and more powerful weapons of war.

Many of these discoveries, we believe, will someday help to make a better peacetime world.

★ ★ ★

This advertisement has been reviewed by Government authorities, and contains no information of military value to the enemy.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

"There's Percy at the punch-bowl again . . . pretty soon even ENO won't help him!"

Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

Whenever You Eat, Drink or Smoke Too Much . . . *Take*

ENO

The Effervescent Saline THAT TASTES SO GOOD

Will This Be Your Lucky Month?

WILL you look into this friendly money-making Club of ours for girls and women? The door stands open to you and you can earn the money you want—if you really want it enough to try.

Our booklet is free and a card or letter from you will bring it quickly. Think how nice it would be for you to earn dollars that could pay bills—or buy new clothes. Money that you could spend as you please!

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. 177
250 Park Avenue
New York, New York

No Guns for the Black Gang

Continued from page 41

similar compartments are grouped about, and each one of them had started a private fire of its own—bedding, letters, canteen stores, anything and everything that would burn.

The lights were out, and so were the emergency lights. A gooey mixture of water and fuel oil was everywhere; forced up out of oil-tank vents, fresh-water storage tanks and ruptured fresh and salt water pipe lines. Smoke from the raging fires was stifling in its oil reek, and apart from that, the explosion had ruptured the steam line leading to the whistle and siren on the forward stack, so that live steam poured in to mix with the dense smoke and fumes. Yet this was fortunate, in a way, because the steam put out a lot of the fires.

The black gang damage-control party was already at work at the explosion scene. These damage-control parties—the first lieutenant's gang has another, for topside and hull casualties—are organized to localize and repair battle damage. The men assigned to them learn every detail of the ship from truck to keel, the lead of every pipe line, of every electric trunk, the location of valves and junction boxes, hatches, doors and passageways. They know the shape and equipment of each compartment as well as you know the shape and furnishings of your own living room.

Their equipment includes all variety of cutting and welding tools, sledges, spanners, emergency lighting and pumping gear. They know how to shore damaged bulkheads, how to drain flooded spaces, how to ventilate foul compartments, how to fight fire, how and where to shut off escaping steam, how to isolate short-circuited electric leads.

The moment the bomb hit, this party set about fighting the casualty, working with the skill of an organized and well-trained team. They were helped by men of the deck force whose stations had been demolished or flooded and who automatically, without orders, joined the repair parties to help fight fire, bail water, clear spaces of debris and assist in the repair work.

The stretcher bearers had come forward, too, and they were needed. There were some pretty bad cases of burns to be dealt with, including the ship's executive officer. There were also the bodies of the dead to be got out of the way.

Within minutes, the ship had a second casualty. Hit No. 2 was a near miss—a bomb that fell into the water close to the vessel and detonated under water near the hull, forward. This explosion blew a hole through the side of the ship—a considerable hole, with considerable flooding damage, and considerable threat to the ship's watertight integrity.

This Man Thought Quickly

Down close to the explosion, there was a room containing the switchboards and motor generators for the ship's telephone and call-bell systems. The man on watch in this room was leaning against a bulkhead when the explosion came. He was hurled into the room with a jet of water right after him. He kept on going in a hurry, up the ladder and out, and just managed to close and dog the hatch behind him, isolating the flooding. But the room was gone, full of water, and that meant no more telephones or call bells, no more interior communication. It meant that all messages had to be sent either by voice tube or by messenger, which raises problems of its own in a ship over 500 feet long.

All this had happened in about twenty minutes, and up on the topside, the battle was as hot as ever. The Japs would come over, fly past, turn and re-form; the antiaircraft would open up as they came in. Once more, there would be that rustle like enormous pebbles falling into an enormous pond. But for the black gang there are no guns in battle.

The chief engineer learned that fumes and smoke being sucked down into the two forward firerooms by the forced-draught blowers threatened to asphyxiate the fireroom crews. He ordered the rooms evacuated and supervised the shutting down of their boilers. Then he went topside to report to the captain about the general situation below decks, and on the way to the bridge he witnessed a striking bit of drama. A Jap plane, knocked out of formation by good shooting, was trying desperately to spiral down for a suicide crash into the ship. (They do do it, after all!) Everything the Marblehead had in the way of antiaircraft focused on it and blasted it to fragments before its pilot could carry out his intention. But the ship hadn't done with her troubles.

Hit No. 3 was a lulu, close to the steering engine room away aft—not much damage to the ship, but the rudder jammed. To make matters really complicated, the jam came while the rudder was hard over as the Marblehead made a sharp turn in the hope of dodging that particular attack. With the rudder jammed, the ship continued to turn in crazy, helpless circles, still making better than twenty-five knots—around and around, not daring to stop, because if she stopped she would offer a perfect bombing target.

The battle went on for a long time after that, under the heat of the tropic noonday sun, on the glassy swells of the tropic sea. The antiaircraft continued pounding; the machine guns chattered; the old cruiser ran around and around in circles. But finally the Japs had used up all their ammunition and all their bombs and they went away, leaving the Marblehead alone with her two destroyer escorts, her dead and wounded and her battle damage—and with the problem of how to get her out of it before the Japs came back.

The situation looked tough at first because of that jammed rudder. The chief engineer had the feeling that it was jammed forever, which would mean that as long as the ship was forced to steam in circles she couldn't get away from the danger area and sooner or later the Japs would finish her off. If they came in many more times, with their air superiority, there wasn't much question that they *would* finish her off. Any additional hit would make matters worse. One old light cruiser and two old destroyers, unsupported by their own planes, can hardly be expected to put up enough AA fire to beat off that kind of bomb blitz.

Still a Man-of-War

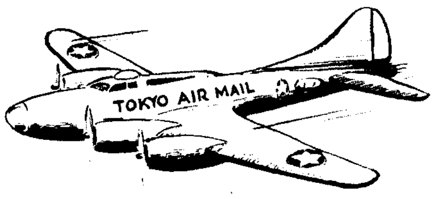
Apart from the jammed rudder, the situation was bad but not impossible. The damage-control party was still fighting fires amidships; the explosion had wrecked that part of the vessel; the smoke and muck and litter had turned a trim man-of-war into something filthier than a neglected scrap barge. The sailors fighting the fire were grimy, sweaty, fantastically unreal figures.

But that part of the damage was relatively superficial. It hadn't affected her vitals. The forward firerooms, evacuated due to smoke, were not seriously affected; the engineering plant was substantially intact, and if she once straightened out on a course she would be good for all the speed the damaged hull would stand. Nor was her gun-fighting strength seriously diminished. She was still a man-of-war, no matter what she looked like.

The hole in her hull, down forward, was more serious. She was taking plenty of water there. What you couldn't guess, without putting a diver over the side, was whether it would affect her seaworthiness—how she would act if she ever did manage to steam ahead again, whether the effort to make any speed would tear her bows apart, and whether she would be able to ride out bad weather. Everything hung, really, on the jammed rudder, and it was that which the repair party tackled with feverish drive in their fight to save the ship.

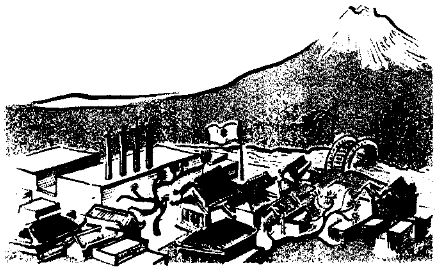
This is where the hours spent in rehearsing damage control paid off in a big way. A man-of-war spends most of her peacetime life in a game of make-believe, pretending that she is at war. She conducts problems, fighting one mock battle after another in which she goes through every conceivable kind of tragic battle casualty. The job the Marblehead's damage-control parties were now doing seemed like an old, familiar story, so much so that they kidded about it.

The steering engine room was flooded with oily muck, some of which was obviously due to a hull leak, as it couldn't be drained or pumped out. Before they could clear the jam they had to find out what was causing the jam. The steering engine was an electric motor installation with a hydraulic variable speed gear linked to the rudder yoke; the machinery was in two separate compartments, both now flooded, extending aft fifteen feet from the hatchway through which men were diving into the murky blackness, staying under a mixture of oil and water as long as possible, exploring the damage by feel.



MASH NOTES

The Army censor at Hawaii got a little fed up with the gag and finally had a notice printed. "Please," it begged the boys, "discontinue addressing letters to 'Tokyo via Bomber.' These planes have no regular schedule and as yet no contract for carrying mail. . . ."



"Say, did you make a strange noise down here a minute ago?"

CHON DAY

Both electric motors, they discovered, were smashed. That was the jam right there. The only way to disconnect the rudder from the motors was to open the drain plugs of the hydraulic rams, aft of the motors. The fluid in the rams would then be forced out into the flooded room by the pressure of the rudder yoke, and the rudder would work its way amidships.

Up came a machinist's mate, gasping for breath but cheerful and confident. He grinned and winked, collecting his energies for another plunge.

"Problem time," he kidded, "twenty minutes."

Down he went. But it took more than twenty minutes. It took nearly four hours of work to explore the damage, drain the rams, and get the rudder amidships. Only then was the big ship able, at last, to straighten out on a course.

Steering Without a Rudder

To be sure, she wouldn't have the rudder to steer with—not until the repair crew had patched that together again, which would be a matter not of hours or days but of weeks. They did patch it ultimately; they improvised bearings for the big electric motors, hoisted the control panel out of the flooded space, cleaned the muck out of the motor armatures and made half of the installation do the work of the whole steering engine.

But for the time being, they were reduced to steering with the engines. By driving the two port propellers at a greatly increased number of revolutions per minute than the starboard propellers, she would gradually steer to starboard, and vice versa. For a sharper turn, they could stop (or even back) the engines of one side or the other.

The chief went up to the bridge to report to the captain.

"Can we steam five hundred miles?" the captain asked.

"We can, sir," said the chief.

So, in midafternoon, they set a course for Chilachap, on the south coast of Java, by way of the Lombok Strait. And at that time all hands got something to eat—rich hot soup, ladled out from what was left of the galley. Since the officers' wardroom and pantry were blasted to junk, the officers drew rations like the crew and, like the crew, sat about picnic style all over the ship, or ate at their battle stations, grateful for the good hot nourishment.

Then all hands went back to work and they worked without letup until the ship reached Chilachap 48 hours later. They worked without washing; they worked without shaving; and except for occasional half-hours of exhausted rest flat on the steel deck, they worked without sleeping.

They fought for the ship and they saved her.

There were several jobs to do. Each job had a team working at it—and each team did its job perfectly.

First, the ship had to be navigated and fought. A full watch had to be kept at the antiaircraft guns, ready to open fire on a second's notice. A full watch had to be kept on the bridge and in the engine and firerooms. Ordinarily, the men standing these watches would be four hours on duty and four hours off, and rest while they were off duty. But now when they came off duty they went to work, voluntarily, without being ordered to.

Second, they had to take care of the wounded and the dead. For the most part the wounded were suffering from burns. Some of them were terribly burned and a few of these died of their wounds on the way to Chilachap. As the sick bay had been blasted out of service by the midship hit, the wounded were taken care of aft, in an emergency battle-dressing station where they were treated with sulfa drugs and also with tannic-acid dressings and other anti-burn remedies. The dead were carried to the after turret, which was temporarily out of action and had been turned into an emergency morgue; there they were reverently enclosed in clean canvas, sewn about them to form the traditional sailor's coffin. After the ship reached port they would be taken ashore for burial.

Third, there was a job of restoring communications, lights and the other facilities knocked out by the battle. Working without letup, the ship's electricians strung up emergency lighting circuits and an emergency telephone system, and labored to restore normal facilities.

"I didn't realize anybody could be so ingenious as our men," the chief engineer said afterward. "They were so resourceful you couldn't stump them with any problem.

"For instance, at one point we were pretty worried about that leak down forward. We were making water a lot faster than any of us liked and we weren't able to control it with the ordinary drainage and pumping system.

"Cruisers of the Marblehead class have eight fire and bilge pumps down in the engine room, and I decided we might pull one of them out and move it forward to the space above the flooded compartments, rigging an emergency suction down into the flooded area and an emergency discharge over the side through a porthole. For steam to operate the pump we could tap into the steam line used to heat the officers' rooms. It had 40 pounds pressure, which was plenty for pumping.

A Tough Job in Record Time

"I put the job up to one of my chief machinist's mates. 'Take a gang and work right through the night,' I told him. 'Bear a hand at the work. It has to be done by eight tomorrow morning.'

" 'Aye, aye, sir,' he said, and they went to it. That big heavy pump had to be disconnected, hoisted up out of the engine room, moved a couple of hundred feet forward. They had to weld a mounting between a couple of stanchions, secure the pump to it, connect up steam and pipe lines.

"At two o'clock in the morning the chief machinist's mate came and found me. I thought he was going to tell me they had run into trouble. But what he did was salute. 'We've got that fire and bilge pump working for'ard now, sir,' he reported. You'd think he was telling me a couple of men had returned aboard from liberty, he was so casual. That's the way the whole show went."

The Marblehead made her way down through the Lombok Strait, steering with the engines through narrow waters, helped and escorted by the two destroyers . . . then westward along the south Java coast.

After thirty-six hours you get pretty dead on your feet. You go on working as if you were punch-drunk, driving yourself, forcing yourself. You keep on fighting by instinct.

As far as getting her the rest of the way was concerned, the long voyage back to the States—no one thought of that. They couldn't see ahead—how her bow was going to be lifted out of the water at a crazy slant in the little Chilachap floating dry dock, while Javanese mechanics under a Dutch engineer patched an iron crazy-quilt repair on her bow; how she would steer by her engines all the way to Ceylon before her own gang got the rudder going again; how she would be patched at Ceylon, go all the way to Cape Town for more patching; then come home from the wars all the way across the South Atlantic to a good old U. S. Navy Yard. That would be a matter of many weeks, but now they were thinking in hours and Chilachap was the goal.

After 48 hours of fight, incredibly, Chilachap lay ahead.

Java was green, and though the Japs might come in at any minute and bomb Chilachap, still it was the goal. They had made the first goal.

One of the weary black gang looked up and spat over the side.

"Yeah," he said to his mate, "them deck force does the shootin', but I guess it takes us black gang to bring 'em in!"

THE END

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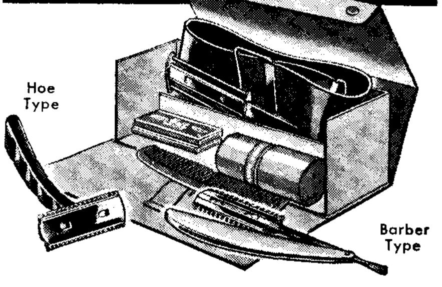

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An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 50

Unger had to go to Merced today, so Larry went along to see this man."

"What sort of a job?"

"Foreman on a ranch up Gerber way. It sounds possible. A hundred a month, and you get a house and eggs and milk—all that."

"But Larry doesn't know a thing about ranching."

"No; but when you consider the men who do, you feel that he might pick it up easily." Loveday would not be discouraged. "The trouble here is," she went on, hesitantly, "that Larry really wants to stand well with the community—he wants to make us proud of him. But whatever he tries just seems to fizzle out. So I feel—" Loveday stopped short and her face brightened into a smile as a small girl shyly opened the sitting-room door, and stood there in rumpled, faded, little pajamas, with sleep-reddened cheeks and tousled gold hair.

"Mommy—" she began uncertainly.

"Yes; you can get up, darling, and Betsy too!" Loveday reassured her.

"Your children are awfully good," Marge said.

"They're angels. They have to be, poor midgets," Loveday said fondly, "because I don't have any time to spoil them."

"A man is comin' to our house," said Betsey who had gone to the window.

"A wet man is comin', Mommy," Martha added.

"Here? Light bill probably," Loveday said, going to the door. She opened it and for a moment looked inquiringly at a small, dark, eyeglassed man standing under a dripping umbrella on the porch. Then her face brightened with surprise and pleasure.

"Marc Villard! Oh, come in. Marc! How on earth did you find me?"

TOO thoroughly delighted to think of the kitchen in which she must receive him, or the state of herself and the children, Loveday took his coat and umbrella, introduced him to Marge, and put him into a chair by the stove. His dark little monkey face beamed.

"There's one thing about a wood stove, Marc," she said, "it does dry you out quicker than a gas one! Take off your rubbers. Look who's here—this is Betsey and this is Martha, and this is my beautiful dumbbell of a son. Oh, I'm so glad to see you, and what a darling you are to have come through all this rain and mud! But how did you get us? I'm not in the telephone book."

"Telephoned your husband's mother." Marc would show no confusion, for she was exhibiting none. "Here, which are you?" he asked one of the small girls, "sit up here and look at my knife."

Both twins crowded onto his knees. Loveday snatched dry baby linen from the lines over her head, heaped it on a corner chair, pushed back the baby's high chair and plumped him down in his pen, wiped the table with the sweep of a towel and with a damp cloth restored the little girls' faces to pristine, velvety beauty.

"This is the warmest room in the house, so this is where you are going to stay," she said. The other rooms were the bedroom, mussy from the baby's bath and nap, and the cold sitting room with the twins' disorderly beds in it.

"This is fine," said Marc. He went on comfortably to explain that a young friend who was still in medical school was doing a survey of the town, would be there for several days. Marc was going on to Palm Springs for a few weeks' rest and had offered to drive his friend down. "And I couldn't go through Bakersfield without hunting you up!"

"Oh, I should hope not! Tell me all the news—"

She drank it all in eagerly. Fanny had a little girl; Nini was still flitting about heart-whole and fancy-free; the senior St. Georges were just the same. Rodney was not too happy in his father's law firm and was working for a commission in the Navy.

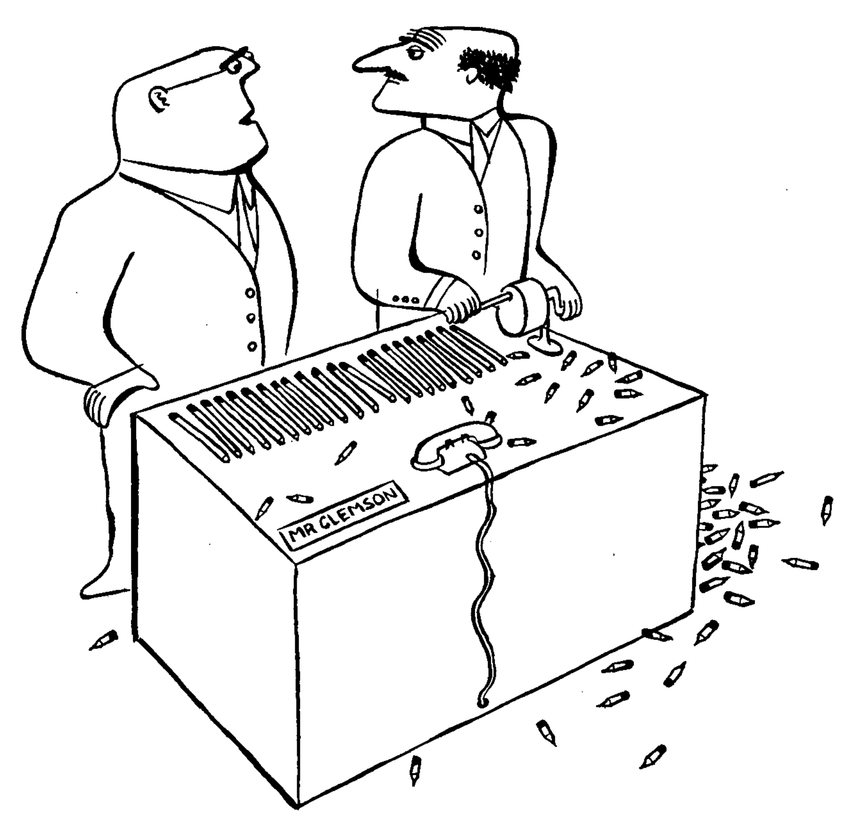
"The most wonderful people in the world!" she added to this. "And you, Marc? You're not married?"

"Not yet!" He laughed.

"Not yet? Then there is a girl?"

"No. Not yet. Unless—no, not yet."

"And Chris?" She could ask it without a change of color. The atmosphere of the kitchen, the presence of the three babies would have killed the old dream if it had not long ago died.



"Trying to appear busy, Clemson?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

"He is working on a new play, I believe, somewhere on Long Island. You knew Merle was dead?"

Her look flashed amazement, shock.

"No!"

"Yes. They had had no child, you know, in many years, seven or eight years. There was to be a child, but something went wrong. Flu, I think."

"This was when?"

"Just last week—ten days ago. I had the telegram on Sunday. It was a great shock to them all."

"I should think so!"

"DOCTOR VILLARD looks like someone and I can't think who," Marge put in interestedly, after a profound study of the visitor's dark face.

"I know who!" Loveday laughed. "Marc, there's been a mistake somewhere, and this is certainly your little boy," she said, catching the grave, contentedly busy baby from the pen and sitting him on her knee. "I've been wondering," she went on, "who Owen looked like; it's bothered me ever since he was born. And—look!"

"Do we look alike, *jeune homme?*" Marc asked, smiling.

"Oh, I see it," said Marge.

"Well, if he'll have brains like yours I think he will show good taste," Loveday said diplomatically. "The girls are like Larry—at least they're fairer than I ever was, and I think they're going to stay fair."

"THEY are beautiful children," Marc said.

"If I'd known you were coming I would have had them all cleaned up, and then you'd see that they really are! Larry," Loveday said, "is supposed to bring home something for supper, but he may forget. However, there's plenty of food, if you'll stay."

"Ah, but I cannot! I must go now." Marge had made her farewells and gone off in her mud-spattered car, and now Marc could have a word with Loveday alone. "Why did you run away from us all, my dear?" he asked affectionately, standing, looking up at her tallness.

"I was engaged to Larry, you know," she said.

"And that was the reason they came home without you, and we never saw you again?"

"They never told you?"

"Never."

Marc hesitated. "There was something more, then?"

"Something that seems silly enough to me now," she said, turning away and busily folding dry white undergarments at the table. "I had been a lonely girl, you know, growing up in the country with older people about me, and it was terribly important to me that the St. Georges liked me, that they made me one of the family. I was engaged to Larry—I loved Larry, but that didn't save me—from Chris."

"From Chris!"

"Yes. I lost my head completely, but I didn't know what it meant—not eating and not sleeping and floating about on air all the time! His voice chilled me to the bone and then made my face burn—"

"You make me wish I was in love," Marc said as she paused.

"He went south, you remember, and we—Nini and Rod and you and I went down to visit him."

"Of course I remember."

"It was there—on the terrace that last night—"

"Stars," the man put in understandingly, with a smile.

"Stars and the sound of the ocean. Not in your mouth, sweetheart!" Loveday said to the baby. "I didn't know why, but I wanted to talk to Chris that night. But Nini knew why, and she came out—when Chris had moved his chair over to mine—good heavens, how trifling it all seems now! If I had run away with him," Loveday went on with a rueful little laugh, still busily creasing and folding, "I couldn't have felt more terrible. It was an awakening. I suddenly realized what I had been doing. Falling in love with the adored oldest son, putting myself in a completely false position, jeopardizing their love and faith!

"As I say, I was a lonely, stupid girl—young too, and besides the earthquake of discovering what really had been going on, I was under Chris' spell, of course. I imagine—give it to Betsey, dear; it's Betsey's. See the 'B' on it. Martha, don't do that. Go look in the other room and find your own. I imagine," Loveday said, with a philosophical laugh, "that a good many fools of girls have experienced the charm of Christopher St. George. But to me it was the end of everything. I didn't sleep all night. I wanted to die. And when we got to Bakersfield the next day my one thought was to escape."

"YOUR husband was very ill then, I remember?"

"Larry, yes. My being here helped him, and as soon as he was well enough we came here."

"To this house."

"Yes. We had loved each other a long time." She carried away the baby clothes, came back and snapped up the light that dangled overhead. Outside the January dark was falling early; the rain hammered audibly on the roof. "And Larry is angelic to me and the children," she said loyally. "Appreciative of everything I do, and plenty of fun too, when things go right. But things"—she hesitated—"things haven't been going exactly right," she admitted. "They will! He is having a hard time finding what he wants to do."

"Like lots of other young men," Marc said kindly. "We are the lucky ones, who know when we are still children exactly what we must be."

"You never had any doubts, even as a little boy in France?"

"Never. I went to a hospital once; but I cannot remember why or with whom or where. But I remember the good smells of green soap and ammonia and alcohol. I liked it then and I like it now. And now I must go, my dear, but first I must tell you that they still love you very much, and that you are a brave girl!"

She was smiling, her baby in her arms as he opened the door. But he saw tears eclipse the smile and her lips tremble.

"If you had brought me the Koh-i-noor I wouldn't like it as much as to have you say that. Oh, here's Larry, soaked to the skin!"

Larry had run the two blocks from the bus stop; he had no umbrella, but his coat collar was turned up and his shabby old hat pulled down, and he answered her welcoming call with the statement that he wasn't wet. Loveday introduced the two men, and for a moment Marc came back into the kitchen.

"You'll stay for dinner, Doctor? Loveday'll scare us up something, won't you, Love?"

"I've already tried to keep him." Loveday mentally opened a jar of home-preserved tomatoes and compounded a cream soup, poached the four eggs that had been intended for breakfast and served them on a bed of string beans, adding coffee and jelly and biscuits.

"Stay, Marc, we'll feed you," she said.

But he would not stay. Larry looked at him intently in the garish light.

"Say, think he looks like the baby?" he demanded.

"Marge and I both saw it! You'll have to be his godfather, Marc, and let him call you 'Uncle Marc.' "

"But I should hope all your children would do that!" Marc protested with his charming smile. "Tell me what I may send them. Please; for if you don't tell me I'll send something anyway."

"If some time you would send them those disgusting dolls that are called 'Soppy Poppy' dolls their young hearts would go out to you in a manner I couldn't describe. But both exactly alike or there'll be trouble."

"Your boy I am going to send what I sent Fanny's little girl. A leather coach —open like a chair, you know, to push about."

Her eyes danced.

"Oh, Marc, we haven't anything like that! If you would, to take him to market, it would be wonderful!"

MARC made careful notes in his little book.

"He's nice," Larry said, when Marc was gone. He sat at the table, a small girl in his lap. "Which have I got?" he asked.

"You've got Betsey. Well, no news?"

"No. He's engaged a Swede who worked for him before. That means we can't keep this up."

Loveday did not answer.

"If only that place at Indian Hill would sell," Larry muttered.

"I know. The trouble is that the woods are full of those stately old wrecks," Loveday observed, "and there's nothing much anyone can do with them. But," she added, somewhat timidly, "what if we went there to live?"

"My gosh, we can't even keep this place up! And what would I do? If I can't get a job here, where everybody knows me and my folks, how could I get one in a little jumping-off place like that?"

"You mightn't have to get a job. At least nobody would know what we were doing, and nobody could—could pity us!" Loveday's eyes glowed as the plan rapidly took shape in her mind. "There are fruit trees there, and we could plant vegetables and have chickens, and perhaps take over what Bettancourt does. He makes it pay, somehow. And we'd have no rent, Larry."

"We'd have taxes. And we'd have that big barn of a place to keep warm." Larry's eyes remained gloomy and his voice was depressed.

"Well, old Wing Foo and Annie Lum make a living there, and Bettancourt can evidently pay the taxes and make something besides. And Larry, there'd be lovely trees for the children to play under, and closets, and all Mother's old china and towels!"

"And everyone saying that I couldn't support my family!" He said it darkly, but she knew his every intonation, and he was weakening.

"But not forever, Larry," she pleaded. "Only until you get into what you want to do!"

She had begun the conversation in some uncertainty herself as to the practicability or wisdom of the move. But quite suddenly now she knew that she wanted to try this experiment more than she had ever wanted to do anything in her life. Suddenly it meant new interest to her, new hope, an opening door.

THEY moved on a hot March day when every fruit tree and acacia and hawthorn and lilac in Indian Hill was in riotous bloom. Nobody was about when they reached the house. Wing Foo evidently had not received her letter. Wing Foo and Annie Lum had indeed disappeared from the scene entirely. But the Bettancourts' chickens were pecking and talking in the old way in the barnyard; peach blossoms and acacia bloom lay in pink and gold carpeting on the western terrace, and Collins, the lawyer, presently came rattling up in his mud-spattered car to open the house with a flourish of keys and give them the news.

Wing Foo had another job. He was cooking for the engineers' mess up at Camp. What Camp? Why, Camp Gurney. Yes, sir; they'd named it for Loveday's great-grandfather who had commanded the first little Presidio here in 'sixty-one. They were getting ready to take care of thirty thousand soldiers. Some day she and Larry'd have to drive up that way; it wasn't but four miles, and take a look 'round.

"An army camp, Larry! It seems so strange. It brings the war so near!"

"The camp doesn't bring it any nearer. But she's moving up, all right!"

"Strange. Strange." Loveday tightened her hold on little Owen. "I don't like it," she said.

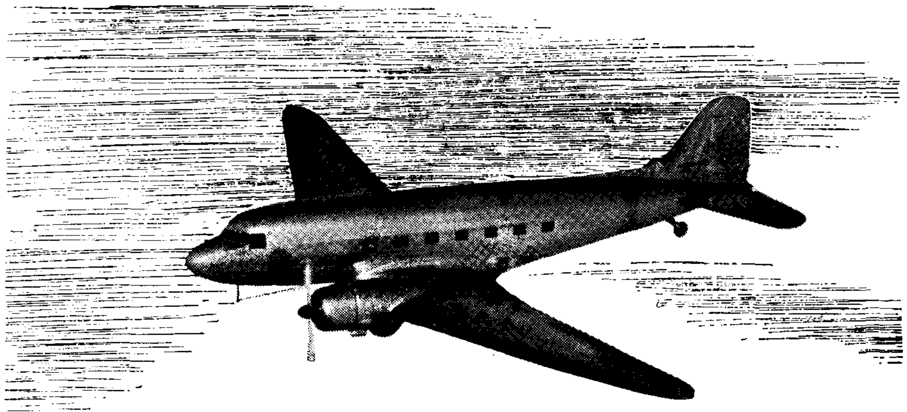
Bettancourt was still here; he'd come in some time in the evening. And if there was anything the Collinses could do just let 'em know.

Loveday felt already what the days to come were so immediately to prove —that it was more than home. In some indefinable way the move had restored her to herself again. Part of her had been numbed, dead in the long years since that morning of revelation and shame in Hollywood. Now suddenly she was herself—a woman able to control her own destiny, triumphantly a wife and mother. Life ran sweet in her veins in these days; she awakened eager for the morning, and went to bed weary, happy, planning for the new day.

Both she and Larry were conscious of the delights of being unobserved. He need no longer go in and out of offices holding out his cap for favors; she need no longer apologize or explain. All their interests were here in the old red mansion and the hundred acres of woods and orchards that were Friends Haven.

AN ELEMENT that made these days completely happy for Loveday was her restoration to the St. Georges' favor. She had dutifully written Warren St. George, before leaving Bakersfield, to ask his advice as to their moving to the old house. His answer had surprised and delighted her; he thought it the wisest possible thing to do. There would be room for her and her children there, and if a possible purchaser did turn up, the place would not be wholly deserted and forlorn. Loveday had suspected from the tenor of his cordial note that Marc Villard had given him a somewhat graphic idea of the establishment in Buckingham Way. The phrase about room for the children, and another phrase to the effect that she would not find Friends Haven lonely, but would rather "appreciate the space and privacy" of it, suggested that he knew that where she was now she had neither space nor privacy.

Her last doubt removed, she had taken his permission as the approval she needed, and without stressing too much to Larry exactly how important it was



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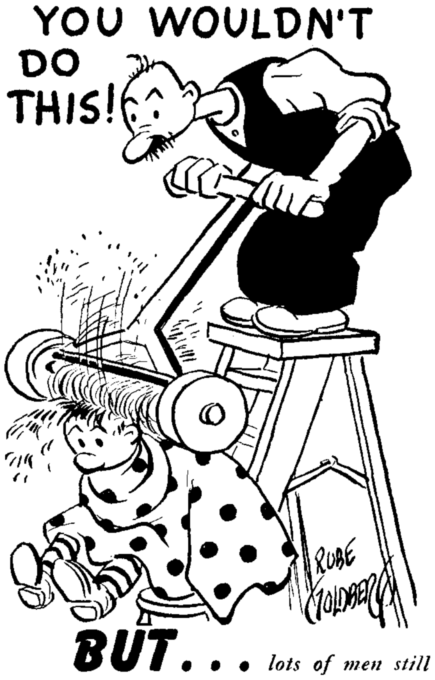

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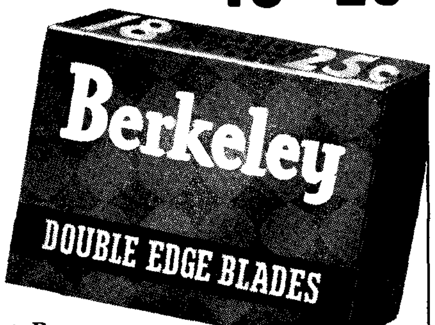

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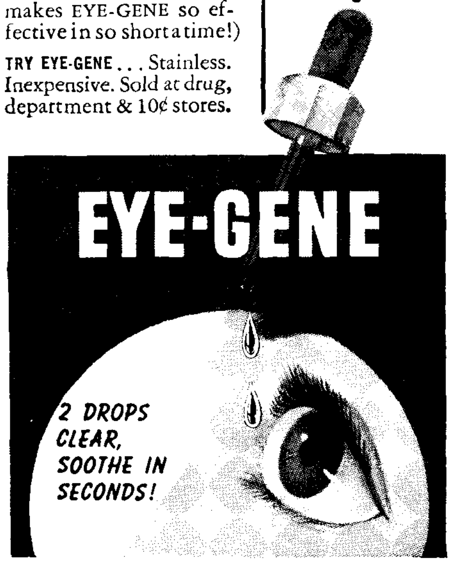


to her, had begun preparations for departure at once.

"You think an awful lot of those people, don't you?" he said once. "Talk about family! I never saw anyone think as much of their family as you do of them."

"I kind of think of them as my family," Loveday said with disarming simplicity. She took good care not to mention them too soon again.

But when they had been at Friends Haven about a month and when the place was beginning to look more orderly and habitable than it had for a long time, quite unexpectedly one day five of the St. Georges came to call. Rodney, Fanny and Fanny's little girl, Isabel, were on the front seat, the senior St. Georges in the back.

This was one of the fortunate times. The day was cloudless and warm; Loveday and the twins were out on the terrace in fresh if far from new frocks, the baby was asleep and Larry was in town. Everything about the old house looked mellowed and dignified today; tree shadows softened the walls; the kitchen was in order; fresh Swiss curtains moved at the open upstairs windows. Barns, sheds, the long roof of the laundry and store rooms were set in new green; the small girls were in themselves an enchantment in their faded brief blue frocks, with their mops of gold hair freshly brushed and glittering in the sun.

"I was just giving these women an afternoon collation!" Loveday said, welcoming her guests. "Larry wanted me to go out and look at the camp with him, but luckily Mrs. Canaletti couldn't come and I had to stay with the children. Oh, Fanny!"

She and Fanny were in each other's arms; they laughed at their own emotion as they drew apart. Aunt Laura too, kissed Loveday in the old motherly way, and everyone exclaimed over the twins.

"These aren't yours!" Fanny said. Her own child was as sturdy as a tulip, with dark Dutch braids tightly pinned about a square little head. She stood close to her grandmother, looking doubtfully at the twins. The twins, intoxicated with publicity, put on a series of curtsies and gyrations that made even Loveday laugh.

"Stop showing off!" she said finally. "Take Isabel off and get some more cookies. Two each now, Betsey."

"Betsey! Delicious," said Fanny. "Betsey and Martha."

"Now, tell me everything!" Loveday commanded.

WELL, they hardly knew where to begin. In the first place, there must be apologies. All this long time they had been thinking of Loveday, of course, and meaning to get in touch with her, and planning all sorts of things. But what with Fanny's second baby and the New York apartment and Nini's graduation and all being at home for only a few weeks when off they had to pile to Washington again—well, it had just been an upset time that had seemed to have no end to it!

"And letters, dear, *aren't* satisfactory, they *don't* cover the ground!" Laura St. George said in her sweet, pathetic voice. "I knew there'd been twin girls here—you did get the coats?"

Loveday's face, an older, wiser, sweeter face than these visitors remembered, broke into a smile.

"Aunt Laura, the twins wore the coats until the sleeves didn't come to their elbows! And now two other small girls in town are wearing them. Oh, and I understood!" she went on eagerly. "It's a hard place to get to, and it was hard for me to write. But Fanny," she changed the subject, "you've another baby? Tell me everything!"

Fanny had a smaller girl, Margaret, at home; Nini was engaged to a certain highly eligible Martin Lancaster; Rodney, handsome, serious, twenty-eight, told her that he was going away. Loveday saw his mother's anxious look.

"Going away—where?"

"Into the Army," Fanny supplied, in an odd voice that had a note of triumph in it. "He's going to an Officers' Training Camp!"

"But—but you're with Uncle Warren in the firm!"

"Was," Rodney amended it smilingly. "I'm after a uniform and a commission now. When you next see me I'm hoping to be Lieutenant St. George. I'm to be sent down San Diego way."

"Trouble brewing, Loveday," Warren St. George said quietly.

"I know." Loveday looked at Fanny. "Arthur's in it, of course," she said slowly of Fanny's husband. "But I never thought of it as touching *us*. He's flying—he's not gone across?"

"He was in England," Fanny said. "He came back again in January. Now he's gone again."

"But Fan, where?"

"We don't know where."

Loveday looked about the circle of faces.

"It seemed so far away in Bakersfield," she said. "Just that there was a war. I never thought—" She stopped. "You, Fan," she added piteously, and was still.

"I'm at home for a while with Mother and Isabel and Margaret," Fanny said, stirred by the bewilderment and awakening in Loveday's face, but quietly too.

"Margaret?"

"My smaller baby." Loveday could laugh with joy at this. Questions flew back and forth in the old happy way. She went over all the news, trying to elicit details that had been omitted. Then it was their turn. By this time Loveday had Owen, sleepy and suspicious and handsome, in her lap, and Laura St. George could tell her honestly that she never had seen three more beautiful children.

"And the move here was a success, dear?"

"O-o-oh, we feel as if we were living for the first time!"

"The only sensible thing to do," Warren St. George said. "Larry's at the office, eh?"

It had to come of course. Loveday's face flushed a little and her eyes were pleading as she answered.

"He's been working 'round here, the place was so overgrown and buried in leaves and mud that we could hardly open the doors. No," Loveday said, "he's—he's trying to find something. But there isn't much chance at Indian Hill."

"What would he like to do?" This was the older man. "What's he looking for in particular?"

"Well, nothing 'specially." It was a wretched answer to have to make. "Anything, really," Loveday said. To herself she said, "'Anything' means 'nothing' and they know it." She changed the subject quietly. "But you haven't told me about Marc? Where is he and what's he doing?"

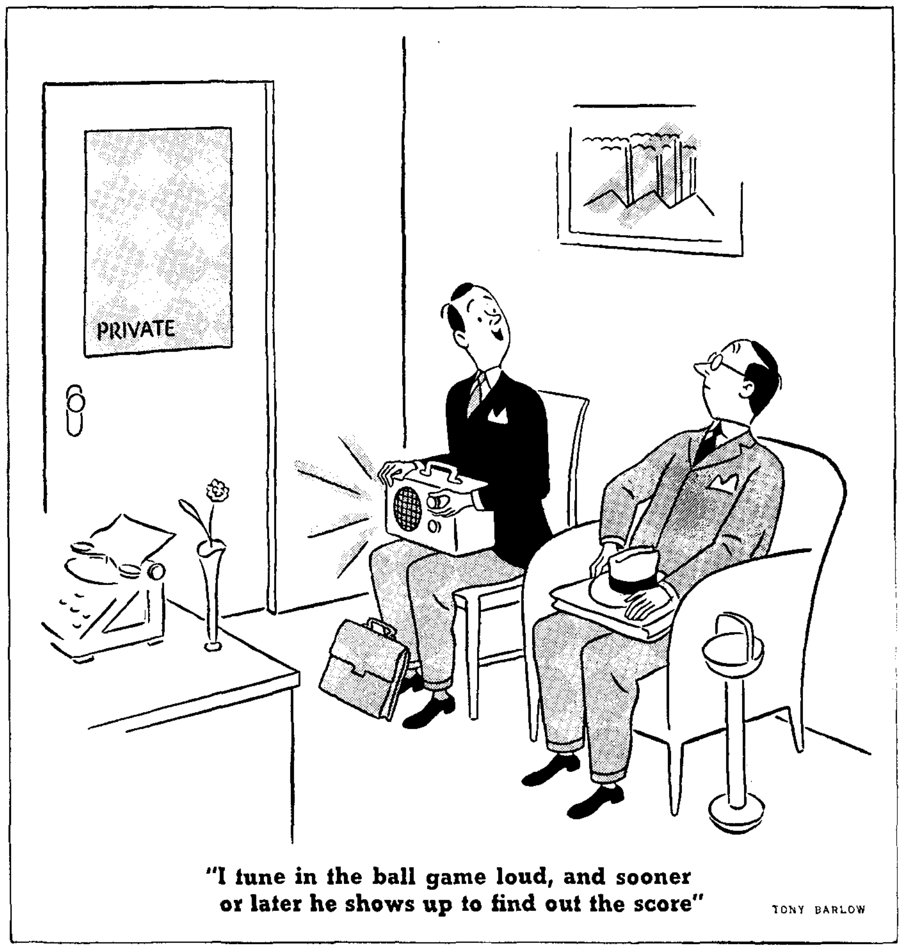
"He's with us today and he ought to be here any minute," Aunt Laura said. "Marc's been offered a post in the Station Hospital at Camp Gurney here. Isn't it nice to have your family remembered in this way!"

"MARC'S going to be right here near Indian Hill!" Loveday exclaimed, her face radiant. "What wonderful things can happen, Larry," she added eagerly, as her husband, warm and tired from a walk uphill on the enervating spring day, came up the steps to the terrace. "Here are the St. Georges—I think you all know Larry. No; Fanny doesn't. Fan, this is my husband. Mrs. Fox, Larry, my adored Fanny. And what do you think? Doctor Villard, you remember, who sent Toots his coach? Well, he may be here at the camp in the Medical Corps."

"Grand." Larry said the word heavily, unenthusiastically, as he sat down with his small son on his knees.

"And what have you been doing this beautiful day?" Laura St. George asked him pleasantly. He raised his serious face, met her eyes, and answered curtly, "Hunting a job."

Something deep inside Loveday winced; she broke into easy talk. And in another minute Marc Villard drove up in his car and in the babel of greet-



"I tune in the ball game loud, and sooner or later he shows up to find out the score"

TONY BARLOW

ings the awkward moment was forgotten.

"But I have something to tell you!" Marc said, comfortable in an old basket chair now and enjoying a long glass of clear well water. "This is the first time I have ever seen your house, Loveday, in the flesh. Do you know why I say 'in the flesh?' "

"Except that people do when they've heard about a thing," Loveday answered laughing.

"Yes, but I say 'in the flesh,' " Marc pursued, with his little touch of French accent and the smile that was so pleasant on his dark face, "because I have dreamed myself here many, many times! But I mean it! I have come up these old brick steps with the grass growing through them, and I have gone in that door"—he pointed to the open French window that led to the dining room—"and there has been a black girl with a lamp, and a basket of—yes, persimmons, on a table."

"Marc, your subconscious evidently has leanings toward Persian splendor!" Fanny said, in a general laugh. But Loveday, who had turned a little pale, was looking strangely at Marc, and she did not smile.

"But, Marc—Marc—" she stammered, "there *is* a statue of a Nubian girl there in the dining room, or there was until Larry and I put it in the attic. And in persimmon season my grandfather always had a blue bowl of our own persimmons there on a side table!"

"You're Peter Ibbetson, Marc," Warren St. George said. "You dream true!"

"Now how could that be?" Marc said in a low tone. "Will you give me a minute?" He put his hand tight over his eyes, bowed his head. Somebody spoke, but it was evident from her look that Loveday was not hearing. She sat staring at Marc in fascination. There was a moment of complete stillness on the terrace that was dappled with green light and shade. The air was warm and sweet. Somewhere in the barnyard a rooster crowed lustily, and they could hear the laughter of small girls out of sight.

"Delia!" Marc said suddenly, looking up. "In the dream it is Delia, and a horse named Peg." He got to his feet. "In the dream," he said very low, as if speaking in a dream, "Delia would let me put my arms deep into the trough and Peg would rumple the water with his nose. Up there—beyond the dairy—my heavens, where am I, Loveday, where am I? Am I dreaming now?"

Loveday stood up, too, facing him, speaking as if they two were alone on the terrace together.

"Delia was Delia Dillon, my nurse," she said. "She stayed until Grandfather died. And Peg was Pegasus, Grandfather's big horse. No. No; I don't think you're dreaming, Marc! I think you're awake."

THE others exchanged stupefied glances. But Loveday and Marc never moved their eyes from each other.

"You couldn't dream all that!" Loveday whispered.

"But I was born in France. I did not come to this country until I was fifteen!"

"But you couldn't dream all that!" She turned to the older man. "Uncle Warren, how could he dream all that?"

Warren St. George spoke hoarsely. They were all standing now in a knot together.

"Your grandfather and I saw your brother Owen's body, Loveday. Your mother was unable to go. We identified it. We brought her home the little suit he had been wearing."

"I know. She always kept it. But—but he was not found for quite some time!" Loveday stammered.

"But surely it would be too extraordinary a coincidence to have had another five-year-old lost in the woods!" Rodney St. George said.

Loveday was clinging with both hands to one of Marc's.

"You remember, don't you?" she said. "You remember it all, Delia and Peg and the persimmons!"

"Yes," Marc said simply. "I remember it all. I lived here." He looked into Loveday's eyes; she was a little the taller; both faces were pale. "Don't be frightened," he said; "but this much I know. It was no dream. I lived here. My father and my mother lived here, and Wing Foo—and Annie Lum—"

Loveday looked about at the circle of faces. Her face twisted and tears began to run down her cheeks. She put her head down on Warren St. George's shoulder and he tightened an arm about her.

"I don't get it," Larry said slowly, his son in his arms, his bewildered, half-suspicious look going about the group.

"I don't think any one of us *gets* it!" Aunt Laura said with a flutter of nervous laughter. They all sat down again.

"WHAT do you remember of your being in Paris, and being adopted, Marc?" the older man asked.

"Why—why, that we had a house at St. Cloud and I went to school there, and Tante Rose told me—or I knew—or she told me part and I knew the rest, that she and Valerie—Valerie was my nurse who died—had found me after the war, and that my father and mother were dead, and I was to be an American boy. We went to England; we were two years in England. I was twelve then, and then back to Paris and Italy and to China, and then when I was fifteen she said I must go to college in America, and so we came to Santa Barbara and I was coached for college, and took my pre-med at Stanford."

"You had no relatives in France?"

"A lot of us little fellows had no relatives in nineteen-eighteen."

"She—Mrs. Rose Weir, went over there immediately after the war?"

"In nineteen-fifteen. She had lived there before the war."

"Hugh Gurney was lost in 'fifteen!" Warren St. George said. "Through what bureau, by what authority did she get hold of you?" he continued.

"Ah, that I wouldn't know. Valerie, who brushed Tante Rose's clothes and took me to school, used to kiss me and cry sometimes, and thinking it all over since I've been grown I've sometimes wondered if perhaps I was her child or her sister's child—something like that. I've asked my aunt but she says she knows no more than I do. If Valerie knew anything of me, apparently she never told my aunt."

"But you're talking," Loveday said breathlessly, "as if you believed your knowing this place, knowing everything about it, was all a dream!"

"Oh, no," he answered. "I know now it wasn't a dream. The French part was a dream!"

"Mrs. Weir is in Santa Barbara, Marc?" Warren St. George asked.

"In a sanitarium there—very comfortable, with nurses—but an invalid. I see her whenever I go south, and she knows me, but she lives in a world of her own. They read to her, and bring her fresh handkerchiefs and little trays. Everything is slipping away from her now."

"We will have to see her," the older man said. "We will arrange it at once."

Marc rose and crossed the little space that lay between his chair and Loveday's. He knelt down and took her two hands.

"Will you have me for your brother, Loveday?" he asked. Her tears came again, and she laid her forehead against his without speaking.

(To be continued next week)

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LICKING THE SUBS BY AIR

WE HOPE many people will give careful attention to Col. Royal B. Lord's article, "There Are No Submarines in the Air," beginning on page 17 of this issue of Collier's. Col. Lord tells all that the censorship will allow to be told at this time about developments in air transport of cargo and troops.

Those developments are sensational already, as a reading of the article will show, and they promise to become far more so before the war is much older.

We haven't the space or the need to repeat the statistics and specifications which Col. Lord unveils. We'd like to unveil a few ideas of our own concerning soldier and supply shipment by air.

For one thing, we know that the subject has been ballyhooed up to now mainly by sincere but highly excitable and excited aviation enthusiasts who think the airplane has made not only battleships but even land armies obsolete; that the airplane alone will win this war and all future wars.

When anybody talks that way, we automatically put up the old mental guard. This line of talk sounds too much like that of the old medicine men who used to play the small towns with kerosene flares and remedies guaranteed to cure everything out of the same bottle.

Nevertheless, the airplane has scored some huge and impressive victories in this war; and heaven knows Hitler's submarines have been gnawing murderously at shipping off our Atlantic Coast and in the Gulf and the Caribbean.

It may be that the airplane enthusiasts are partly right in their contention that with enough big freighter planes we can lick the subs. If they should be proved even partly right, the subs would be partly licked, which would be a great gain for our side.

We are spending tens of billions to fight the war. Here is one field, we believe, where we would be well advised to gamble a good bit of this money. Let's on no account call off the building of freight ships; but let's give the air-freighter plan an ample tryout. It may be a losing throw; but on the other hand it may win heavily. On the record of air transport to date, the gamble looks well worth trying.

CARD-INDEXING YOUR WORRIES

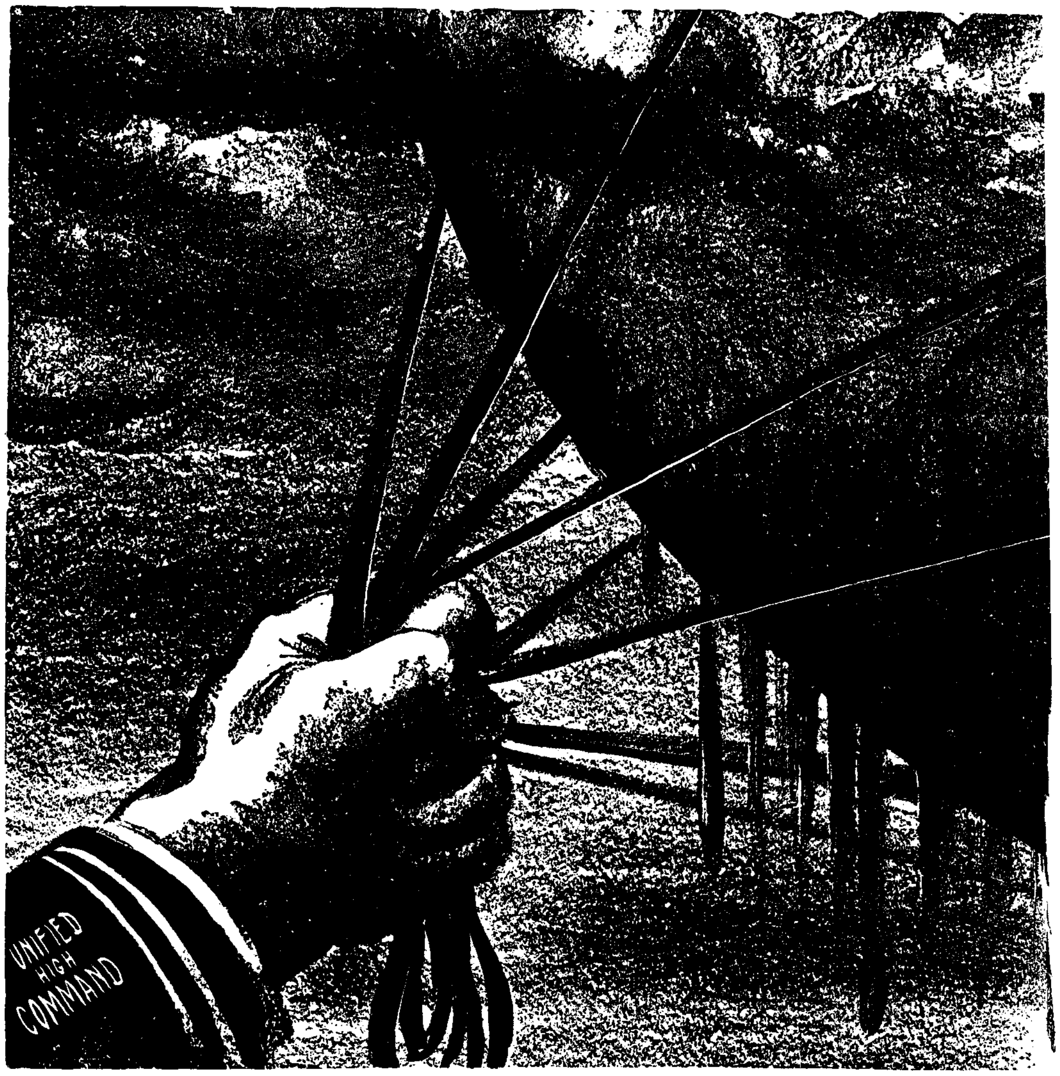
PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL remarked jestingly the other day that he had developed a priorities system for worrying. He sets aside, he said, a certain time to worry about Russia, another to worry about North Africa, still others to worry about India, the Battle of the Atlantic, the British food supply, and so on.

There was more to this amusing item than amusement. We suspect that Mr. Churchill chauffeurs his mind in exactly that way—and we're convinced that it is a sensible method for anybody.

It's the objective way to worry; the fact-facing, realistic, common-sense way. It means that you accept your worries as a part of your life, like shaving or brushing your teeth every morning, and handle them as matter-of-factly.

Treat your worries in this manner, and you can hardly help keeping each of them in its proper perspective. None of them can swamp you—whereas if you let your worries nibble away at your spirit in an unorganized, uncontrolled fashion, they are almost sure to get the better of you. The end results can be anything from chronic melancholia to insanity, with a nervous breakdown or two along the way.

Mr. Churchill's chance remark to some alert reporter is hereby recommended for study to practically everybody, in this unusually worrisome time.



Time for an Allied High Command

MODERN wars seem to follow a pattern. Politicians start them—naturally enough and often righteously enough—and the politicians pass through a phase in which they think they can win the war they started. There comes a time, though, when the politicians perceive, or are forced by public opinion to admit, that it takes fighting men to win wars—astute, experienced generals, admirals and air men with ample authority to direct the operations of seasoned soldiers, sailors and fliers.

The first phase of this war of ours appears to be nearing its close, with most of the evidence now on record that politicians don't win wars.

We haven't lost the war, by a long shot. But neither have we won it, or more than begun to win it. What seems to be the trouble?

Lack of material, for one thing. Hitler piled up material and manpower for almost six years before he jumped on Poland. The Axis is fighting on interior lines; we have been nipping and worrying on the periphery of the Axis setup. Our hand has probably been exposed in part more than once by sundry pompous and know-it-all commentators and alleged experts, on the radio and elsewhere. But it seems likely to us that too much political control and interference in some of the Allied countries were responsible for our major failure

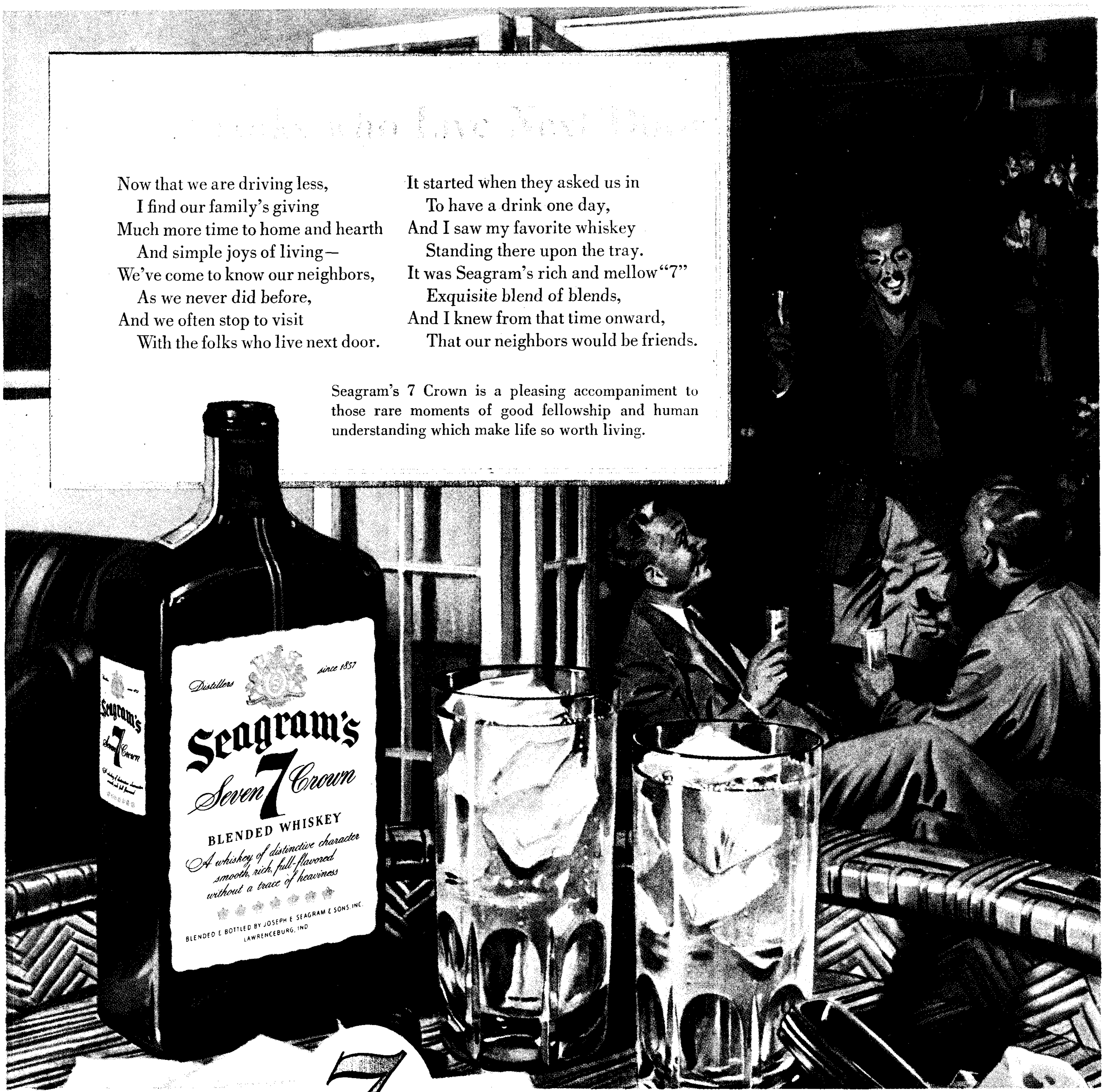
Meanwhile, Hitler has been makin hay, and so has Japan.

We think it is time to centralize th management of the United Nations' figh ing forces in a supreme command, to pla all the chessmen in concert, synchroniz offensives and withdrawals, allocate ma terials, and chart production for the wa needs of all nations involved.

We can't see giving all this power to on supreme commander. But how about a inter-Allied High Command made up o say, Auchinleck, Chiang Kai-shek, I Gaulle, MacArthur, Marshall, Timoshenl and Wavell?

Those are, of course, only tentativ nominations. Perhaps better choices migl be made; we have no argument to offe on that point.

What we are arguing is that the poli ticians had better let the fighters take ove the fighting side of the war, the politician to confine themselves henceforth to th governmental and public welfare sides. N blame attaches to the politicians for havin tried to do too much; that's human nature But it does not seem to be in the cards tha they can win it all by themselves. If they will give up enough power in time, they should earn the gratitude of the Allie world.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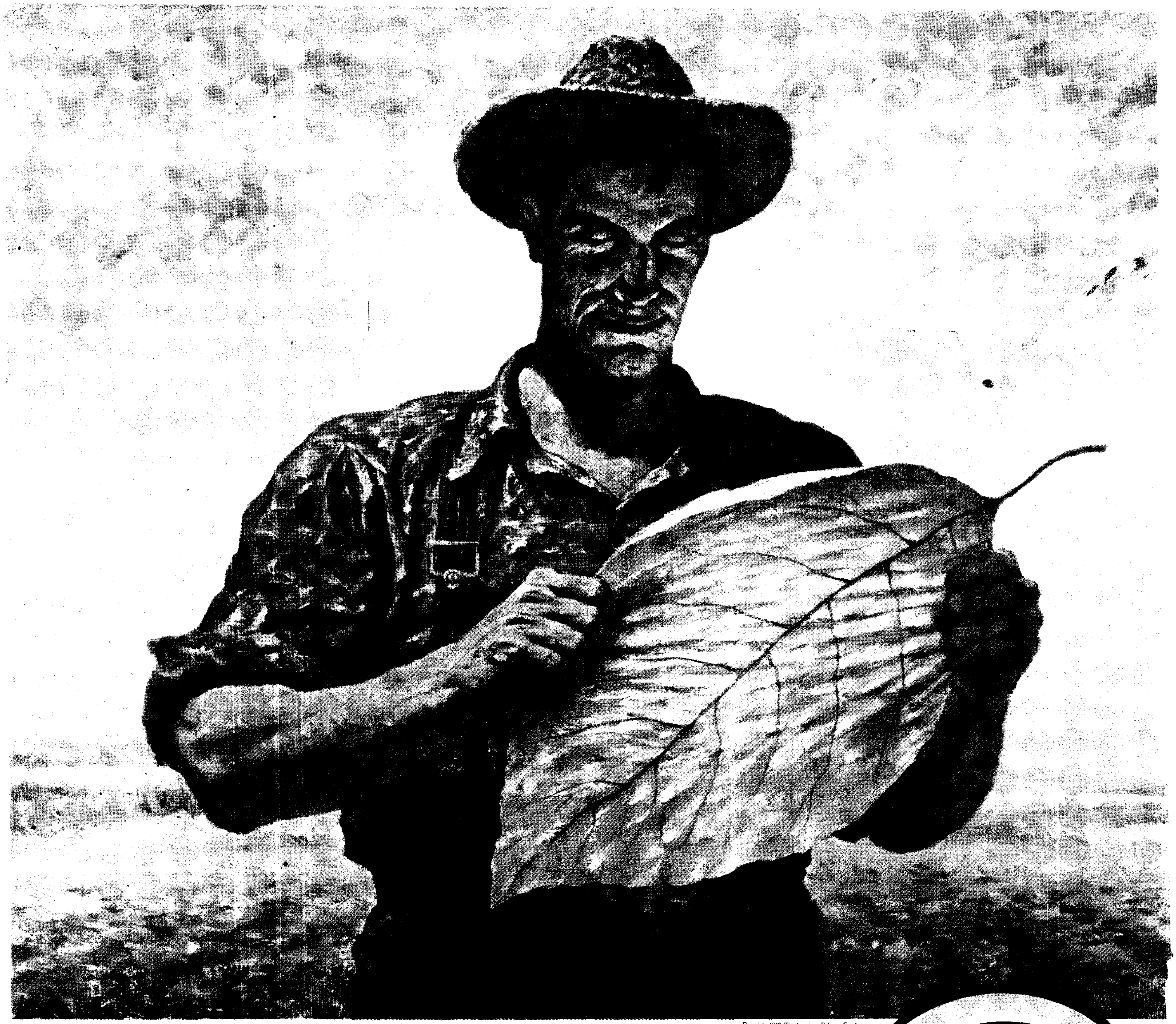
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



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"Boy, That's Tobacco!" Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin.

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